

Distinguished Greenhalgh Family Members

In England, Pre-1900.



Compiled and Edited by
Howard Gilbert Wood,
Teignmouth, England
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A volume of work to reflect some of the highlights of our GREENHALGH family, long ago, in England.

This is a work that will be expanding, so please seek further versions in the future.

*Howard Gilbert Wood
of Teignmouth*

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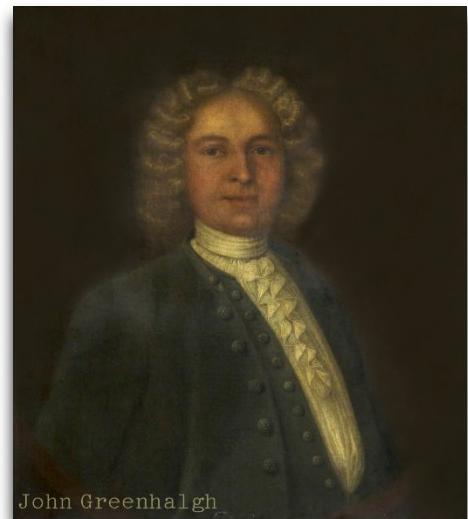
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JOHN GREENHALGH, ESQUIRE, 1587 - 1651

*Governor of the ISLE OF MAN,
UK 1640 - 1651.*



John Greenhalgh

[Photo online link](#)

Son of Thomas Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome Hall, in the parish of Bury, Lancashire, by Mary, daughter of Robert Holte of Ashworth Hall in the same parish, was born before 1587 (his parents were married in 1585). His father dying in 1599 his mother married Sir Richard Assheton of Middleton, Lancashire, by whom Greenhalgh was brought up. He was well educated and travelled abroad. On the death of his grandfather, John Greenhalgh, he succeeded to Brandlesome Hall, was on the Commission of Peace for and deputy-lieutenant of the county of Lancashire, and was appointed Governor of the Isle of Man by the Earl of Derby in 1640. In 1642 he was discharged as a royalist from the Commission of the Peace by order of the House of Commons. He fought under the Earl of Derby at the head of three hundred Manxmen at the Battle of Wigan Lane in August 1651, greatly distinguished himself at Worcester, when he saved the colours from capture by tearing them from the

standard and wrapping them round his person, was severely wounded in a subsequent affair with Major Edge, when the Earl of Derby was taken prisoner, but made good his escape to the Isle of Man, and there died of his wounds, and was buried at Malow, 19 Sept. 1651. His estates were confiscated. Greenhalgh married thrice: first, 30 Jan. 1608-09, Alice, daughter of the Rev. William Massey, rector of Wilmslow, Cheshire; secondly, Mary, daughter of William Assheton of Clegg Hall, Lancashire; and thirdly, Alice, daughter of George Chadderton of Lees, near Oldham. He had issue three sons and three daughters.

"THIS celebrated gentleman, who maintained tranquillity in the Isle of Man during a very unsettled period, as governor under James, seventh Earl of Derby.

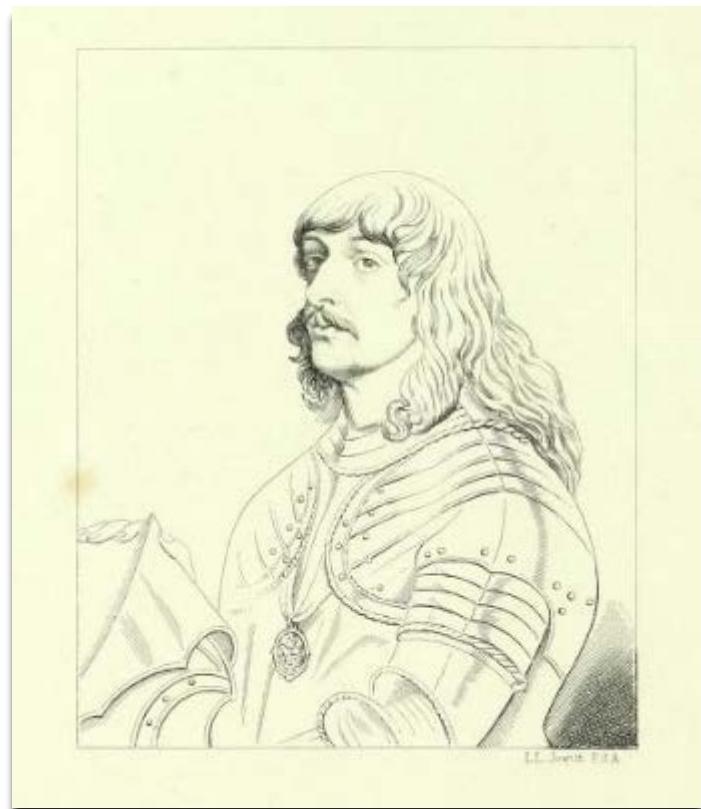
"The Earl of Derby's character of Captain Greenhalgh, and his reasons for his choice of him as governor – First, that he was a gentleman well born, and such usually scorn a base action. Secondly, that he has a good estate of his own, and therefore need not borrow of another, which hath been a fault in this country; for when governors have wanted, and been forced to be beholding to those who may be the greatest offenders against the Lord and country, in

such case the borrower becomes servant to the lender, to the stoppage, if not the perversion, of justice.

Next, he was a deputy-lieutenant and justice of peace for his own country; he governed his own affairs well, and therefore was the more likely to do mine so; he hath been approved prudent and valiant, and, as such, fitter to be trusted; in fine, he is such that I thank God for him, and charge you to love him as a friend."

The beheading of the Earl of Derby,

*"John, otherwise
Captain Greenhalgh, the
11th of Brandlesome,
governor of the Isle of
Man, and, as set down
elsewhere, the "personal
friend", of James, the
seventh Earl of Derby, had
a son John, who attended
that unfortunate nobleman
all through the exciting
period connected with the
trial at Chester on the
10th, condemnation,
mournful journey on the
14th, and execution at Bolton, October 15th, 1651, at the
instance of Parliament, in those perilous and unhappy
times."*



James Stanley, the 7th Earl of Derby

In the Holt Family History

ONLINE LINK

"In subsequent documents the Holts were spoken as residing in Ashworth. Sir Richard Assheton, born in 1557, and who was three times sheriff of Lancashire, married for his second wife Mary, daughter of Robert Holt, and relict of Thomas Greenhalgh, of Brandlesholme. The latter left at his death, in 1598, a son, John Greenhalgh, one of the executors of his step-father, "a prudent and sagacious though at this time a young man." John Greenhalgh was one of the executors under the will of Sir Nicholas Assheton, and was also present at his death, which took place in 1617. There was some display of feeling at the death of the knight, "some likeness of those present falling out." As Nicholas Assheton says in his records; but John Greenhalgh interposed with kindly counsel, and peace ensued. This genial man was afterwards appointed by the deceased knight's successor as his executor, along with Richard Assheton's grandfather, Robert Holt. On the application of Thomas Holt, a dispensation was granted John Greenhalgh, by the Court if Chester, for, his marriage with Alice [she being 13 years old], daughter of the Rev. William Massie, of Wilmslow, and is dated January 30th, 1608 9. Greenhalgh then had a

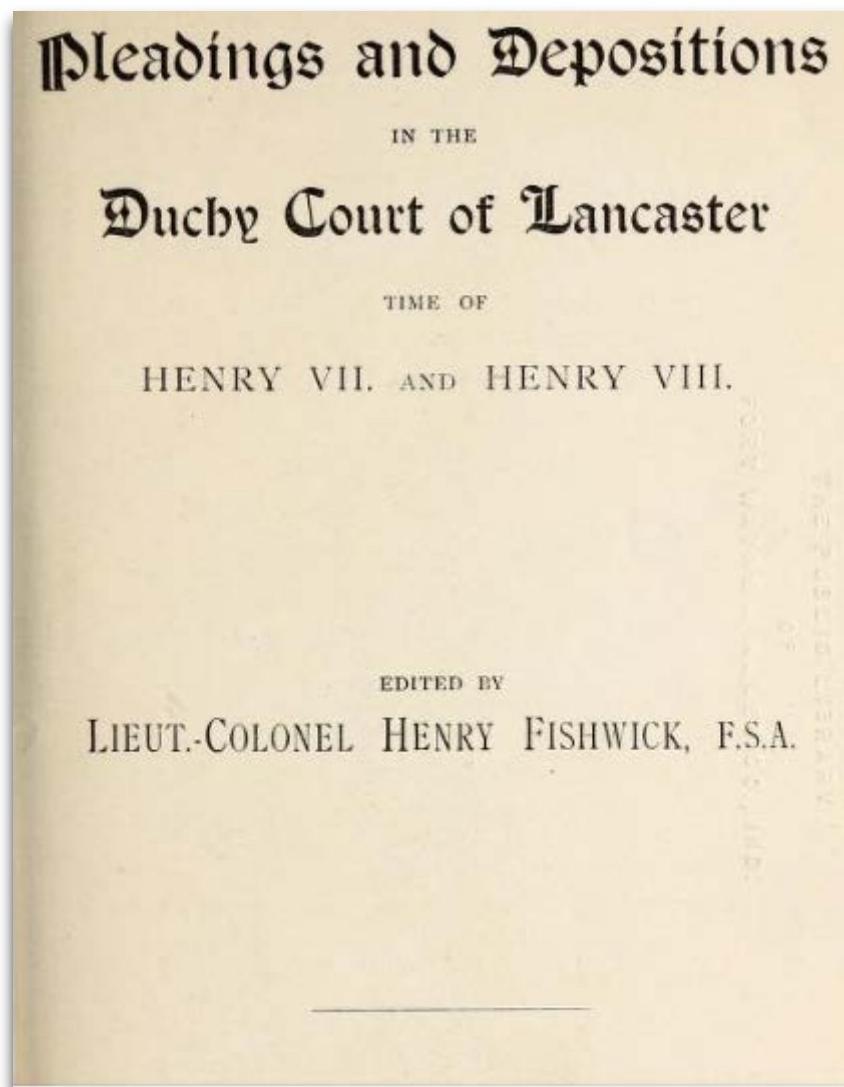
residence at Middleton. This lady was buried at the Bury Parish Church on January 4th 1620, her infant son having been buried there in May of the same year. John Greenhalgh was married again in the same year at Ashworth Chapel, the date being December 8th, his new spouse being Mary daughter of Wm. Assheton, of Clegg and widow of Richard Holt.

Note: Some history have John Greenhalgh being born in 1697, but with that date, he would have been 12-13 years old himself. Other history has John being born in 1687, which would make him 22-23 when getting married.

JOHN GREENHALGH

*The King's Feodary and Bailiff,
Early 1500's*

ONLINE LINK



JOHN GREENHOUGH, THE KING'S FEODARY AND BAILIFF,
versus ROGER ANDERSON AND JAMES SCHEPPUL-
 BOTHOM, CONSTABLE OF BERY [BURY].

To the Right Honorable Sir Henry Marney, Knight.

Vol. xii., [Calendar 6.] G. 1.
 11 Hen. VIII. [1519-20.] JOHN Grenhough, of Brandylson [Brandlesome], in the county
 of Lancaster, feodary and bailiff to the King of the fee of
 Totyngton [Tottington], parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, com-
 plains that where one Thomas Nawden was attainted of murder
 for the death of Edmund Kaye, whereby he forfeited all his goods
 whereof plaintiff ought to make a due account to his Majesty;
 and whereas plaintiff would have seised all the said goods, Roger
 Anderton, of Bery [Bury], in the said county, came intending to
 disinherit the King of felon's goods, and drove away all the said
 goods, to wit, 5 kine price 4 marks, 2 oxen price 20s., 4 heifers
 price 26s. 8d., 3 "stekys" price 9s., a mare price 10s., and other
 "cattelis and corn" to the value of 40s. And whereas 3 stray
 sheep came within the said fee of Totington, plaintiff seized
 them to the King's use, but the said Anderton and James Shypo-
 bothom drove the said sheep away.

Prays for Letters of Privy Seal.

The said John Grenhough likewise complains that whereas he
 in the execution of his duty, at divers times, sent his servants to
 distrain within the lordship of Bery [Bury] and Shittylworth [Shuttle-
 worth], for several amerceaments at sundry courts held by the
 King's steward within the lordship of Toddynghton [Tottington],
 at which courts Thomas, Earl of Derby, the 4 constables of Bery
 [Bury] and the said township were severally amerced, Roger
 Anderton, of Bery [Bury], yeoman, and James Shippulbothom of
 the same, with 6 other riotous persons riotously rescued and would
 not allow plaintiff's servants to distrain.

Prays that the said Anderton and Shippulbothom, being now
 in London, may be commanded to answer the premises.

The answer of Roger Anderton and James Scheppulbothom.

Defendants say they have never heard that the Earl of Derby held the lordship of Bery [Bury] of the King to do suit at the court held in the lordship of Todyngton [Tottington], or that his Majesty was seised of such suits of the said Earl, by reason whereof the said Roger Anderton, as servant of the said Earl, desired the said John Grenehoghe, at the time of the said rescue, not to distrain for such amerciaments until right might be known as to whether the said Earl "owt" any such suits to the King ; if so, the said Roger and James will be ready to be ordered.

The answer of Roger Anderton and James Shepulbotham.

Defendants did not know that the said John Grenehough was bailiff or feodary of the said fee of Todyngton [Tottington]; nor that Thomas Nawdon had any goods beyond 4 kine, 1 mare, and some corn.

It is true that the said Nawdon was attainted of felony, and was arrested by the said Roger and brought to the gaol at Lancaster. His goods were left in the possession of his wife, who, with her brothers, delivered 26s. 8d. of their own money to the said Roger at the commandment of Sir Harry Hashall, Justice of the Peace, to be used for the keeping of the said felon in the stocks before going to prison. This amount, and more, was spent, and then the said wife and her brothers took into their possession 4 kine, parcel of the goods of the said felon, in satisfaction of the said 26s. 8d.

The Earl of Derby has liberty of "waif and stray" within the lordship of Bery [Bury], whereof defendants are constables. James Greve came into the said lordship and took the said 3 sheep mentioned in the bill, pretending title to them as strays, whereupon defendant, claiming the said sheep to be strays to the said Earl, commanded Robert Lache to fetch the said sheep back again, which he did: Afterwards defendant caused proclamation to be made in the market of Bery [Bury] according to the law, and, after proof was made for the "propriete" of the said sheep, one was delivered to one Bothe, servant to plaintiff, another to William Batersby, and the third to one Assworth.

The replication of John Grenelough.

Plaintiff says that Bery [Bury] is parcel of the lordship of Toddington [Tottington]. The said 3 sheep were strays and "soo knowing" at a town called Atonfeld [Edenfield] within the said lordship and were thence driven away by the said defendants. The King alone has title to all strays. The said Earl owes the said suits and services to the King.

Commission dated 14th November, 11 Henry VIII. [1519], addressed to Ric. Hesketh, attorney at Lancaster, Ric. Asshton, Esq., John Hopwood, Esq., Ric. Smyth, parson of Bery [Bury], Robert Bolton, Esq., and Gilbert Holden.

Depositions taken 22nd December, 11 Henry VIII. [1519].

Robert Bothe, aged 39 years, says that being deputy for John Grenelagh, the King's bailiff, he, on Tuesday next before Christmas, came to the house of Thomas Naden, the King's felon, whose goods he intended to seise to the King's use, but he found

the doors barred and the barn doors "writhen with withes."¹ Deponent then rode into the grounds and found 5 "kye" price 45s., 4 young beasts price 13s. 4d., 2 "oxen bestes" price 10s., a mare price 6s. 8d., and 2 "foles" price 2s., sum total £3 17s. od. Deponent knows that Roger Anderton sold to Thomas Bradley and Robert Bradley, 4 beasts of the said Thomas Naden's for 26s. 8d., and 2 oxen to John Keye, of the Littlewode, for 10s.

On the said Tuesday witness demanded the goods of the said felon of the said Anderton, who answered that he had "arrested" them in the right of the Earl of Derby, and that neither deponent nor any other should meddle with them. Soon after, the said Anderton, accompanied by 12 or more persons, in the chapel within the Parish Church of Bury, called deponent before him and in the presence of them all discharged him from any further meddling, "bot open his Jopdy,"² and charged the Earl's tenants to stop deponent or any others who attempted to take the said felon's goods.

Roger Anderton and his son, James Shepulbothum, and Robert Lache went to deponent's house on the Monday before Midsummer day last, and took away a cup price 10d., and 2 ewers price 20d., which witness had seised for the King, and caused deponent's wife to deliver him the "wolle pice vjd. and delt it at his pleasure."

Edmund de Grenhalgh, aged 26 years, says as above.

Thomas Batersbe, aged 60 years, says that he distrained James Shepulbothum and Roger Anderton for amerciaments lost in the court of Totingdon [Tottington] and "streytes y'off," delivered to deponent as deputy to John Grenhalgh, and seised from both of them a brass pot for the said distress on St. Peter's day last, but they made rescue and said he should have nothing against their will. Edmund Sedon was present.

Edmund Sedon, aged 40 years and more, says as above.

Rauff Keye, aged 50 years, deposes as above.

Thomas Bradley, aged 50 years, says that Roger Anderton and other of the constables of Bury, sent to him and to Robert Bradley his brother, one Jaynkyn Hewwod, desiring them to come and speak to them. They then took them to Thomas Naden's house and sold them 4 kine, price 26s. 8d.

Ryc. Assheton, John Hopwod,

Rychart Smyth, pson of Bury.

Robert Bolton. Gylbart Holeden.

For the part of Roger Anderton.

Hugh Chetham, Bertyn Flecher, Rauff Keye, and Roger Keye depose to being present when Robert Bothe demanded of Roger Anderton the goods of Thomas Naden, for the "Exchetur" and in the name of none other, without mentioning John Grenehalgh. The said Roger said he did not know him to be a deputy for the "Exchetur," and therefore would not answer him.

Jamys Keye, of Tocherode, John Keye, of Litlewode, Ric. Leghes, and William Nabbes depose that they were sworn by the commandment of the steward of Bury to "prayse" the goods of Thomas Naden, and to make a true inventory of the same: They found a mare price 6s., a "fole" price 12d., "a swyne" price 20d., corn in the barn 9s. 4d., hay in the barn 4s., and other household stuff price 13s. 4d., sum total 35s. 4d.

James Shepabothom, a deputy constable, of Walmersley Hamell, sworn 6th November, 11 Henry VIII. [1519] says that immediately after the said Roger Anderton had attacked the said Naden for murder, he sent for deponent, who went towards Naden's house, and at a moor called Stanlyes near the said house Naden's wife met deponent and the said Anderton, Elys Holt and Jenkyn Whitehede being present, and they then sold 4 kine to Thomas Bradli, Robert Bradli, and the wife of the said Naden for 26s. 8d., which they then received.

RICHARD SMYTHE, CLERK, *versus* JOHN GRENEHAGHE AND
 OTHERS, *re* ASSAULT AND DISTURBANCE AT
 CHURCH SERVICE AT BURY.

*To the Right Honorabill Sir Thomas More, Knyght, Chauncelor of
 the Cownte Palentyne of the Duchy of Lancastre.*

“IN his moste humbill and lamentabill wise schowithe onto yor good masterschepe” your orator Ric Smythe, Clerk, parson of the Church of Bery, within the said County Palatine, that where the parsons of the said Church have always had the appointment of the parish clerks there, and such clerks so by them deputed have always exercised the said office, by reason whereof your besecher, at the feast of St. Michael the Archangel last past [1526], appointed James Holte of the said town, “beyng a person of honest conversaⁿon and lyvynge mete for that purpose,” to be parish clerk, “which” continued in the said office for about 6 weeks until John Grenehaghe, of Bery [Bury], Esq., Thomas Wallis [*sic*], of Totyngton, Edward Ramysbotham, and Richard Bothe, of the said town, yeomen, with other evil disposed persons, of “ther malycyus, perverse and foward mynde, beyng replenysched full of Rancor and malice,” by the procurement of the said John Grenehagh, Thomas Nabbis,¹ Edward Ramysbotham, and Richard Bothe, “ded confetter and combyne” against your orator and the said James Holte, because the latter was appointed by your orator in such wise, that on the 20th day of October [1526] last past, being the Sunday before “Halomes² daye” [All Hallows], in the most “crewell manor that hathe ben seen or harde of ther presensid forthowght, malice, and dewlische purpose,” they came to the said Church in the morning, with divers other persons of their “confeterise, makyng semblaunce as thow thei had come to here there dyvyne servyce, as the tyme of that day ded apperteyne,

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 [1526-27.]

havyng swordes, bokelers, schort dagars and other wepons prevely under there gownes." After your said "besecher" had said "matens prime and howers," he not "mysdemyng nor thynkyng ony evell whente in pressession, havyng his surplesse on his bakke, and the said parishe clerke beryng the crusifix before the parson accordyngly as every Sonday be accustomed to do," and as they were so going, with others of the parish going with him, singing and serving Almighty God, the said John, Thomas, Edward, and Richard, with about 40 others, "sodenly threw of there gownes in a grett furie and came runnyng downe in there Jakes,"¹ to the lowest part of the Church, and then and there in the most "ongoodly, vyonent, and cruell maner, forcibilly rente and teryd" the said crucifix out of the hands of the said parish clerk, and "crewelly brake onsonder the staffe wheruppon the said crucifix was borne, and threw and kyst downe to the erthe the same crusifix in the most onreverent maner that have ben seen, using them selfe more like Jues and Paynemys [Jews and Painems]² than otherwise. And then and there riotusly assawted apon yor said oratur and apon dyverse his servautes, and sore bete and hurtid ij of the seid servautes with in the same churche. And put yor said oratur in mervelas grett dawnger and ferre of his life, that if he by gret helpe and soker of the parishioners there, had not defended, borne, and had yor said orator by strengithe, myght, and power in to the chauncell of the said churche, and there kepte hym for a tyme, yor said orator had ben very like to have ben slayne and murderid owt of hand. By reason whereof no masse ne other servyce was ther don ne said that day, and was estemed the said churche to be suspendid and enterdicted by occasion of the same."

After the said John Grenehagh and others had committed the above misdemeanors, your said orator "durst not opynly come abrodde for daunger of his life and bodely harme. And for that the Thursday next foloyng the said Sonday was Halomesse daye, yor said oratur feryng to come abrode in the day lyght, came in to

the said chirche erly in the spryng of the daye, intendencyng to have served Allmyghty God as to hym of dewty ded apperteyne," at which time of his entry into the said Church the said John and the other riotous persons were assembled there, lying in wait, intending to have murdered your said "besecher," but he, perceiving them, went out again "as prevely as he cowde, and soo was of force put from seyeing of masse and other service."

Moreover the said rioters "dayly and contynually dothe lye in wayte and procure other symple persons of their combinacon to murder and slee your said besecher and his servantes, soo that he dare not ne never durste resorte to his said chirche for feir of his life sythens the Sondaye."

Prays for writs of subpoena to be directed against the said John Grenehagh, &c.

"Tmio sc̄i Hillarii A° rr H. viij. xvij.

H°upon a prive seale to John Grenhagh, Thomas Nabbys, Edward Ramysbotham, and Ric. Bothe, to apper xv Pasche prox."

JOHN GREENHALGH (D.1674)

Minister, and Head School Master

John Greenhalgh was master at the churchyard school for some time before 1645 and was styled curate when the great oath was taken in the church in February 1641. One of his pupils was James Livesey, who went to Cambridge direct from the school. Livesey became a puritan and was minister at Chowbent chapel, 1652-8, when he became vicar of Great Budworth in Cheshire and died there in 1682.

Greenhalgh made his will in his own death year of 1674 and today when read it casts a mellow light upon that tenuous social relationship of master and scholar maintained by these two townsmen, who were once at Leigh Free School. Greenhalgh gave all his library and manuscripts to Humphrey the son of Livesey and £30 to be divided between his seven children. To Livesey himself he gave a substantial sum of £200. Thomas Crompton minister of God's word at Astley received 50s. legacy and both these were named executors. Greenhalgh and Livesey came from Bury and John Whitaker of that place was the principal beneficiary of this erstwhile master of Leigh school. Greenhalgh died

at Great Budworth, attracted there, no doubt, by the forces of mutual interest, which Livesey and he had shared a whole life through.

In subsequent documents the Holts were spoken as residing in Ashworth. Sir Richard Assheton, born in 1557, and who was three times sheriff of Lancashire, married for his second wife Mary, daughter of Robert Holt, and relict of Thomas Greenhalgh, of Brandlesholme. The latter left at his death, in 1598, a son, John Greenhalgh, one of the executors of his step-father, "a prudent and sagacious though at this time a young man." John Greenhalgh was one of the executors under the will of Sir Nicholas Assheton, and was also present at his death, which took place in 1617. There was some display of feeling at the death of the

knight, "some likeness of those present falling out." As Nicholas Assheton says in his records; but John Greenhalgh interposed with kindly counsel, and peace ensued. This genial man was afterwards appointed by the deceased knight's successor as his executor, along with Richard Assheton's grandfather, Robert Holt. On the application of Thomas Holt, a dispensation was granted John Greenhalgh, by the Court if Chester, for, his marriage with Alice, daughter of the Rev. William Massie, of Wilmslow, and is dated January 30th, 1608 9. Greenhalgh then had a residence at Middleton. This lady was buried at the Bury Parish Church on January 4th 1620, her infant son having been buried there in May of the same year. John Greenhalgh was married again

in the same year at Ashworth Chapel, the
date being December 8th, his new spouse
being Mary daughter of Wm. Assheton, of
Clegg an

JOHN GREENHALGH

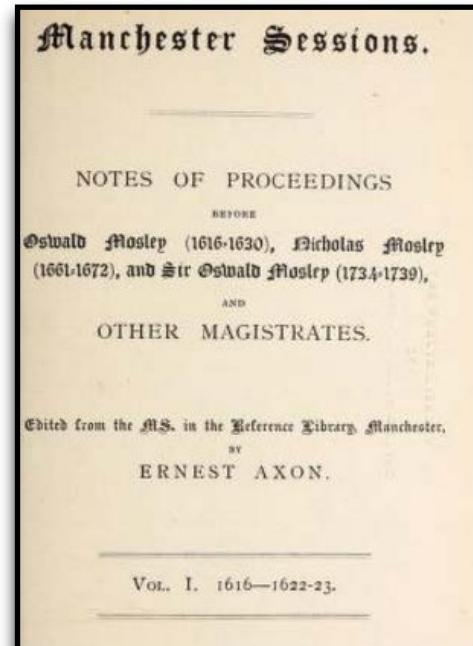
*Magistrate, 1616⇒
County of Lancashire, England*

ONLINE LINK

Judging by the dates, this John Greenhalgh is a bit older than Captain John Greenhalgh, Gov. Isle of Man, and most likely an uncle or older cousin.

John Greenhalgh's role of a Magistrate, in the early 1600's, is described below - followed by some actual proceedings, which describes John Greenhalgh's involment.

"Magistrates. – As the present volume of the Record Society only records the cases which came under the notice of Oswald Mosley, of Ancoats, from 1616 to 1622-3, that gentleman is the magistrate most frequently named, but other magistrates occur, John Greenhalgh, Leonard Asshawe, Sir Edmund Trafford, Sir Cecil Trafford, Edmund Prestwich and Edward Holland being apparently, with Mr. Mosley, the most active justices in Salford hundred."



"Duties of the Magistrates. — "The Use of the Law," attributed to Francis Bacon, although probably not written by him, contains a contemporary account of the duties of the magistrates in the reign of James I: —

"They are appointed to keep four sessions every year; that is to say, every quarter one. This session is a sitting time to assemble and dispatch the affairs of their commission. They have power to hear and determine in their sessions all felonies, breaches of the peace, contempts and trespasses, so far as to fine the offender to the crown, but not to award recompence to the party grieved. They are to suppress riots and tumults; to restore possessions forcibly taken away, to examine all felons apprehended and brought before them; to see impotent poor people or maimed soldiers provided for according to the laws; and rogues, vagabonds, and beggars punished. They are to license and suppress alehouses, badgers of corn and victuals, and to punish forestallers, regrators, and engrossers.

Through these, in effect, run all the county services to the crown; as taxation of subsidies, mustering men, arming them, and levying forces by commission or precept from the King. Any of these justices, upon oath taken by a man that he standeth in fear that another will beat him, or kill him, or burn his house, are to

send for the party by warrant of attachment directed to the sheriff or constable, and they are to bind the party with sureties by recognizance to the King to keep the peace, and also to appear at the next sessions of the peace. At which next sessions, when every justice of peace hath there delivered in all his recognizances so taken, then the parties are called and the cause of binding to the peace examined; and both parties being heard, the whole bench is to determine as they see cause, either to continue the party still bound, or to discharge him. These justices at the sessions are attended with the constables and bailiffs of all hundreds and liberties within the county, and with the Sheriff or his deputy, to be employed as occasion shall serve in executing the precepts and directions of the court. . . .

The justices of peace are many in every county. And to them are brought all traitors, felons, and other malefactors of any sort upon their first apprehension in the county; and that justice to whom they are brought examineth them, and heareth their accusation, but judgeth not upon it; only if he find the suspicion but light, then he taketh bond with sureties of the accused to appear either at the next assizes, if it be matter of treason or felony, or else at the quarter sessions, if it be

concerning riot, misbehaviour, or some other small offence. And he also bindeth to appear there and give testimony and prosecute the accusation all the accusers and witnesses; and so setteth the party at large. And at the assizes or sessions, as the case falleth out, he certifieth the recognizances taken of the accused, accusers, and witnesses, who being all there called^ and appearing, the cause against the accused is dealt in according to law for his clearing or condemning.

But if the party apprehended seem, upon pregnant matter in the accusation and examination, to the justice to be guilty, and the offence heinous, or the offender taken with the jnainour, then the justice is to commit the party by his warrant, called a mittimus, directed to the gaoler of the common gaol of the county, there to remain until the assizes come. And then the justice must certify his accusation and examination, and return the recognizance taken for appearance and prosecution of the witnesses; so as the judges at the assizes may, when they come, readily proceed with him as the law prescribeth."

[22.] APRIL 18.

Sessio pacis tenē apud Mancestriā Coū Lanē Coram Edmundo Trafford milite Ričo Ashton milite Ričo Holland Hugone Watmoughē Clīco sacre Theologī Baculeř Francisco Holte Johanne Bradshawe Thomā Barton Johe Holte Johe Greenehalge Leonardo Ashawe et Oswald Mosley Armigeris Justiciař Dm̄ Regis ad pacem in Coū p̄d Conservand necnon ad diversa felonias transḡ et alia malefacta in eod coū p̄petuař audiend̄ et terminand̄ assignat̄ die Jovis videt̄ Decimo octavo die Aprilis Anō RRs Jacobi nunc Angl &c. Decimo quarto et Scoč quadragessimo nono.

Memorand̄ qđ ad hanc p̄fař Sessionem pacis tenē apud Mancestriā p̄dam in Coū pred coram p̄fař Justicř dičo decimo octavo die Aprilis Anō Decimo quarto et quadragessimo nono supradič quoddam scripř sub manibus p̄d Edmundi Trafford Richi Ashton Riči Holland Hugonis Watmoughē Franci Holte Leonardi Ashawe et Oswaldi Mosley fact̄ Juroř juxta formam statuti in hac que sequit̄ forma videt̄ To the end a howse of Correccon may bee erected in the hundred of Salford in the sayd Countie of Lanr & that the same may bee maynteyned ordered & governed accordinge to the forme of the statute yt is agreed by the sayd Justices that the sayd Hughe Watmoughē and John Greenehalge twoe of the sayd Justices shall deale and moove wth James Greenehalge of the Chamber and Roger Boothe or any other tenñe Fermer or occupier of land in the Lordshippe of Burye in the sayd Countie Convenient for scituaccone theareof For the obteyninge of such interest as the sayd tenñt or occupier hath thearein And allsoe shall indevoř to pcure from the right honnorble Wiflm Earle of Dearbye Lord of the Mannor of Bury aforesayd a grante theareof to bee made to all the Justices of the peace inhabittinge in the sayd hundred upon trust and to the intente the same shalbee used and employed for keepinge Correctinge & settinge to worke of the Rogues vagabonds sturdie beggers & other ydle & disorderly persons And yt is thought meete by all the Justices

before named that such persons or person as after the erreccon of the sayd howse of Correccon shalbee elected to bee Master or governer of the same accordinge to the forme of the statute shall have yearly the rent of xxli for his allowance and mayntenance for his travell and care to bee had in the sayd servissee as allsoe for the releevinge of such as shall happen to bee weake and sicke in his Custodie the same to bee payed quarterly accordinge to the forme of the statute and yt is Further agreed and ordered by the Justices that theare shalbee forthwth levied in the sayd hundred after the ordenary pporcon and Divicon of taxacons in the sayd hundred the some of 2 Cli pounds of lawfull money of England videlt one Cli for the Composition for the place to effect the sayd howse upon and for convenient backesyde to the same and for and towardses the erectinge of the sayd howse and provision of Milnes Cardes and other implem^{ts} to sett Rogues and other ydle persons on Worke: And the other hundred pounds for stocke to sett the persons wth shalbee comitted to the sayd howse on worke and that the sayd John Greenehalghe and Oswald Mosley Esquires shalbee collectors of the said somes and shall collect the same wth all convenient speede. After the receipte theareof in such place wthin the Lordshippe of Burye Wheareof such grante shalbee obteyned and in defaulte theareof to bee in some other conveniente place heareafter to bee agreed upon by the sayd Justices or the greater number of them a Conveniente howse of Correccon shalbee erected and built and a Conveniente backesyde theareto adjoyninge shalbee pvided and allsoe Millnes turnes Cardes and suchlike necessary implements and allsoe yrons for settinge on worke and safe Custodie of such Rogues and other ydle persons as shalbee thither comitted and that such sayd ps ons as heareafter shalbee elected to bee Master or governer of the sayd howse shall upon his receipte of [23] the sayd laste menconed hundred pounds for stocke give securitie by bond to the Justices of peace inhabi[ting]in the sayd hundred

for the safty p^rserva^con & repayme^t of the sayd laste men^coned some of one hundred pounds to the sayd Justices theyre executo^rs or administrato^rs for the use of the inhabitantes of the sayd hundred wthin twoe monthes next after order for repaym^t theareof made in open Sessions of the peace to bee houlden in the sayd hundred by the more pte of the Justices assembled in any such Sessions And yf such securtie shall not bee given that then the sayd Justices take speciall order & care for the preserva^con theareof accordinge to theyre wisdomes & discretions and to the end the sayd howse sha[ll] bee pestered as little as may bee wth chyldrenn yt is ordered by the sayd Justices that yf any rogue vagabonnde sturdie begger or other w^{ch} shall have any chyld or children wth him her or them w^{ch} shalbee aphended that such pson for the firste tyme shalbee onely whipped & sent accordinge to the statute and yf hee shee or they do come agayne and bee incorrigible then the Justic[es] shalbee carefull that hee shee or they havinge children shalbee sent to the sayd howse neare the tyme of the next Sessions then to bee howlden to the end the may be tried branded and deliv^d accordinge to the statute wth as little trouble to the sayd howse as well may bee It: yt is ordered that the sayd m^r or governer of the sayd howse or Correc^con havinge th^e sayd yearely allowance of xxⁱⁱ and the sayd hundred pounds for stocke shall not onely keepe all psons comitted to the sayd howse in worke accordinge to the meaninge of the statute but shall alsoe fynd Diot for the sayd psons accordinge to the meaninge of the statute and at every Session of the peace houlden in the sayd hundred shall bringe all such persons as shall remayne in his Custodie to the same Sessions theare to be tried deliv^d or pceeded againste accordinge to the sayd statute and that the sayd m^r or governer shall at his owne charges menteyne repayre & keepe all yron tooles Millnes and implm^{ts} aforesayd w^{ch} shalbee provided and delivered to him so as the same may bee continue[d] for the purposes for w^{ch} they are provided

Allsoe yt is agreed and ordered tht if the sayd howse of Correccon shall at any tyme bee overburdened wth multitude of pson[s] comitted thither or that any number of the same bee sicke that then yt shalbee lawfull to and for any 2 or more of the sayd Justices to Discharge and Deliver forth of the sayd howse any person or persons accordinge to theyre discretion as well out of the Sessions or in anye suche.

Edmund Trafford	Richard Ashton	Richard Holland
Hugh Watmough	Francis Holte	Leonard Ashawe
	Oswald Mosley	

[24.]

Ad Sessionem pacis tentam apd Mancestriā in Com Lanč Coram Edmundo Trafford milite Richo Ashton miliſ Richo Holland Rogero Downes Hugone Watmough Clico sacre theolog Baculeř Edmundo Fleetewood Francisco Holt Johe Bradshaw Johe Holt Edmundo Prestwich Johe Greenehalghe Leonardo Ashawe et Oswaldo Mosley Armigeris Justiciarijs Dñ Regis ad pacem in Com pređ Conservand nec non ad Divrſa feloň transgressa et alia malefacta in eod Com perpetuař audiend et terminand asignař die Jovis videř decimo octavo die Julij Anº RRs Jacobi nunc Angl &c. xiiij^{to} et Scoč xlix^{no} 1616.

Memorand qđ ad hanc presař Sessionem pacis tenř apud Mancestr pređ in Com p̄d Coram p̄sař Justič dicto decimo die Aprilis Anno Decimo quarto et quadragessimo nono suprđct qđdā scrip̄ sub manibus p̄d Edmundi Trafford Richi Ashtonne Richi Holland Leonardi Ashawe et Oswaldi Mosley fac̄ Jrro r juxta formam statuti in hac que sequit̄ forma videř Whearas heartofore at & in an open Session of the peace houlden at Manchestr aforesayd in Aprill last past Divers orders weare agreed upon and made by the Justices of peace then and theare p̄sent For erreccon of a howse of Correccon and for governemt of the same & for

BOULTON DEVISION.

	<i>li</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Boulton cum				Farneworth
hamett	iiij	xvj	vijj	Rumworth &
Turton cum				Kersley id
Longworth		id		Heaton Horwich
Edgworth cū				& Halliwell id
hamellis		id		Radcliffe id
Blackwood cū				Harwood cū
Aspull		id		hamett id
Rivington Lod-				Westhaughtonne id
stocke cū An-				Burie xv ^{li} viij ^s —
lezarke		id		Tottington vij ^{li} xiiiij ^s —
the three Hultons		id		
				lxv ^{li} 5 ^s iiiij ^a

All three in toto ijC xxv^{li} viij^d.

And that every one of the Constables of the severall Towneshippes aforesayd shall sev'ally assesse and collect the sayd somes imposed upon theare sayd Towneshippes of the inhabitantes and occupiers of the landes in the sayd Towneshippes accordinge to

[25.]

the severall usuall rates of leyes & taxacons in those Towneshippes wthoute delay & make undelayed paym^t theareof to John Greenehalgh and Oswald Mosley Esq^{rs} or the one of them before the firste day of Auguste next upon Payne that every Constable beeinge neglegent thearein shalbee by any of the sayd Justices bound for his apearence at the next Session of the peace to bee houlden in the hundred of Salford theare to stand & performe such order & receive such punishm^t as by the Justices of the peace shalbee made or ordered And yt is further ordered that yf any pson or persons shall refuse or upō Demand Delay or

forbear to pay such some or somes of money as is or shalbee taxed upon him or theym for the uses aforesayd that then the sayd Constables shall severlly have power & authoritie to Distreyne & shall Distreyne for the sayd some or somes so refused or forborne or delaye[d] to bee payed of the goodes of the partie so refusinge or forbearinge & shall sell the same goods so Distreyned or taken & reteyne such pte of the Money received upō such sale as the sayd person or ps ons oughte to have payed and shall pay the same over to John Greenehalghe & Oswald Mosley or the one of them in forme aforesayd & the overplu[s] remayninge upon such sale repay to the sayd person who formly did ow[n]e the sayd goods so sold as aforesayd And yf any person shall wthstand or p^revent the sayd Constables or any of them so as the[y] cannot Distreyne as above sayd or shall make any rescusse to or agaynste any such Constable of any Distresse by him or them taken as aforesayd then every such person so wthstandinge p^rventinge or rescuinge as aforesayd shalbee comitted to prison theare to remeyne till he shalbee thence lawfully Delivered and further shall incur such penaltie as by the statute in that case is provideth.

Edmund Trafford Richard Ashtone Richard Holland
Leonard Ashawe.

* * * *

Orders to bee observed wthin the Countye of Lanc^r
sett downe & agreed upon at Lan^c upon thursday
the eighte day of Auguste in the fourteenth yeare
of the Kinges Ma^ties reigne that now is by the Jus-
tices of the peace theare p^rsent & by the apoyntem^t
of the Judge of Assise.

1. Fyrste that theare bee no wares or victualls sould or shewed upon any Sunday (necessar[y] victualls onely excepted) and that noe Butcher sell any flesh upon any Sunday afte[r] the second peale ended to morninge prayer

nor yet at any tyme in the afternoone upon the sabothe Day and that every person so offendinge p'sently bee broughte by th^e Constables before some Justice of peace to bee bound by him to the good behavio^r and to apeare at the next assise after hee is so bounde.

2. That noe Howshoulder after the beginninge of the last peale to morninge prayer suffer any personne (not beeinge of the howshould) to eate drinke or remeyne in theyre howse in tyme of Devyne service but shall shutte theyre Doores upp to the end th^t all psons wthin the sayd howse may goe to the Church yf any bee found in any alehowse in tyme of Devyne service the sayd Alehowse to bee putte downe & thenceforth not to bee lycensed agayne.

[26.]

3. If any Alehouskeeper will not suffer the Constables or churchwardens to search theare howses to see whether good order bee kept thearein Then upon Complaynte made & Due proove theareof that any one Justice of peace or moe shall Discharge the sayd Alehowsekeep so offendinge from brewinge & not afterwards to bee lycensed.

4. Every Alehowse keep wth his wife & familie shall come to the church every Sunday as well upon payne to loose & forfeite xij^d as to bee discharged from brewinge except they have a lawfull & resonable excuse to the Contrarie.

5. Such persons as shalbee found walkinge talkinge or ydely standinge either in the church yeard or markett place in tyme of Devyne service shall pay xij^d a peece and are to bee bound to the good behavio^r & to apeare at the next Assises.

6. If the Constables Churchwardens or other officers for the Church bee negligent or refuse to Doe theare Duties in these articles then such to bee bound to apeare before the Justicⁱ of Assise as aforesayd.

7. That theare bee no pipinge Dancinge (bowlinge
[p]ipinge, dancinge,
[v]altinge, leapinge
[s]hootinge, &c.
[l]awfull upon sondaiies
[b]y the Kings
Declaracon.

{ beare or bull beatinge)* or any
other pfanacon upon any Saboth
Day in any pte of the Day: or
upō any festivall day in tyme of
Devyne service that the ps ons so
offendinge bee bound to the good
behavio^r & to apeare as aforesayd.

8. That the Justices of peace themselves sometymes
searche whether the churchwardens & Constables have Done
theare Duties and that the Minister or Incumbent do reade
these orders publickly once every q^{rtr} of the yeare that
the[y] may the better bee remembred & observed by the
parishoners.

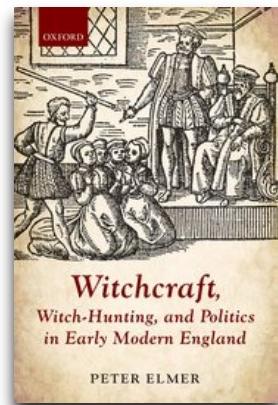
CAPTIAN JOHN GREENHALGH (1633 - 1696)

*As Magistrate, presided over the not guilty verdict
in a case of witchcraft in Manchester.*

From the book: Witchcraft, Witch-Hunting,
and Politics in Early Modern England

By Peter Elmer; Pages: 246-249

[GOOGLE E-BOOK LINK](#)



The trial of the Bideford witches at Exeter in 1682 marked the last recorded execution for witchcraft in England. It also coincided, as North's comment suggests, with a period of intense political conflict engendered by the Exclusion Crisis. There is some evidence to suggest that the case against the three women was the product of political partisanship and a desire, perhaps, on the part of the government's opponents to expose or embarrass the regime into taking action against a true enemy of the godly state. One of the leading protagonists at the trial, the clergyman Francis Hann, had long been a thorn in the side of the diocesan authorities. Moreover, Bideford, like Exeter, was a hotbed of political conflict and division. It is also possible that the clerical establishment in Exeter may have unwittingly encouraged witch-hunting through the preaching of loyal ministers such as Thomas Long (1621–1707), prebend of Exeter, whose son, also Thomas (d. 1707), married the daughter of Bishop Anthony Sparrow. While Sparrow, as bishop (1667–76), had waged a lengthy campaign of opposition to dissent in the church courts and had tried his level best to encourage local justices to follow suit in the secular courts, Long preached consistently on the dangers of sedition and dissent and the merits of passive obedience and loyalty to the crown. In doing so, he frequently invoked the now familiar image of the rebel as witch, comparing the 'murmuring' of dissidents with the 'sin of Witchcraft'.

Following the execution of the Bideford witches and the Tory reaction, Long was in the vanguard of those ministers who now used every opportunity to hammer home the message that religious and political disobedience was a species of witchcraft. As a prebend of the cathedral and preacher at the assizes, he used both as a convenient and very public space in which to expand upon the subject, consistently invoking a range of biblical texts in order to underline the point that

rebels, like witches, seldom, if ever, repent. Not surprisingly, however, it was the much-cited text from the book of Samuel that Long chose as his text on 26 July 1685, when in the wake of the defeat of Monmouth's rebel army at Sedgemoor, loyal ministers across England once more reminded their congregations that rebellion was tantamount to witchcraft. Within months, Lord Chief Justice George Jeffreys (1645–1689) was riding the western circuit, where, of course, he achieved notoriety as the 'hanging judge', responsible for the execution of hundreds of rebels at the 'Bloody Assizes'. While it is a matter of conjecture, it seems highly probable that as a circuit judge Jeffreys would have imbibed the message of loyal preachers equating sedition with witchcraft. It may also have encouraged him to adopt a sceptical stance when confronted with actual cases of witchcraft. In September 1685, for example, as he sentenced hundreds of rebels at the Exeter assizes, Jeffreys was responsible for overseeing the trial and acquittal of Jane Vallett, accused on three charges of witchcraft. A few weeks later at Bristol, where no trials were held, Jeffreys, who was under no illusions as to the seditious nature of the city, issued a brief, impromptu, and extemporized charge to the grand jurors in which he raised the spectre of the rebel-witch on no fewer than four occasions. Whether or not such sentiments spilled over into outright scepticism with regard to actual witches is difficult to discern. It is noteworthy, however, that when events catapulted Jeffreys into the Tower of London in 1689, his enemies lost no time in speculating as to the disgraced judge's moral failings, which included atheism. In one account, for example, Jeffreys is depicted in the Tower, ruminating on his fate and pondering retribution on his tormentors by turning to magic, which he would have done 'had my small Belief... of either a God or a Devil, perswaded me there was any such creature as a Witch, or such an Art as Sorcery'.

Just as important as the attitude of the senior judiciary towards witchcraft was that of the army of unpaid magistrates in the localities who were the first to encounter and adjudicate the claims of those who believed they were the victims of witches. Again, there would appear to be significant evidence to suggest a link between judicial scepticism among Restoration magistrates and a commitment to the status quo in Church and state after 1660. The career of the Lancashire JP Roger Bradshaigh (1628–1684) exemplified this trend. Bradshaigh served as a

magistrate from 1660 until his death in 1684. He was also an MP in the Cavalier Parliament. Brought up as a Roman Catholic, he later converted to Anglicanism while retaining a deep sympathy for the plight of his former co-religionists. At the same time, he stood out in his native Lancashire as a committed opponent of sedition and dissent in all its myriad forms. It is perhaps not surprising then that Bradshaigh's apparent rejection of witchcraft was manifest in a regular update to the authorities in London regarding the activities of dissenters in the county. On 30 January 1666, a day of heightened emotion for a staunch royalist such as Bradshaigh, he wrote to Secretary Williamson in London, updating the government on the latest activity of local dissenters while concluding his report with an account of the examination of four women suspected of witchcraft. One of those examined described how she and her parents had ridden three black cats at night, one of which had also sucked on her mother's teats, in a manner reminiscent of many earlier English witchcraft trials in which demonic familiars featured prominently. While obliged to send two of the accused to gaol, Bradshaigh confessed to harbouring 'little fayth' in the truth of such claims. Four years later, he was partly responsible for the punishment of a Wigan woman found guilty of calling one of her neighbours a witch, who was subsequently ordered to wear a bridle and paraded through the streets of the town.

Bradshaigh was not alone among the Lancashire magistracy in combining a passionate hatred for Dissent with disinterest, bordering on disbelief, in cases of supposed witchcraft. Captain Thomas Greenhalgh, who was related to Bradshaigh through marriage and, as a former royalist, was well connected in Anglican circles, demonstrated a commendable lack of zeal when confronted with two complaints of witchcraft in 1671 and 1680.⁵⁶ On the former occasion, he intervened on behalf of Richard Greenhalgh (possibly a relation and close neighbour), who was indicted at the assizes as a wizard and was accused, among other things, of bewitching to death

NOTES:

⁵⁶ Greenhalgh, of Brandlesholme, near Bury, married Elizabeth Bridgeman, the daughter of Henry Bridgeman (1615–1682), dean of Chester, in 1665. He was the father-in-law of Dr Allan Pennington (1622–1696), who was the brother-in-law of Sir Roger Bradshaigh. This group formed a close network of loyal royalist agents in Cheshire and Lancashire who corresponded regularly with the government in London for much of the 1660s. Greenhalgh may also have suffered for his loyalty prior to the Restoration. In 1659, he was arrested en route for London by a parliamentary militiaman at Grantham in Lincolnshire: *CSPD, 1659–1660*, 176–7.

a child as well as three others. Greenhalgh the magistrate sought to put pressure on the father of one of the victims and a fellow witness by having them arrested at the behest of the accused witch. Nine years later, Captain Greenhalgh presided over a not guilty verdict in a case of witchcraft at Manchester. In both cases, the witchcraft trials took place against a background of intense religious and political conflict. In 1671, the county, as elsewhere in England, experienced a renewal of the persecution of dissent following the passage of the Second Conventicle Act in the previous year. The trial of 1680, of course, took place amid growing public anxiety over the succession and the fate of the Church in the hands of a Catholic monarch. Greenhalgh, like Bradshaigh, was committed to bolstering the status quo, and was frequently occupied as a magistrate in searching for arms among potential insurgents as well as waging a long and sustained campaign against the Quakers in Lancashire. Like Bradshaigh, moreover, he too was suspected of harbouring Catholic sympathies. When Greenhalgh was mooted for sheriff of the county in 1667, Edward Kenyon wrote to his brother Roger to warn him against standing as Greenhalgh's under-sheriff for fear that the latter's reputation as a favourer of Catholics would ruin his own reputation and corrupt his soul in the process.

Lancashire, of course, was widely acknowledged as a stronghold of Catholicism as well as a haven for witches. The two, as we have seen, had long been connected in the popular imagination. The scepticism of the Anglican authorities may therefore owe something to a desire to protect Catholic or crypto-Catholic neighbours, many of whom had served the monarchy in the dark days of the civil wars and interregnum. Judicial concern in north-west England was clearly reserved for dissenters rather than witches or Catholics, and is especially evident in a network of diehard Anglican magistrates located on the border between Lancashire and Yorkshire in the old witch-hunting area of Pendle and the Craven district. Here, a group of five like-minded gentlemen-magistrates were responsible for promoting the publication of one of the most original contributions to the witchcraft debate on the side of the sceptics, penned by the former radical John Webster (1611–1682). After the Restoration, Webster, who had spent much of the 1650s articulating a radical vision of an English Church with no tithes or state-financed ministry, settled in his native Clitheroe, where he conformed and practised medicine among the local gentry. During the course of his practice, which was indebted to the innovative ideas of the Flemish iatrochemist Jan Baptist van Helmont (1580–1644), Webster's new-found respectability led him to foster important alliances among the local Tory squirearchy, who in turn lent their imprimatur to his work on witchcraft.⁵⁹

The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft, published in 1677, was dedicated to five local gentlemen and JPs, all of whom were highly active in the war against Dissent. Two, Henry Marsden (c.1625–1688), who also sat as MP for Clitheroe in two Exclusion parliaments, and William Drake (c.1625–1678), were related through marriage. Thomas Parker (1631–1695) was a firm royalist and was appointed a captain of foot after the Restoration. William Johnson (d. 1681) was another staunch Anglican, who married the daughter of Thomas Comber (1575–1653), master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a great sufferer for his commitment to the royalist cause. Finally, Sir John Assheton (1621–1697), who unlike the others came from a puritanical background, nonetheless remained loyal to the crown after 1660. Like the others, he was an indomitable opponent of the Quakers, who stigmatized him as a persecutor and ‘greedy impropriator for Tythes’. All worked in tandem, determined to use the full power of the law to persecute and marginalize nonconformity on the Lancashire–Yorkshire border, and like their colleagues Bradshaigh and Greenhalgh, they displayed little interest in the punishment of witches, as their patronage of Webster suggests.

Notes:

Thomas Greenhalgh, the 13th of Brandlesome, was High Sheriff of the county 1668 and 1669. "He was qualified to be a Knight of the 'Royal Oak' (i.e., indicative of the restoration of King Charles the 2nd to the throne of England, 1660) but persuaded his Majesty to annul the order to prevent jealousies."

Note: The High Sheriff of Lancashire is an ancient officer, now largely ceremonial, granted to Lancashire, a county in North West England. High Shrievalties are the oldest secular titles under the Crown, in England and Wales. The High Sheriff of Lancashire is the representative of the monarch in the county, and is the "Keeper of The Queen's Peace" in the county, executing judgements of the High Court through an Under Sheriff.

In Oliver Heywood's Diary may be read the following: "1668, April 12th. They having no minister at Cockey Chapel, there was a numerous congregation, and God granted us liberty and peace, though the High Sheriff and his Father-in-Law, Dr. Bridgeman, Dean of Chester, were not far off, and the Trumpeter came at noon to an Ale House, near the Chapel." This High Sheriff was Thomas Greenhalgh, the 13th of Brandlesome, his mansion dwelling, Brandlesome Hall, being situated some two miles N.E. from Cockey Moor.

Thomas Greenhalgh (1633 – 1696), son of Richard Greenhalgh and Alice Posthorne. Thomas married Elizabeth Bridgeman, in the year 1665, Cheshire, Eng.

His LDS FAMILYSEARCH LINK

[ONLINE LINK](#)

Marriage Licences
GRANTED WITHIN
The Archdeaconry of Chester
IN THE
Diocese of Chester.

VOL. V.

1661-1667.

EDITED BY

WM. FERGUSSON IRVINE, M.A., F.S.A.

1663

April 15th

„ 15 John Greenhalgh, Clerk, Rector of Bury, Lancs., and Catherine Langley, Widow, Parish of Manchester. To John Heywood, Rector of Walton, Lancs., and Edmund Kenion, Clerk, Rector of Prestwich, Lancs., and William Ramsbothom, Clerk, Curate of Bury.

September 12th

„ 12 Henry Webster, of Knowsley, Lancs., and Sherlett Stephenson, of same, Spinster. Bondsman, James Fleet, of Knowsley. To John Greenhalgh, Rector of Bury, Lancs.

1665

April 28th

1665]

THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER

145

„ 28 Thomas Greenhalgh, of Brandlesholme, Lancs., Esquire, and Elizabeth Bridgeman, Daughter of Revd. Henry Bridgeman, D.D., Dean of Chester Cathedral. To William Bispham and Thomas Bridge, Clerks, for solemnisation of the marriage in the Choir of the Cathedral, or in any other Church in the City of Chester.

1666

February 19th

„ 19

Thomas, Viscount Colchester, son and heir of Thomas, Earl Rivers, and Charlotte Stanley, Spinster, daughter of Charles, Earl of Derby. Bonds-men, Wm. Hyde, of Rocksavage, Chesh., Paul Thunall, of the same, and Richard Smith, of Frodsham, Chesh. To John Greenhalgh and — Fletcher, Chaplains to the said Lord Derby, for marriage at Knowsley Chapel.

WILLIAM GREENHALGH ESQ,

**OF MYERSCOUGH HALL, HIGH SHERIFF OF LANCASHIRE
COUNTY, IN 1729**

The town of Myerscough and The Myerscough Hall Estate

(Myerscough pronounced locally Masca)

"This township, lying between the parishes of Preston, Garstang and St. Michael-on-Wyre, has an area of 2,707 acres, and the population in 1901 numbered 423. The surface slopes from east to west from about 120 ft. above sea level on the border of Barton to between 30 and 40 ft. at the other side.

The Brock crosses the northern end on its way west to the Wyre; north of it are Myerscough House Light Ash and Stanzaker; to the south is Myerscough Hall, between the Brock and another brook flowing west.

The latter is a two-story 18th century building with barred sash windows, hipped roof and deeply overhanging eaves, erected by William Greenhalgh, High Sheriff in 1729, in the place of an older building of the same name. On the brook is the mill; near it is the Lodge, the former home of Sir Thomas Tyldesley."

BRITISH HISTORY ONLINE

William Greenhalgh was in a direct line of descent with Thomas the 13th of Brandlesome. He was a friend and neighbour of Thomas Tyldesley the diarist who lived at Myerscough Lodge and who was the grandson of the prominent royalist of the same name.

Myerscough Hall was the seat of William Greenhalgh - when he rebuilt the Hall. It was at this time, that the Brandlesome Estate had been sold off. Not far distant from Myrescough Hall there is a remains (ruins) of what was Greenhalgh Castle built by Thomas - 1st Earl of Derby, the licence dated 1590 - to provide permission for adding fortifications to an already existing building - the Castle was dismantled in 1649.

Side Notes:

“Allen (né Allen, then Greenhalgh), Thomas (d. 1780). Younger son of Thomas Allen (c.1681-1764). Educated at Grays Inn (Bencher, 1756; Treasurer, 1777). He changed his name to Greenhalgh and in 1774 reverted to Allen on inheriting the Bibsworth estate. He married, 5 June 1753 at Grays Inn Chapel, Anne (d. 1796), widow of John Edwards junior of Highgate, and had issue:

(1) Thomas Allen (d. 1830) (q.v.).

He inherited Myerscough Hall (Lancs) from his uncle by marriage, William Greenhalgh in 1742; this legacy became void when he inherited the Bibsworth estate from his elder brother in 1774. From 1775 he lived at Henrietta Place, Henrietta Street, London; the drawing room of this house is now in the V&A Museum.

He was buried at Finchley, 26 April 1780; his will was proved 2 May 1780. His widow died in 1796."

LANDED FAMILIES OF BRITAIN AND IRELAND

The original Myerscough Hall disappeared to make way for the Lancashire College of Agriculture. Nothing original survives of Myerscough Lodge, the home of Thomas Tyldesley

Another aside is the story of Thomas Sutcliffe who was governor of the Island of Juan Fernandez at the time of the earthquake in 1835. Apparently he saved portraits of both John Greenhalgh of Brandlesome and John Kay of Bury during the earthquake. I have worked out that Thomas was the great grandson of John Kay, who was the inventor of the flying shuttle, and the great great great grandson of Governor John Greenhalgh.

JAMES GREENHALGH

MAYOR OF BOLTON: 1877-78 (CONSERVATIVE), SOLICITOR
Born: Bolton 1821

[ONLINE LINK](#)

Died: Greenhill, Bolton 26 November 1881

Solicitor.

He began his career at around 10 years of age in the law offices of John Cross and later worked as a clerk for John Hulton, also a solicitor. He was eventually articled to James Cross, Solicitor of Acresfield and partner in the firm of Hardcastle, Cross & Co, bankers. He was admitted as a solicitor at Lincoln's Inn In 1846 immediately became a partner with James Cross, trading as Cross & Greenhalgh.

Cross died in 1851 and Greenhalgh continued the business alone. In 1856 he took John Hall into



James Greenhalgh's link on the Mayor of Bolton's Chain of Office.

partnership and later still with James Finney. The firm finally became Greenhalgh & Cannon in 1866 when he joined forces with William Walter Cannon Jnr, son of William Walter Cannon, Mayor of Bolton 1871-73. All of his many partnerships were based at 8 Acresfield, Bolton.

Son of James Greenhalgh, a Turton cotton spinner.

Brother of William Greenhalgh, first Chairman of Horwich Local Board.

Uncle of Thomas Bancroft Greenhalgh, Chairman of Horwich Urban District Council 1896-97.

Represented Church Ward 1851-54 and 1857-63.
Alderman for Derby Ward 1871-81.

Accepted the new Mayoral badge on behalf of the Corporation in 1878.

Proposer and Chairman of the Corporate Departments Inquiry Committee, charged with examining and overhauling the apparently chaotic activities of every department of the Corporation and establishing and imposing sound practice.

Chairman of the Town Hall Sub-Committee during the construction of Bolton Town Hall.

Treasurer of the Public Library Committee, then its Chairman 1859-61. Chairman of the Library and Museum Committee in 1873.

He was a prime mover in the adoption of the Free Library and Museums Act in Bolton and spent many years working for the establishment of a Free Library in Bolton.

He laid the cornerstone of Chadwick Museum in Queen's Park, Bolton 27 June 1878.

He opened The Barlow Arms - a temperance public house on Higher Bridge Street financed by James Barlow, Mayor of Bolton 1867-68 - on 26 November 1877.

Appointed as a Borough Magistrate 5 August 1878.

President of Bolton Philharmonic Society and of Bolton Incorporated Law Society.

He was one of the instigators of Bolton Permanent Building Society.

Clerk to the Trustees of Bolton and Nightingale Turnpike Trust.

He was a manager of Bolton Savings Bank.

Legal advisor to Horwich Local Board and to Farnworth & Kearsley Building Society.

Freemason - member of Anchor and Hope Lodge from 1850 and held all offices up to Senior Warden.

Lived at Green Hill, Deane.

Anglican - he served as a Warden at Holy Trinity Church.

His wife, Jane, was Mayoress.



James Greenhalgh's link on the Mayor of Bolton's Chain of Office.

Argent on a bend invected sable three bugle horns of the field stringed or.

Crest - On a wreath argent and sable a bugle

horn vert stringed and knotted or.

Motto = LABOR AURA SIT AC PATIENTIA (Work, shine and be patient)

JOHN THOMAS GREENHALGH (B.1886)

John was born in 1886 in Radcliffe, Lancashire. His father was called John William and his mother was Sarah. He was their eldest child; his siblings were Annie, Lucy, William Arthur and Alice.

In 1891 John senior worked as a carter and the family lived at 5 Park Street in Prestwich, near Manchester.

Ten years later they had moved to 12 Bury Old Road in the town. John had begun to work as a commercial clerk.

The First World War broke out in August 1914 and like thousands of other men John and William decided to join one of the 'Pals' battalions being formed to allow the men of Manchester to fight together.

We know William enlisted on the 7th September 1914 and was given the service number 18/10022. John's service number was 18/10021 so they almost certainly enlisted together. They joined the 3rd City Battalion, which later became the 18th Battalion of the



1914-15 Star

Manchester Regiment. John and William were both assigned to I Platoon in A Company.

John and the 18th Battalion trained at Heaton Park in Manchester until April 1915, when they moved to Belton Park in Grantham, Lincolnshire. In September they moved to Larkhill in Wiltshire before sailing to France on the 8th November.

We believe that John first saw front line service in January 1916. He then served near the villages of Suzanne, Bray and Maricourt during the first half of 1916. The 18th Battalion took part in the attacks on the first day of the Somme Offensive, the 1st July 1916. It captured the village of Montauban from the Germans.

The Battalion of 900 lost around 350 men killed, wounded or missing that day. John was not one of them, but William was. He was 26 years old when he was killed.

John continued to serve with the 18th Battalion through the rest of the Somme Offensive, which lasted until November 1916.

At some point John was transferred to the Durham Light Infantry and given the service number 93306. This number suggests he joined them in at the very end

of the war in November 1918, if not later. We don't know which battalion he served with.

John survived the war, but the rest of his life remains a mystery. William's grave was never found, so his name is one of 72203 commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial in France. William's name is on Pier 13 Face A or Pier 14 Face C.

John's medal was donated to the Museum of the Manchester Regiment in July 2008. As well as his 1914-15 Star, John was also awarded the British War Medal and the Allied Victory Medal for his Army service.

ONLINE LINK

PRIVATE RICHARD, AND WILLIAM GREENHALGH

NAPOLEONIC WARS (1803-1815), BATTLE OF WATERLOO, PENINSULA, ETC.

Medals sold on The SPINK Orders, Decorations, Campaign Medals and Militaria [CATALOGUE](#)

507

Waterloo 1815 (Rich. Greenhalgh, 1st. Reg. Dragoon Guards.), *heavy contact marks, edge bruising, good fine*, with later steel clip and split ring suspension

£1,400-1,800

Private Richard Greenhalgh, born Bolton, Lancashire, 1791; enlisted in the 2nd Dragoon Guards, February 1809; discharged, May 1810; re-enlisted in the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, November 1811; served with the Regiment during the Waterloo Campaign, 16-18.6.1815, and severely wounded in several parts of the body with a sword at the Battle of Waterloo, 18.6.1815; discharged, July 1832, after 23 years and 327 days with the Colours.

508

Waterloo 1815 (William Greenhalgh. 2nd Batt. Coldstream Gds.), *edge bruising, nearly very fine*, with later steel clip and split ring suspension

£1,600-2,000

Private William Greenhalgh, born Bolton, Lancashire, 1792; enlisted in the Coldstream Guards, May 1800; served with the Regiment in Egypt, 1801; during the Peninsula Campaign, 1809-13, where he was present at the Battles of Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, and Nive; and in Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Dawkins' Company during the Waterloo Campaign, 16-18.6.1815; discharged, August 1816, after 18 years and 85 days with the Colours.



Standard FireWorks

Established in 1891, Standard Fireworks, the UK's number one firework brand was the brainchild of Yorkshire wholesale draper **James Greenhalgh**.

Always the entrepreneur James had seen that there was money to be made selling fireworks through his drapery business in the weeks before November 5th - Bonfire Night. The fireworks were mainly made by outworkers, usually local coal miners supplementing their income. Supplies for the fireworks were also brought from China by sea and arrived at Huddersfield by barge.

And so a fireworks manufacturing business had begun in a very small way and was worked alongside a continuing whole sale drapery business.

Continued success led to the relocation to its current site at Huddersfield in 1910, where it now covers over 100 acres. **The site, initially an old stone quarry**, was ideal. It provided the space required for making fireworks and had purpose built gunpowder stores used previously in the quarrying business.



During both the First and the Second World Wars firework production switched to munitions and become an essential part of the war effort.

In 1987 Standard Fireworks bought the old established Scottish based Brocks Fireworks Ltd, seeing all fireworks production transferred to Yorkshire. During the 1980's and 1990's Standard Fireworks became a major employer in the Yorkshire region with a 500 strong workforce both manufacturing fireworks and office staff.



1998 saw the purchase of Standard Fireworks by the Chinese based Black Cat Fireworks, now part of the largest manufacturer of fireworks in the world. Black Cat Fireworks switched all firework manufacture to China.

Today the Huddersfield site is the UK headquarters for Black Cat Fireworks UK. Our continued dedication and innovation have ensured that Standard Fireworks remains the leading family favourite firework brand in the UK.

GREENHALGH CASTLE

Greenhalgh Castle is a castle, now ruined, near the town of Garstang in Lancashire, England.

Thomas Stanley, 1st Earl of Derby had the castle built in 1490 to provide defence for his estates around Garstang.

The land on which the Castle was built is said to be a gift to Stanley from his stepson Henry Tudor for his assistance in defeating Richard III at the Battle of Bosworth.



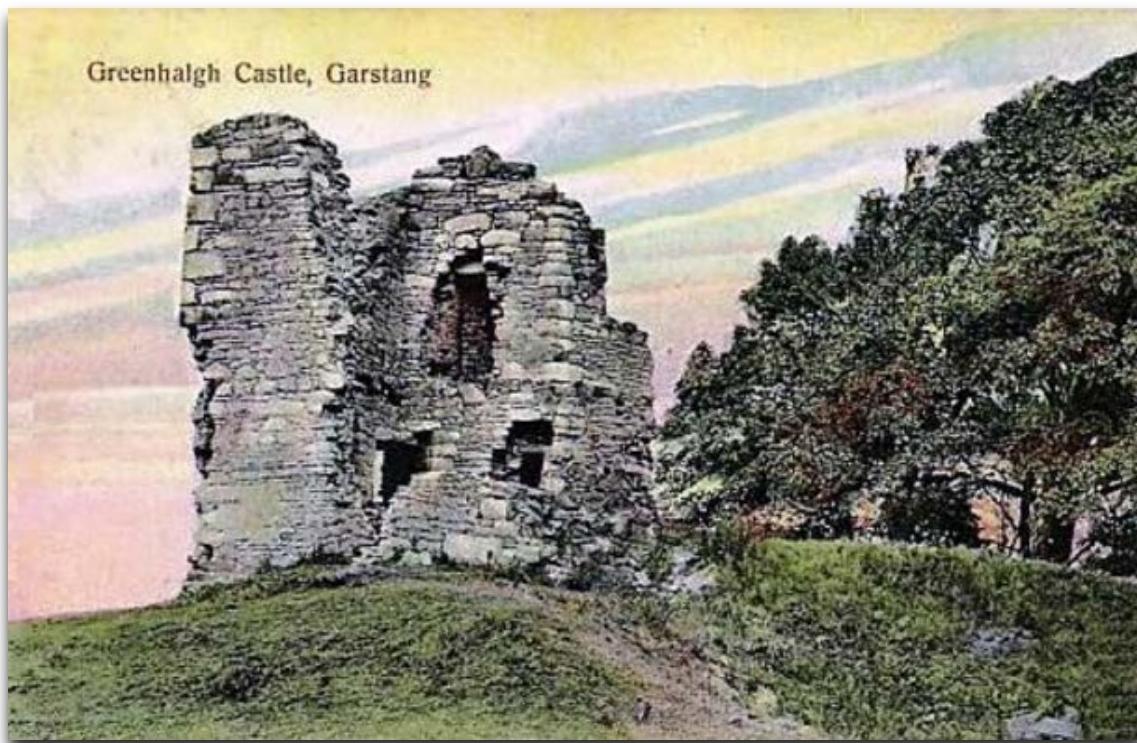
The Castle stood on a small area of raised ground, about 35 yards square and was rectangular with towers 24 yards square at each corner. It was constructed of rubble and sandstone with angle quoins. The entrance was to the east on higher ground and there was probably a moat in the lower ground surrounding the castle.

During the English Civil War the castle was garrisoned by James Stanley, 7th Earl of Derby in support of Charles I. It was one of the last two Royalist strongholds in Lancashire to succumb following a bitter siege during 1644/45 by Oliver Cromwell's forces.



The other was Lathom. The garrison at Greenhalgh Castle eventually surrendered in May 1645 provisional on their being granted safe conduct to return to their homes unharmed. Thereafter, demolition teams partially destroyed the castle to ensure that it could not be used again for military purposes.

Following continued deterioration of the ruins, the only remain of the original four towers is the lower portion of one. Many of the local farmhouses, including the neighbouring Castle Farm which was built in the 17th century, have incorporated the stones from the castle ruins into their buildings.



There is yet remaining part of a landmark, not far distant from Myerscough Hall, which identifies the name of Greenhalgh with the district.

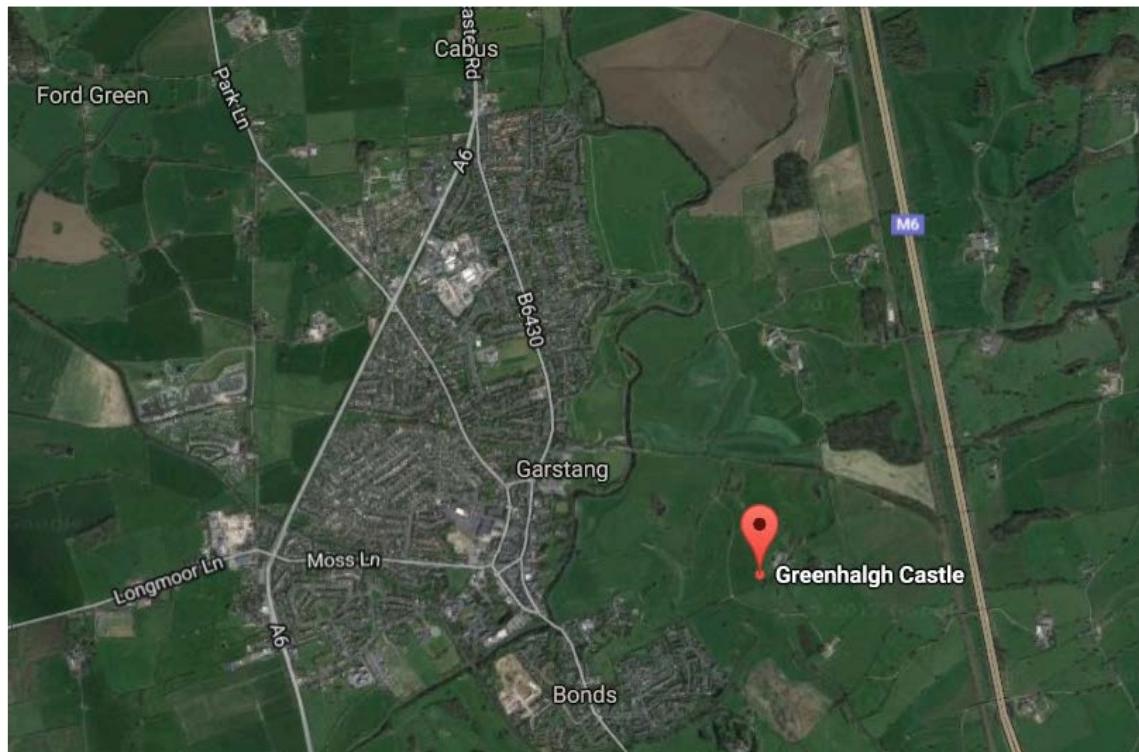
It was dismantled 1649 or 1650, and little of it now remains. This Greenhalgh must be distinguished from another place of the same name in the parish of Bury, which was the original residence of the Greenhalghs of Brandlesome.

"The Greenhalghs of Brandlesome (says Dr Whitaker) were hereditary bailiffs of the Manor, Honor, or Forest of Tottington". They were often given positions of public trust, or chosen to settle disputes arising out of property

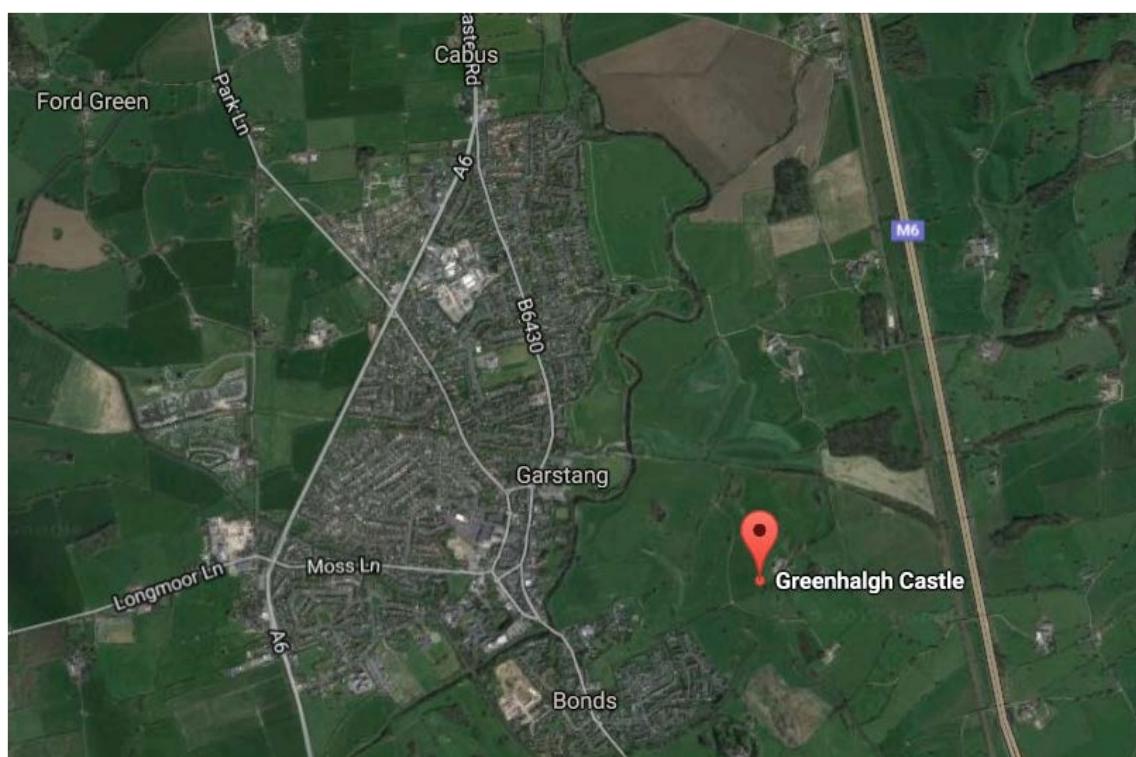


GREENHALGH CASTLE -- TODAY

YOUTUBE LINK



The Village of Greenhalgh Today, 2017 . .



THE BRANDLESOME HALL ESTATE

BRANDLESHOLME HALL stands on high ground a mile and a half north of Elton, to the west of the road to Holcombe Brook.



It is now a house of little or no interest, modern rebuilding and repairs having deprived it of all its architectural features. It was formerly a good specimen of the half-timber gabled houses of the district, built on a low stone base, and erected probably in the 16th century with a later stone wing with mullioned windows at the north end.

The greater part of the external timber-work, however, appears to have perished or have been otherwise destroyed before the middle of the last century, when the house seems to have been in a more or less dilapidated state, the principal front, which faces the east, being then patched with plaster and modern sash windows introduced. (fn. 24)

In 1852 the south end was taken down and rebuilt in brick and stucco, no attempt being made to reproduce the former style, and the rest of the building being very much dilapidated was repaired in 1908 in a manner more resembling in style the work of 1852 than that of the original building.

Externally, therefore, the house, which has long been divided into two, preserves nothing of its ancient appearance, a portion of stone walling on the north, some brickwork at the back (west), and a few stone slabs on the roofs, which have been renewed with blue slates, being all the old work now left. The interior, however, exhibits a good deal of the timber construction, and the hall preserves its wide open fireplace and original oak ceiling beams.

In another room is a portion of a ceiling with well-moulded oak beams, and other portions of old timber-

work still remain. But the general aspect of the house, inside as well as out, is wholly modernized, and new rooms have been added.

On the north-east is a stone barn, and in a corner of the grounds on the south-west side at the end of a terrace approached by eight stone steps are the remains of a small stone building, locally said to have been a chapel, but more probably a summer-house, with the initials H.G. (Henry Greenhalgh) and the date 1709 on the door-head.



Current view of the Brandlesome Estate

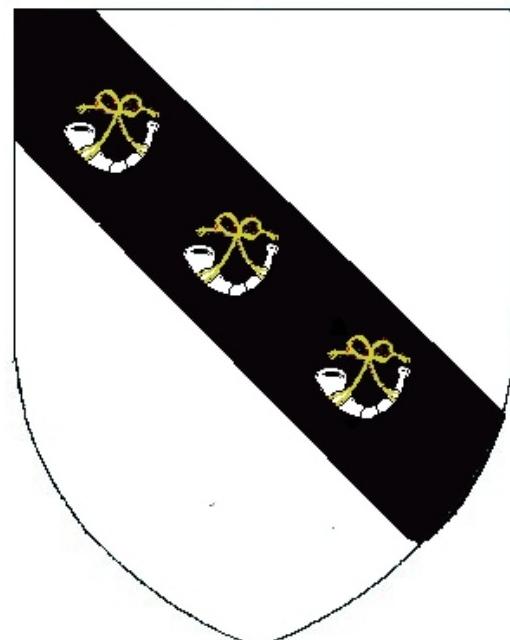
INTERIOR VIEWS

THE 'BRANDLESOME ORDER'

This family came originally from Greenhalgh, near Preston, where they had resided previous to the Conquest (vide Domesday Survey); and through the marriage of Harry Greenhalgh of Greenhalgh with Alice, daughter and heiress of Richard Brandlesome of Brandlesome, township of Elton, parish of Bury, Lancashire, in the reign of Henry III., became possessed of that ancient mansion that still retains the name of Brandlesome Hall.

Greenhalgh of Brandlesome Coat of Arms

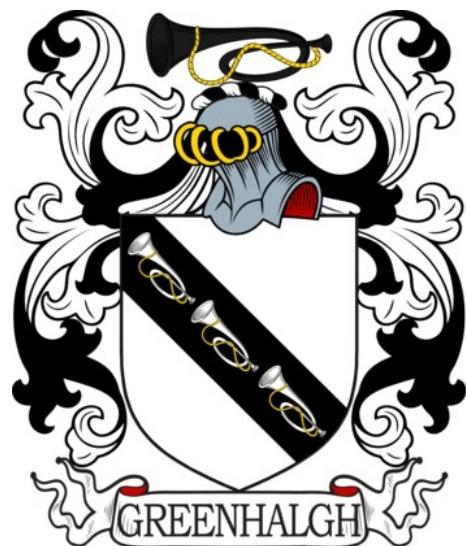
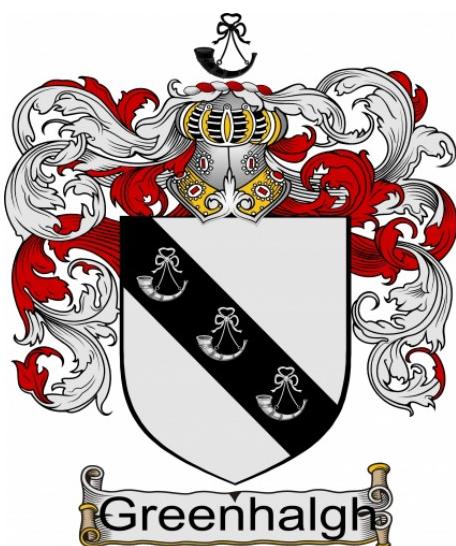
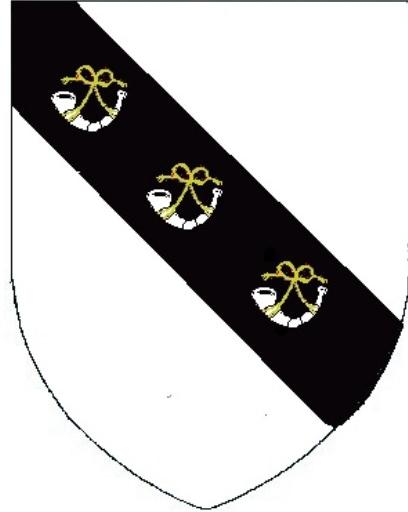
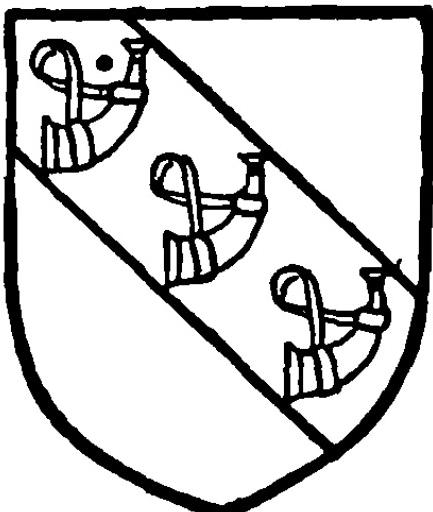
This is the coat of arms granted to one of the early Greenhalghs of Brandlesome. The blazon is: Argent, on a bend sable 3 buglehorns of the first, stringed on. Note that this is *not* a family coat of arms. In England arms were awarded to an individual and descended to his heir (normally the eldest son).



Sharing the same surname does not give any entitlement. Younger sons were often able to wear the

arms with a distinguishing mark. On the other hand if you choose to embellish your notepaper with such a coat you are unlikely to come to any great harm, especially when, as in the case of the Greenhalgh family, there are no longer any legitimate bearers of the arms.

Other Greenhalgh Coat of Arms . . .



RAMBLES AROUND BURY

Bury Library, Newspaper cuttings 1893 - 1908 volume 4

[ONLINE LINK](#)

There is an old folk's tale that once a detachment of the Roundhead Army encamped in the woody valley below Brandlesome, and that a night attack upon the hall was arranged. John Greenhalgh, however, was on the alert.

He had put the hall or tower in readiness for a siege so that when the Roundheads, in the dead of night, silently gathered together, and crept up the woods to the big meadow by the Hencroft they were met by Greenhalgh, who acquainted with the ground, had hoped, by a sally to have driven them off again. He had double reason for this, the preservation of his ancestral home and (tradition says) also of the jewels or valuables of Lady Derby.

There may possibly be a grain of truth in this story as it is on record that about the time of the siege of Lathom, Lady Derby "parted with her jewels, which were pledged for £3,000 to fulfil the promise made by her husband to Prince Rupert," and Greenhalgh, perchance a trusted servant, might have had them in

his charge. Fighting bravely, but unsuccessfully, in the night, beaten back step by step, and seeing that defeat was upon him, Greenhalgh resolved upon flight, and tradition further says that the jewels of Lady Derby along with the valuables of the Greenhalgh family, were sent by a trusted retainer to be thrown into the old slime-pit, besides which now stands the barn.

Another story has it that these valuables were carried away through a secret passage, the supposed entrance to which was accidentally discovered some years ago. In this conflict, it is said, Greenhalgh lost his signet ring, and two hundred or more years later this ring was turned over and picked up by the ploughlad while leading the horses, and sold by him to the ploughman for a penney; but the story having been carried to Captain Powell, the then owner of the estate, he offered £5 for it, and the ring passed into his hands.

The ring is said to have been curiously engrave with the Brandlesome and Greenhalgh coat of arms. It is said that in the fields around, many years ago, were found the bones of some of the men who fought in this encounter along with many an old pikestaff head or broken sword and handle. According to local tradition, John Greenhalgh met with a tragic fate while keeper of Peel Castle, under Lady Derby. Standing upon the

battlements one night, he was stabbed in the back and thrown down on the rocks below.

It was thought that on the tide rising the body would be washed away. But the water did not reach the place where the corpse lay, and it was discovered in the gray light of morning. The remains of John Greenhalgh were brought to England and buried in Holcome churchyard.

Also in the same cutting.... Brandlesome Hall was an object of superstitious regard in my grandfather's boyhood. I have heard him tell old stories of "th' Brandlesome Boggart"----- how, for instance, his father was followed" down th' lone o' dark neets wi'summat as ad hoofs on".

Also in the same cutting... Captain John Greenhalgh is believed to be a minor character in Sir Walter Scotts "Peveril of the Peak" In the Bolton Evening News from the 24th October 1997 was the following article Hall's grim secrets to be revealed Archaeologists will attempt to open up an ancient priest hole in a Bury house where a man starved to death during the civil war.

The Manchester University archaeology unit and English Heritage have expressed their intention to open the hole, once thought to have been haunted, in Brandlesome Old Hall, Tottington. The hall, a Grade 2 listed building, is known to have existed in the 16th Century and may have been built on the foundations of a Norman home dating from the 13th Century.

The hidden priest hole is believed to have survived a fire, which destroyed about a third of the manor. The hall was once the family seat of the Greenhalgh's, who sold the property in 1728.

It was once a catholic stronghold, which is why it had its own secret priest hole. However, a man became trapped in it during the civil war and died from starvation. And it was his death which is believed to have started a well-documented haunting... Unexplained noises, banging and moaning were accompanied by "an emaciated figure pointing a fleshless finger" towards the priest hole. A skeleton was finally discovered in 1763 and the haunting stopped after the remains were laid to rest.

Worrall's Trade Directory of 1871

Bolton, Lancashire, England

Link: Business Directory 1871

Worrall's Trade Directory of 1871

Greenhalgh Aaron, cabinet maker, 95 Bark street
Greenhalgh Adam, clothes dealer, 117 Newport street
Greenhalgh Adam, beer retailer, 82 Waterloo street
Greenhalgh Alice, shopkeeper, 15 Churchgate
Greenhalgh Alice, beer retailer, 4 Noble st
Greenhalgh David, designer, 210 Lever st
Greenhalgh Edmund P., baker, 18 Bridge st
Greenhalgh Elizabeth, shopkeeper, 32 Blackburn road
Greenhalgh Ellen, newsagent and tobacconist, 164 Bradshawgate
Greenhalgh Ellis, bank clerk, 146 St. George's road
Greenhalgh Francis, agent to the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society Bank, Corporation street
Greenhalgh George, tailor, 7 Davenport st
Greenhalgh Handel, reeler and yarn agent, Dawes st; house, 59 Orlando street
Greenhalgh Isaac, beer retailer, 19 Bolton street
Greenhalgh Israel A., millwright, 69 Kent street
Greenhalgh J. D., wine and spirit merchant, Radcliffe road, Haulgh
Greenhalgh James, butcher, 27 Market hall; house, 227 Bridgman street

Greenhalgh James, solicitor, perpetual commissioner, clerk to the Bolton and Nightingale's Turnpike Trust, and agent to the Alliance Insurance Co., 8 Acresfield; residence, Summerfield, Gt. Lever
Greenhalgh James, shopkeeper, 198 Bradshawgate
Greenhalgh James Wardle, relieving officer, 355 Bridgman street
Greenhalgh Job Haslam, grocer, 34 Market street; house, 48 Clarence street

Greenhagh John, shopkeeper, 117 Kestor st
Greenhalgh John, hay, straw and coal dealer, Cooper street
Greenhalgh John, boot and shoe maker, 145 Blackburn street
Greenhalgh John, clerk, Wheatfield terrace, Haulgh
Greenhalgh John, draper, 70 Lyon street
Greenhalgh John, agent to the Royal Exchange Fire and Life Insurance Co. Bank, Corporation street
Greenhalgh Joshua, shopkeeper, 21 Balshaw street
Greenhalgh Luke B., clogger, 142 Derby st
Greenhalgh Mrs. Mally, 48 Cannon street
Greenhalgh Mary, fruiterer, Market hall
Greenhalgh M. A., shopkeeper, 9 Matthew st
Greenhalgh Peter, shopkeeper, 48 Dawes st
Greenhalgh Peter, shopkeeper, 44 Argyle st
Greenhalgh Philip, tailor, 25 Bridgman place
Greenhalgh Richard, beer retailer, 95 Lever street
Greenhalgh Richard, confectioner, 26 Blackburn street
Greenhalgh Robert, shopkeeper, 60 Lum st
Greenhalgh Robert and John, painters, 41 Back Cheapside

Greenhalgh Thomas, Arrowsmith's arms, 69 Well street
Greenhalgh Thomas, plumber, 102 Newport st
Greenhalgh Thomas, spindle maker, Back lane, and 252 Halliwell road
Greenhalgh William, beer retailer, 76 Blackburn street
Greenhalgh William, bookkeeper, 261 Derby st
Greenhalgh William Preston, cashier, 22 Bright terrace, Gillow lane

Additional Resource:

BURY COUNCIL DIRECTORY.
1899 - 1900

I N D E X

to

Local & General Information.



OUTLINE MAP of Principal Streets, Roads, and Places in Bury.....	Facing 2nd page of cover
BURY.—Historical Notes, &c.	i.—vii.
Alphabetical DIRECTORY OF STREETS AND PLACES in Bury.....	7—19
Alphabetical DIRECTORY OF TRADES AND PROFESSIONS in Bury.....	21—105
TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS in Bury	107—115



THE GREENHALGH FAMILIES, *of the 'Brandlesome Order'*

John Greenhalgh (1300 – 1351) of Greenhalgh, in Tottington, parish of Bury, Lancashire

Marriage: Maude Blakelou (1327 – 1377) daughter and heiress of Thomas Blakelou of Blakelow

Children: (1) **Henry**, heir to estate; (2) Rayner; (3) Thurstan



Henry Greenhalgh (1340 – 1390), Tottington, Lancashire.

[Henry de Greenhalgh and Alice his wife made settlements of their estate in Bury and Tottington in 1397 and 1398. The estate consisted of three messuages, 48 acres of (arable) land, &c., in Bury and Tottington ; the remainders were to their sons, John and to Geoffrey.]

Marriage: Alice Brandlesome, daughter & heiress of Richard Brandlesome of Brandlesome, township of Elton, parish of Bury, and who in right of his wife became possessed of the Brandlesome Estate.



Children: (1) **John**; (2) **Geoffrey**

John GREENHALGH (b.1372), 1st of Brandlesome, son & heir of Henry by Alice his wife, daughter of Richd. Brandlesome, married Joanna, in the year 1399, the daughter of John de URMSTONE.



Henry GREENHALGH (1398 – 1425), 2nd of Brandlesome, 2nd married, in the year 1423, the daughter of Edmund PRESTWICH Esq of Hulme near Manchester. Their son



Edmund Greenhalgh, 3rd of Brandlesome, Elton, Lancs.

[Attested a charter in 1462. He in 1479, being described as of Brandlesholme, obtained a general pardon. He seems to have been charged with a share in the death of Thurstan Kay. In 1500 he was relieved from attendance on juries.]

Marriage: 1448 Elizabeth Pilkington, daughter of Robert Pilkington Esq.of Pilkington, Lancashire.

Children: Thomas



Thomas Greenhalgh (1450 – 1510), Brandlesome, Elton, Lancashire.

[became bound in ,200 to Robert Langley of Agecroft, probably in connexion with the marriage between his son John and Anne Langley]

Marriage: 1478 Margerie Heaton, daughter of William Heaton, his first wife.

Children: John



John Greenhalgh (1477 – 1555), Brandlesome, Elton, Lancashire.

[In 1519 John Greenhalgh, as bailiff of Tottington, made a complaint of various trespasses and offences against the customs of the fee. In 1525 he complained that Thomas Buckley, who had a lease of lands from him in Tottington, had made waste therein. He was the leader in disturbances in Bury Church in 1526; Duchy Plead, i, 151. He died in 1555 or 1556, leaving a son and heir Thomas of lawful age.

John's widow Anne died at the beginning of 1567; her will contains a number of family bequests, including some to her son Thomas. To John Greenhalgh (grandson) and his wife she left, among other things, a chalice with a paten and all things belonging unto the chapel, which were to descend as heirlooms with Brandlesholme – [CLICK TO SEE HER WILL](#)]

Marriage: 1502 Anne Langley, daughter of Robert Langley of Agecroft, near Manchester.

Children: (1) **Thomas**, her son and heir; (2) Alice; (3) Elizabeth wife of John BradshawEsq. of Bradshaw, and (4) Anne, who married George Seller.



Thomas Greenhalgh (d.1576), 8th of Brandlesome, Elton, Lancashire.

[A settlement of the manor of Brandlesholme, with lands in Bury, Moston, Newton, Collyhurst, Horwich, and Spotland, was made by Thomas Greenhalgh in 1556 ... it is recited that the recovery of 1556 was in consideration of a marriage between their son and heir, John and Alice, daughter of Robert Holt of Stubley.]

Marriages:

(1st Marriage) 1530 Alice Ann Lowbury, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Lowbury, Serjeant-at-Armes to King Henry VII.

[Anne died at the beginning of 1567; her will contains a number of family bequests, including some to her son Thomas. To John Greenhalgh (probably her grandson) and his wife she left, among other things, a chalice with a paten and all things belonging unto the chapel, which were to descend as heirlooms with Brandlesholme]

Children: (1) **John**

(2nd Marriage) daughter of John Devenport of Devenport, Co. Chester..



John Greenhalgh (1532 – 1615), 9th of Brandlesome, Elton, Lancashire.

[A settlement of the Brandlesholme estate, including three fulling mills, was made in 1591 by John Greenhalgh, Alice his wife, and Thomas the son and heir apparent]

Marriage: 1557 Alice Holt, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Holt of Stubly, near Rochdale, Lancashire.

Children: (1) **Thomas**; and three daughters.



Thomas Greenhalgh (1558 – 1599), 10th of Brandlesome, Elton, Lancashire.

Marriage: 1585 Mary Holt, daughter of Richard Holt Esq of Ashworth near Bury, Lancashire. (On his death, Mary married Richard Assheton of Middleton Hall, co. Lancaster.)

Children: (1) **Thomas** (born 1585) ([Thomas is our ancestor, pg.87](#))
(2) **John** (born 1597)



John Greenhalgh (1597? – 1651), 11th of Brandlesome Hall, Governor of the Isle of Man.

Marriages:

(1st Marriage) Alice Massey, daughter of Rev Wm Massey of Wilmslow.

Children: 3 sons and 4 daughters.

(2nd Marriage) Mary Clegg, daughter of Assheton of Clegg.

(3rd Marriage) Alice Chaderton of Lees, near Oldham, co. Lancashire.

Children: (1) **Richard**, heir; (2) John married Eleanor, daughter of Monsieur Messure. He died 1674. He was D.D., rector of Bury 1660, and chaplain to the brave and unfortunate Earl of Derby, and accompanied him during his last fatal visit to Bolton, 15th October 1651.



Richard GREENHALGH (d.1635-6), 12th of Brandlesome, married Alice, daughter of Edward RAWSTHORNE of New Hall, Co. Lancashire. His son and heir



Thomas GREENHALGH (b.1633), 13th of Brandlesome, High Sheriff of Lancashire (1668 & 1669) married Elizabeth daughter of Dr John BRIDGMAN, Dean of Chester, Bishop of Sodor & Man.

The last heir-male of the family, Henry Greenhalgh, died about the middle of the 18th century, and Brandlesome is now the property of the Powell family. Assheton, Richard, of Radcliffe Towery in the parish of Radcliffe, which he purchased from Thomas Radclyffe, third Earl of Sussex. (Lord Burghley's Map of Lancashire in 1590
By JOSEPH GILLOW)

Side Note:

Alice, daughter of Governor Greenhalgh, and widow of Theophilus Holte, married secondly Peter Heywood of Heywood, Lancashire. He died 29th December 1657, and had issue two sons and five daughters. He was son to Robert Heywood (from whom descended the "Marristow" family, in the county of Devon) of the city of Westminster, called "Powderplot Heywood," on account of having seized Guido Fawkes the conspirator. He was assassinated in Westminster Hall by a Dominican friar, A.D. 1640. The lantern taken by him from Guido Fawkes is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with the following inscription on it: - "The very lantern that was taken from Guy Fawkes 'by Robt. Heywood, when he was about to blow up the Parliament House. It was given to the University of Oxford in 1641, by Robt. Heywood, proctor of the university." Alice, wife of Peter Heywood, died 27th December 1671.

Our Greenhalgh Family Line

Note: Our GREENHALGH family line ties-in with the GREENHALGH family line of Brandlesome, listed above, at "THOMAS GREENHALGH (10th)", who married Mary Holt in 1585.

Thomas GREENHALGH (1558 - 1599), 10th of Brandlesome, married **Mary Holt**, in the year 1585, the daughter of Richard HOLT Esq of Ashworth near Bury, had issue one son, John, succeeding the death of Thomas the 10th of Brandlesome. on his death, Mary married Richard Assheton of Middleton.



The Starting of Our line from the split on page 75

Thomas GREENHALGH (1585 - deceased) (*brother of John Greenhalgh, the Governor of the Isle of Man, pg. 75*) married **Elizabeth HILTON**, in the year 1610, the daughter of Edmundi HILTON.



Peter GREENHALGH (1613 - deceased) married **Margaret WARD**, in the year 1640, the daughter of William WARD.



John GREENHALGH (1643 - deceased) married **Elizabeth ROTHWELL**, in the year 1671, the daughter of John ROTHWELL.



Thomas GREENHALGH (1695 - deceased) married **Grace HIRST**, in the year 1722, the daughter of Jokes HIRST.



Thomas GREENHALGH (1724 - 1778) married **Mary HOLDEN**, in the year 1741, the daughter of Richard HOLME.



John GREENHALGH (1751 – 1830) married **Martha SMITH**, in the year 1777, the daughter of James Smith, and Martha Aldred.

Children: James, Thomas, John, Ann, Joseph, Samuel, Joseph, **William**, Richard, Alice, Ann,



William GREENHALGH (1790 – 1861) married **Margaret HOPE**, in the year 1814, the daughter of Henry HOPE, and Ann Thornley.

Children: Ann, Mary, Alice, **Thomas**, Abraham, Marie, Sarah, Ellen, Peter, William, John, Henry



Thomas GREENHALGH (1821 – 1886)

(1st marriage; Mary Moorcroft)

Children: Mary Ann, Sarah Elizabeth, Martha, Abraham, Thomas Jr., Margaret Alice, William, Francis, Ruth Elizabeth, George Downing

(2nd marriage; Harriet Wardle)

Children: Ruth Elizabeth, **John Thomas**, Henry, Ester, James Albert, Ester



John Thomas GREENHALGH (1878 – 1969) 1st marriage to
Sarah Elizabeth FITT, in the year 1906, the daughter of George FITT,
and Caroline Rachel WAKEFIELD.

2nd marriage to Lillian Ann LOY, in the year 1958, with no issue.



Children:

BLANCHE PAULINE GREENHALGH (1907 – 1993)

RACHEL GERTRUDE GREENHALGH (1909 – 1998)

JOHN WILLARD “BILL” GREENHALGH (1912 – 1989)

SARAH MAY GREENHALGH (1914 – 1999)

FRANK GREENHALGH (1915 – 1943)

DOROTHY GREENHALGH (1917 – 1927)

ELMER PERSHING GREENHALGH (1918 – 1992)

RUTH ELLEN GREENHALGH (1921 – 1930)

VERNON EDWARD GREENHALGH (1923 – 1923)

ROBERT LEONARD GREENHALGH (1926 – 2004)

**HISTORICAL NOTES:
BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
GREENHALGH FAMILY**

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OFFLINE**](#)

FROM EARLY TIME,

AS PERTAINING TO A FOUNDATION BRANCH
KNOWN AS THE

"BRANDLESOME ORDER"

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND PUBLISHED IN
COMMEMORATION OF THE ELECTION OF JAMES
GREENHALGH, ESQ., SOLICITOR, AS MAYOR OF
BOLTON, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1877.

BY J. D. GREENHALGH.

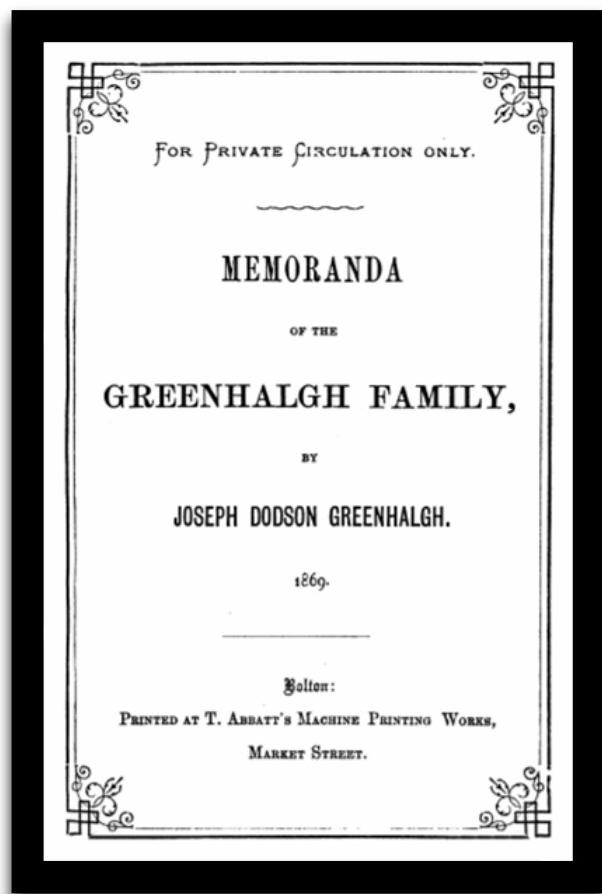
Reprinted from The Bolton Daily and Weekly
Chronicles of November
12th, 13th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 24th.

BOLTON:
The Daily Chronicle Printing Works, Knowsley Street. 1877.

"MEMORANDA OF THE GREENHALGH FAMILY"

BY JD GREENHALGH, 1869

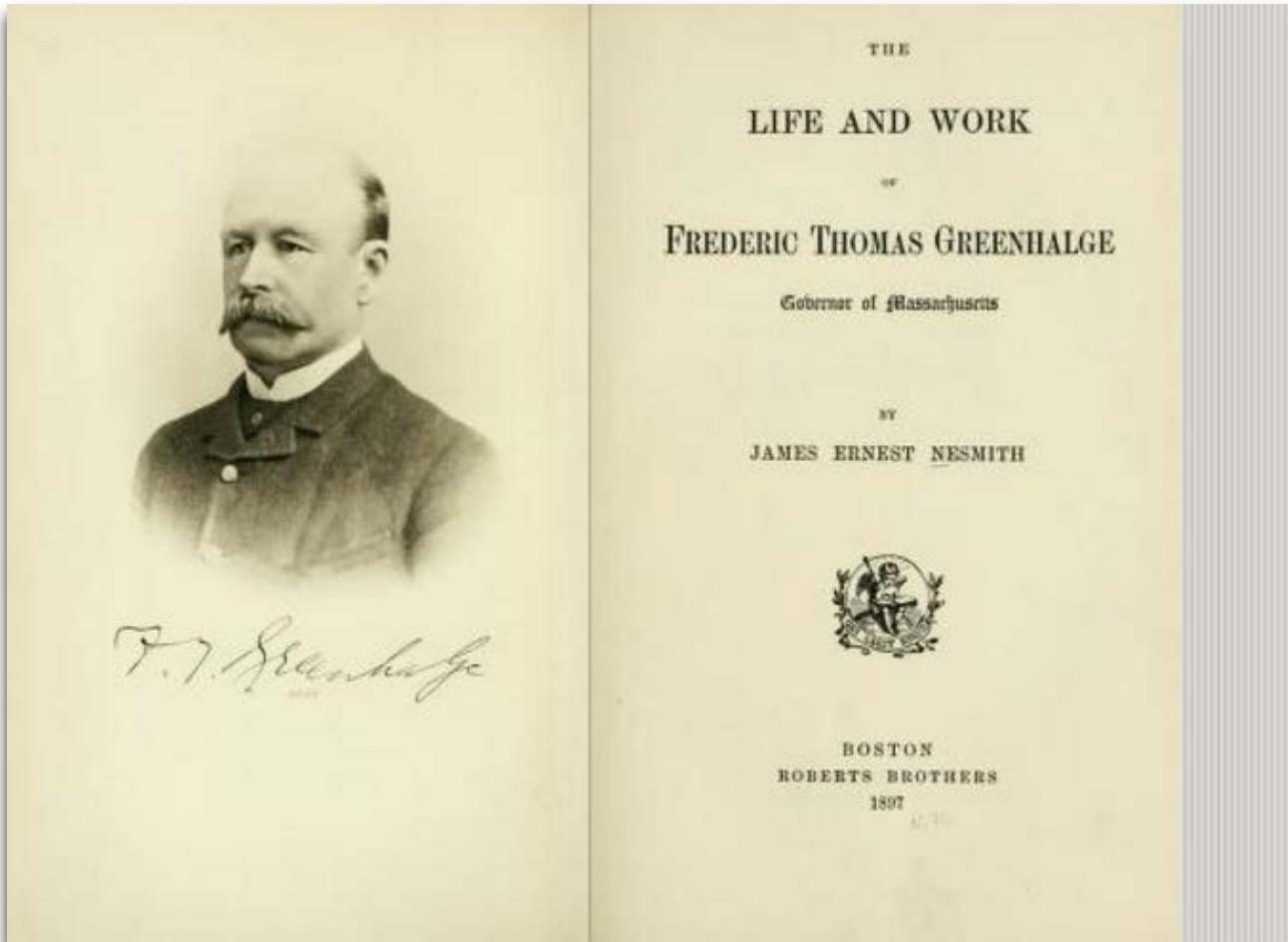
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THE LIFE AND WORK OF FREDERIC THOMAS GREENHALGE, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

by Nesmith, James Ernest, Published 1897

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A few bits from his book:

“Greenhalge was born, however, in Clitheroe, Lancashire, England, on the 19th of July, 1843, the son of William Greenhalgh, who removed with his family to America when the subject of this memoir was twelve years of age, and settled in Lowell, Massachusetts, where the family have since lived.

We call him fortunate in being transplanted to these shores, this land of liberalism, opportunity, and unlimited resource. Fortunate, too, is the country which attracts such emigrants, whose opportunities are so great that intrepid spirits everywhere are drawn to it as by a magnet, and become its pioneers and workers; where liberty is so bright and shining a light that the untrammeled spirits of men everywhere hail it with delight and seek it from afar. This nation, which is the bearer of good tidings to the powers and principalities of the earth, reaps a precious harvest of men from the old world, though there is much chaff mixed with the grain, many feeble helpers joined with the active workers.

The ocean that has brought us some drones has robbed Europe of many glorious spirits since Hampden and Cromwell so nearly turned their backs on England and their faces toward this new world. England has been ransacked to supply the new world with warriors and statesmen. She used to rifle our ships for sailors, but the golden stream of emigration has robbed her of her choicest sons. Our tribute has been heavy upon her, and our debt to her untold. Exiles by choice, and not, like Themistocles, driven forth by edicts and laws, the proud spirits of England flocked to these shores, inspired by ambition and love of liberty, neither influenced by fear nor compelled by want.

No new land was ever settled by more haughty emigrants than the Pilgrim Fathers, the equals in pride in a good sense of Cortez and Pizarro, their proud English spirit intensified by religious fervor and exclusiveness.

England still contributes some of the best of our citizens, and to this class belonged the Greenhalgh family. Clitheroe, their old home, is in Lancashire, which has become the great industrial county of England, and has suffered more than any other that partial eclipse of beauty and purity which has excited the eloquent philippics of Buskin. Yet the loveliness of England, even of Lancashire, cannot be destroyed."

A bit more from his book:

"The sons of great men are seldom distinguished themselves, but the characters of eminent persons are almost invariably traced in their ancestors. Great men are found usually to have had good mothers. Greenhalge was fortunate in both his parents. The name is that of an old Lancashire family. The ruins of Greenhalgh Castle still stand in that shire, raised by the first Earl of Derby, and destroyed after a siege in consequence of an Act of Parliament in the civil wars in 1644.

The name is peculiar and somewhat difficult, and the last letter was changed from h to e, to simplify it, by Mr. Greenhalge. It is not a common name in America, and few apparently who have borne it have settled here. There is a family who bear it located in Maine. A certain Captain Greenhalgh is mentioned in one of Parkman's histories, of which personage the author has learned nothing more. He seems, however, to have been a man of some note in our early colonial times. In Lancashire the name is well known.

Perhaps the most prominent person who has borne it was Captain John Greenhalgh, son and heir of Thomas Greenhalgh, Esq., of Brandlesome Hall. This worthy was Governor of the Isle of Man from 1640 to 1651, appointed to that post by the great Earl of Derby, who perished on the scaffold at Bolton, in 1651. Captain Greenhalgh, a bold and daring soldier, was present with the brave Earl at the battles of Wigan and Worcester; he died from wounds received in an encounter when Major Edge made the Earl a prisoner in 1651. Governor Greenhalgh had a son Thomas. This son was qualified to be a knight of the Eoyal Oak, and served as High Sheriff of Lancashire. The tombs of this family are in the chancel of the Parish Church, Bury, or were in 1872, before its renovation.

Governor Greenhalgh was a cavalier and royalist; and among the reasons given for the choice of him by the

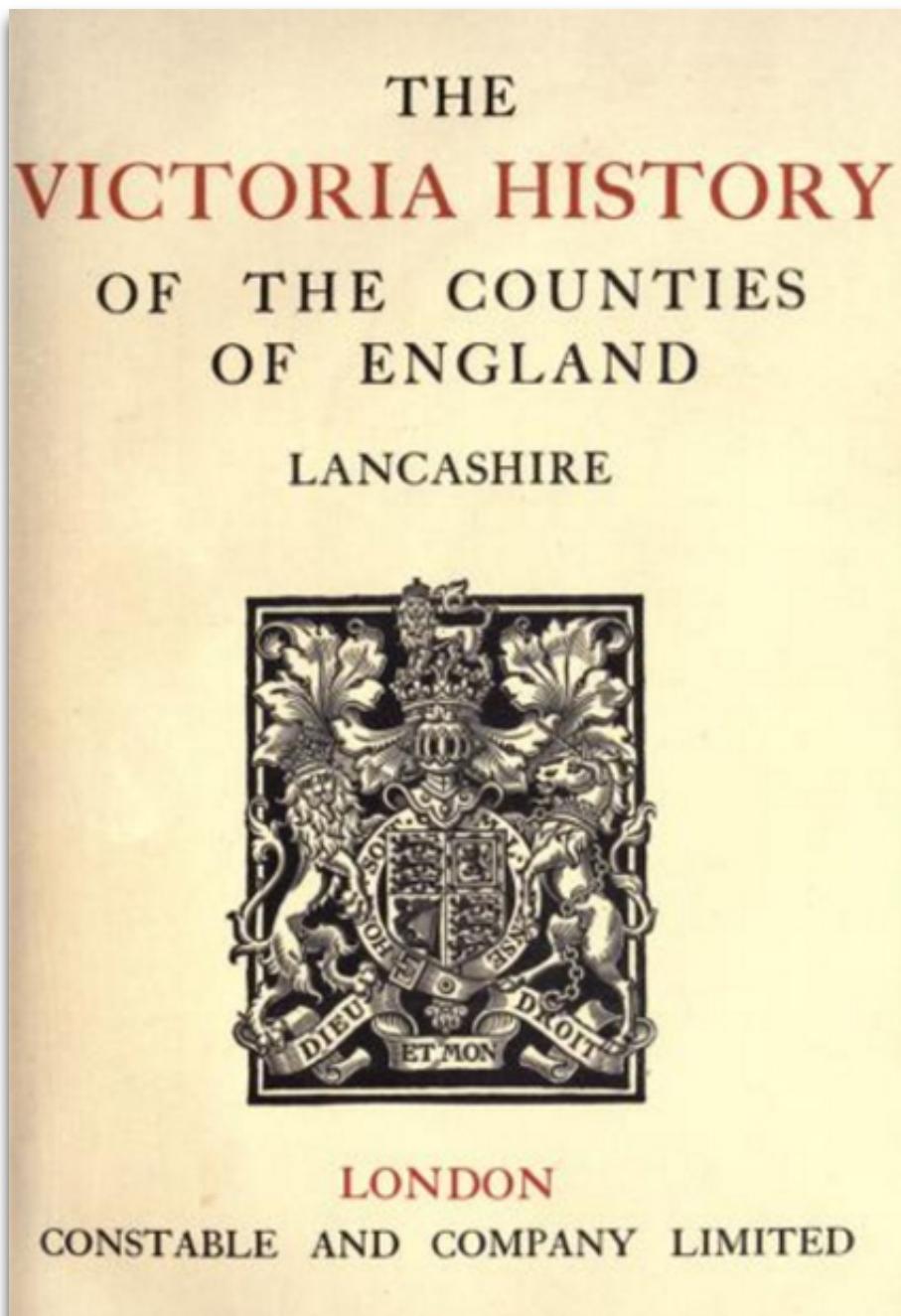
Earl of Derby was, "that he was of good estate, and a gentleman, well born, and scorned a base action. Next he was a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for his own county; he governed his own affairs well, and therefore was the more likely to do mine so. He had been approved prudent and valiant, and as such fitted to be trusted, and he is that; I thank God for him, and charge you to love him as a friend. "

These words spoken of one Governor Greenhalgh might have been truly said of that other Governor Greenhalge whom we knew as the Governor of Massachusetts; separated as they were by two centuries, and distinguished in different lands and under such changed circumstances. "Prudent and valiant, and fitted to be trusted, "as such Governor Greenhalge was known to all Massachusetts, and as such he too will be remembered.

It would be fitting indeed if the chain of descent should be found to join these two Governors together by consanguinity and family ties. Such has always been the tradition in the Greenhalgh family. It may be true, and is even exceedingly probable, though the links have not all been traced which would confirm it completely. Greenhalge himself took small interest in questions of this kind, and never concerned himself seriously about his ancestry."

**"The Victoria History of the
Counties of England - Lancashire.**

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*Selected Passages from:
"The Victoria history
of the county of Lancaster"*
Edited by William Farrer and J. Brownbill

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ONLINE SOURCE

Elton, 1275.

This L-shaped township stretches westward from Bury for about 3 miles, and northward for 2 ½ miles, and has an area of 2,553 acres. The part near Bury has long been urban, and indistinguishable from Bury proper except by the [River]Irwell's course. The surface in the western limb rises gradually till 800 ft. is attained in the north-west corner at Bowstone Hill; in this portion are Elton proper and Walshaw Lane. The northern limb, bounded on the east by the Irwell, also rises to the west, over 400 ft. being attained; this portion contains *Brandlesholme* in the centre, with Woodhill to the south and Summerseat to the north. The population of the registration district was 13,997 in 1901.

From Bury Bridge the roads spread out to the north, north-west, west, and south-west, to Haslingden, Blackburn, and Bolton. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Company's Bolton and Bury line crosses the south-eastern corner. The Bury and Bolton Canal, opened in 1796, starts in this township near Bury

Bridge, and proceeds along the western bank of the Irwell; there is a large reservoir for it on the border of Elton and Radcliffe.

In 1666 there were seventy-five hearths to contribute to the tax, including **Thomas Greenhalgh**'s house with twelve, Thomas Symonds's, six, and Roger Kay's of Woodhill, six.

The cotton manufacture is the chief industry, with bleaching and dyeing; there are iron-foundries and paper-works.

The Wellington Barracks are the depot of the 20th Regimental District Lancashire Fusiliers.

The recreation ground was the gift of Mr. Henry Whitehead of Haslem Hey.

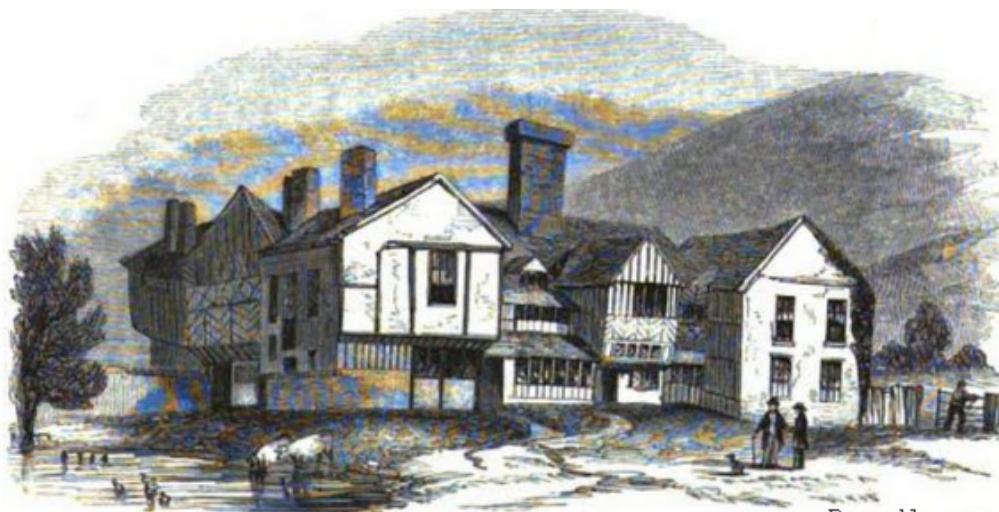
Elton has now disappeared as a township, the greater part having been added to the borough of Bury, but part to Ainsworth and other townships.

There does not appear to have been MANORS any manor of ELTON, although in the 13th century a family occurs bearing the local surname. Elton was considered a hamlet of Bury, and its manorial history is involved in the latter's.

The estate of **BRANDLESHOLME** in Elton, however, was called a manor. Its early possessors gave way to the **Greenhalghs**, who retained it till the beginning of

the 18th century. But little is known of this family, who are said to have sprung up in Tottington, until the 16th century. Henry de Greenhalgh and Alice his wife made settlements of their estate in Bury and Tottington in 1397 and 1398." **Thomas Greenhalgh** died at Brandlesholme on 18 July 1576, holding the manor, with various messuages and lands, of Henry, Earl of Derby, as lord of Bury, in socage by a rent of 2s. a year. John his son and heir was about twenty-six years of age. **John Greenhalgh** was buried on 21 January 1614-15; but his son Thomas had died in 1591,"leaving an infant son John to succeed his grandfather. The family were in the service of the Earls of Derby," and **John Greenhalgh** was in 1640 appointed Governor of the Isle of Man; and holding this office at the time of the Civil War, his estates in Lancashire were seized by the Parliamentary authorities. He died in the island 16 September 1651, and was succeeded by his grandson **Thomas, son of Richard Greenhalgh**, born in 1633. **Thomas Greenhalgh** recorded a pedigree in 1664, and married Elizabeth elder child of Dr. Henry Bridgeman, Dean of Chester and Bishop of Man, by whom he had a large family. He was sheriff of the county in 1667-8. In his will, dated 1692, John his son is named as the heir, but appears to have died without issue, as Henry, another son, is described as of Brandlesholme in 1728. On his dying intestate, administration was in that year

granted to his daughters Fanny and Anne. The manor descended to Elizabeth wife of Samuel Matthews, who in 1732, and again in 1742, made settlements of it. In 1770 Joseph Matthews and Elizabeth Matthews, widow, were two of the vouchees in a recovery of Brandlesholme and the other estates. About that time it was sold to Richard Powell of Heaton Norris, a merchant. In 1849 Brandlesholme belonged to his grandson, Captain Henry Folliott Powell.



Brandlesome Hall

BRANDLESHOLME HALL stands on high ground a mile and a half north of Elton, to the west of the road to Holcombe Brook, and is now a house of little or no interest, modern rebuilding and repairs having deprived it of all its architectural features. It was formerly a good specimen of the half-timber gabled houses of the district, built on a low stone base, and erected probably in the 16th century with a later stone wing with mullioned windows at the north end. The

greater part of the external timber-work, however, appears to have perished or have been otherwise destroyed before the middle of the last century, when the house seems to have been in a more or less dilapidated state, the principal front, which faces the east, being then patched with plaster and modern sash windows introduced. In 1852 the south end was taken down and rebuilt in brick and stucco, no attempt being made to reproduce the former style, and the rest of the building being very much dilapidated was repaired in 1908 in a manner more resembling in style the work of 1852 than that of the original building. Externally, therefore, the house, which has long been divided into two, preserves nothing of its ancient appearance, a portion of stone walling on the north, some brickwork at the back (west), and a few stone slabs on the roofs, which have been renewed with blue slates, being all the old work now left. The interior, however, exhibits a good deal of the timber construction, and the hall preserves its wide open fireplace and original oak ceiling beams. In another room is a portion of a ceiling with well-moulded oak beams, and other portions of old timber-work still remain. But the general aspect of the house, inside as well as out, is wholly modernized, and new rooms have been added. On the north-east is a stone barn, and in a corner of the grounds on the south-west side at the end of a terrace approached by

eight stone steps are the remains of a small stone building, locally said to have been a chapel, but more probably a summer-house, with the initials H.G. (**Henry Greenhalgh**) and the date 1709 on the door-head. The Hospitallers owned Haslem Hey, which about 1540 was tenanted by Edward Earl of Derby, at a rent of 12d. The Holts of Stubley held it of the earl.

CHAMBER HALL, on the border of Bury, appears to have been at one time the residence of a **Greenhalgh family**, and then of the Kays. The place was leased to Robert Peel, who there established his great cotton-printing works. His son, the celebrated statesman, was born in the house or in an adjacent cottage. It is a question debated locally whether Sir Robert or his younger brother was born in this cottage during some repairs or additions at the hall; these additions, which were probably the new brick front, may not have been begun till after Sir Robert's birth. The hall was used as a Baptist college from 1866 to 1874.

It was situated about 400 yds. directly north of Bury market-place, on low ground at the foot of the plateau on which the old town of Bury was built, and not far from the left bank of the Irwell. The railway, going north from Bury, passed close to it on the east, and its surroundings, which had been growing less attractive for the last thirty years, were somewhat squalid. In 1825, however, the house is described as

standing amid fertile fields, and the position was no doubt originally a pleasant one. Of the 17th-century house only a small portion remained, at the back or north side; the front part, which was built of brick and dated from the latter part of the 18th century, forming the larger and principal portion of the building. The old house was of three stories, was built of thin rough coursed stones with dressed angle quoins, and retained its old mullioned and transomed windows with label mouldings, one at the east end on the third floor having eight lights. The roof was covered with stone slates, and in the north wall was a stone with an inscription very much worn, dated 1611. The later addition was of the same height but of two stories, breaking the west gable of the old building, and had a very plain brick elevation, with a central door-way and two sash windows on each side on the ground floor, and five similar windows above.

Foot Notes: from the book.

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The Reformation appears to have passed by without any resistance or opposition, the people here, as in the neighbourhood, soon becoming favourable to the Puritans. On a certain Sunday of July 1588 the town was disturbed by a number of Oldham men, who, in

time of divine service, made foul disorders 'by galloping horses in the street, shouting and piping; a lamentable spectacle in the place of preaching ministry,' as the narrator remarks. About the same time the mining industry comes into notice, by a dispute concerning 'mines, delphs, and pits of coal.'

The making of woollen yarn had been mentioned by Leland fifty years earlier.

In the Civil War the lord of Bury took the lead on the king's side, and the rector was also a Royalist, while **John Greenhalgh** and Edward Nuttall distinguished themselves in the same cause. A conflict is reported to have taken place close to the town of Bury on 14 August 1648. The restoration of Charles II was cordially welcomed in Bury, but the revolution appears to have been acquiesced in as readily, and nothing is known of any Jacobite sympathizers in the risings of the 18th century.

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A few years later Richard Smith complained that he had appointed a parish clerk, but **John Greenhalgh** and others, probably as claiming a voice in the nomination, had combined against the new clerk and the rector. On the Sunday before All Saints' Day 1526, they came to church in the morning, 'making semblance as though they had come to hear there divine service,' but bearing

weapons concealed under their clothes. The rector, having said his hours, went in procession, the clerk preceding him with the crucifix as usual, when the confederates sprang up and attacked them, snatching the crucifix from the clerk's hands and casting it down, 'using themselves more like Jews and Paynims than otherwise.' There was 'no mass nor other divine service' in church that Sunday. On Hallowmass itself the rector, 'fearing to come abroad in the daylight, came into the said church early in the spring of the day, intending to have served Almighty God as to him of duty did appertain,' but found **John Greenhalgh** and the others lying in wait, and had to refrain 'from saying of mass and other service.' This seems to have gone on until the following January.

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He was a son of **John Greenhalgh of Brandlesholme**, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; Admissions St. John's Col.

He was elected fellow of his College in 1632, but expelled by the Earl of Manchester (for the Parliament) in 1644; Baker, Hist. of St. John's Col. (ed. Mayor),

He was a Royalist, and attended the Earl of Derby on his way to Bolton in 1651, being afterwards chaplain at Knowsley; Stanley Papers (Chet. Soc.),

He took the D.D. degree in 1672. He died 27 Oct. 1674; Bury Reg. His will was proved at Chester.

PAGE 131

Thomas Chetham of Nuthurst complained that having been appointed

(? In 1521) bailiff of the manors of Bury and Pilkington for eighteen years during the minority of the heir, he had exercised his office till 22 April, 'on which day yearly time out of mind hath been a fair within the said manor of Bury'; but **John Greenhalgh** and about six score 'misruled and riotous persons,' provided with bills, gleaves, batts, staves, swords, and bucklers, assaulted at the toll booth, commanded him 'not to be so hardy nor further to intermeddle in the said office of bailiwick,' and made a solemn cry in the fair that all should obey only the orders of John Greenhalgh, as deputy bailiff of Sir Richard Tempest.

PAGE 133

The name appears to be Brandulf'sholme. Gilbert son of Brandulf and Matthew his brother were in 1253-4 among a number of Bury people who had evaded the suits of mill claimed by Adam de Bury. John son of Richard de Brandlesholme (?) had a grant of fruits at the Rhodes in 1281.

Maud de Greenhalgh contributed to the subsidy in Tottington in 1332.

John de Greenhalgh, Serjeant of Tottington, occurs in 1351 and later in the disputes concerning the succession to Sir Henry de Bury's manor and lands; Duchy of Lancashire. **John de Greenhalgh** was wounded at Bury in 1343 by John de Buckden.

The surname has a great variety of spellings

Grenehallgh, Greneholl, Gren- oll, Greenall, Greenhaugh, Greenhough, Greenough, &c. It is probably derived from some place in Tottington, as stated in the pedigree recorded in 1664. Another branch of the family had lands in Tottington. The estate consisted of 33 of three messuages, 48 acres of (arable) land, &c., in Bury and Tottington ; the remainders were to John and to Geoffrey, sons of Henry and Alice ; to Alice and Margery, daughters of Thomas son of Thomas de Barlow (in moieties), and to John son of William de Elton; and to the right heirs of Alice the wife of Henry.

Henry de Greenhalgh and Alice, his wife, in 1401 unsuccessfully claimed the guardianship of the heir of Robert del Holt, Robert's wife having been Alice daughter of Alice by a former husband, Thomas de Barlow. John, the son of Henry and Alice, is named. Henry was a juror in 1387 and 1394 ; Lanes. Inq. p.m. (Chet. Soc.), i, 27, 49. **Robert de Greenhalgh** occurs similarly in 1406.

Geoffrey de Greenhalgh, aged forty, was a witness to the age of John de Radcliffe of Chadderton in 1415; Lanes. **James son of Geoffrey de Greenhalgh** the elder was interested in the succession to lands in Moston in 1427; while in 1419 **James the son and heir of Geoffrey de Greenhalgh** no doubt the same person had claimed lands in Bury, with appurtenances at Blackburn (perhaps in Tottington).

In 1425 the trustees of **James sons of Geoffrey Greenhalgh** granted him lands in Horwich with successive remainders as follows: To **John son of Henry Greenhalgh**; Henry son of the said John; **Rayner Greenhalgh** and **Thurstan** his brother; **Robert and Thomas, sons of William Greenhalgh**; **Geoffrey son of John Greenhalgh**; **Thomas and Ralph, sons of Roger Greenhalgh**; and **Robert ton of Thomas Greenhalgh**; Anderton Evidences (Mr. Stonor).

Edmund Greenhalgh attested a charter in 1462. He in 1479, being described as of Brandlesholme, obtained a general pardon. He seems to have been charged with a share in the death of Thurstan Kay Pal. of Lane. In 1500 he was relieved from attendance on juries; Towneley. In the same year **Thomas Greenhalgh**, son and heir apparent of Edmund, became bound in, £200 to Robert Langley of Agecroft, probably in connexion with the marriage between his son John and Anne Langley recorded in the pedigree.

In 1519 **John Greenhalgh**, as bailiff of Tottington, made a complaint of various trespasses and offences against the customs of the fee. In 1525 he complained that Thomas Buckley, who had a lease of lands from him in Tottington, had made waste therein. He was the leader in disturbances in Bury Church in 1526. He died in 1555 or 1556, leaving a son and heir Thomas of lawful age. John's widow Anne died at the beginning of 1567; her will contains a number of family bequests, including some to her son Thomas. To **John Greenhalgh** (probably her grandson) and his wife she left, among other things, a chalice with a paten and all things belonging unto the chapel, which were to descend as heirlooms with Brandlesholme; Hugh Hardman (not named in the Visitation Lists) seems to have been the resident priest.

A settlement of the manor of Brandlesholme, with lands in Bury, Moston, Newton, Collyhurst, Horwich, and Spotland, was made by **Thomas Greenhalgh** in 1556.

Duchy of Lanc. Inq. p.m. xii, no. 10; it is recited that the recovery of 1556 was in consideration of a marriage between John son and heir of the said **Thomas Greenhalgh**, and Alice daughter of Robert Holt of Stuble, the remainder being to John and Alice and their heirs, where there is a note of Thomas's will. **John**

Greenhalgh, the heir, did not attend the Manchester court to do his service until 1585.

A settlement of the Brandlesholme estate, including three fulling mills, was made in 1591 by **John Greenhalgh**, Alice his wife, and Thomas the son and heir apparent.

He was buried 17 Sept.; *ibid.* An inquisition was made in 1599, when it was found that John the father was seised of the manor of Brandlesholme and other estates, and had in 1585 made a settlement on the marriage of his son Thomas with Mary daughter of Robert Holt. Thomas died 16 Sept. 1591, leaving a son John, two years of age ; John the father and Alice his wife were in 1599 living at Brandlesholme, and Mary the widow of Thomas was living at Middleton.

The seventh earl, in his praise of **Captain John Greenhalgh**, says: 'His ancestors have formerly dwelt in my house. . . . This certainly might breed a desire in the man that the house where his predecessors have served might still flourish'; *Stanley Papers* (Chet. Soc.).

The Earl praises him for his government of the Island, stating that he was 'a gentleman well born,' having 'a good estate of his own,' which he had managed well; also that he had done 'his king and country good service' and been 'approved valiant.' He concludes: 'He is such that I thank God for him.'

He is traditionally supposed to have fought at Worcester, distinguishing himself by his bravery .

Royalist Corap. Papers (Rec. Soc. Lanes, and Ches.), iii, 107-15 (John Greenhalgh), 115-27 (Thomas Greenhalgh). **Alice Greenhalgh**, widow of John, had been the wife of Richard Burgh of Larbreck, and was sister of Thomas Chaderton of Lees; she petitioned for her lands. Nothing is said about her husband having fought at Worcester. The agreement for the marriage of **Richard son of John Greenhalgh** with Alice daughter of Edward Rawstorne was made in 1631, and is printed at length. Richard died in Jan. 1635-6, being buried at the parish church on the 19th. **Thomas Greenhalgh**, the son and heir, petitioned for a declaration of his title to the manor, his grandfather's name having been included in the third of the Acts of Sale, 1652 ; Peacock, Index of Royalistt (Index Soc.).

In 1682 **Thomas Greenhalgh of Brandlesholme and his sons John, Henry, Orlando, and Richard**, were made burgesses at the Preston Gild.

Oliver Heywood also has allusions to **Thomas Greenhalgh's** relations with the Nonconformists .

Henry and Orlando were the sole surviving executors. **Henry Greenhalgh of Brandlesholme** acquired Dauntesey Warth in 1704. Thomas Greenhalgh died 15 Jan. 1691-2; Bury.

Pal. of Lancashire. Robert Nuttall, merchant, was the other vouchee. The estate is described as the manor or lordship of Brandlesholme and lands, &c., in Elton, Tottington, Walmersley, Kersal, Pendlebury, Preesall, Stalmine, Hackinsall, and Stainall.

Pictorial Hist. of Lanes. 1844, p. 247, where there is an illustration of the building at that date. The writer says: The gables seem to have formerly been adorned with tracery, some vestige of which still remains. The chimneys are both very ancient and very ample. Modern repairs detract from the uniformity and beauty of the edifice.'

Thomas and James Greenhalgh of Chamber occur in the early part of the 17th century; Bury Reg. A Bury family also lived there.

PAGE 146

Stocks for the punishment of malefactors were asked for in 1525. One woman and her daughter were reported in 1530 for absenting themselves from divine service on feast days and other days all the year round. Forbidden games received notice; Edmund Lomax of Crossclough and another were in 1522 common players at cards, &c., in time of divine service, at mass on feast days; and in 1545 bowling alleys were suppressed at Holcombe and Edenfield. Common regrators and forestallers were punished. **Edmund Greenhalgh** was

in 1520 fined for levying a toll on people going through to the markets in a place called Shuttleworth in Tottington. Several were fined for obtaining turf, stone, and slate stones without licence, or for obtaining them and selling to persons outside the manor.

PAGE 178

In 1401 Maud the widow was summoned to answer **Henry de Greenhalgh** and Alice, his wife, concerning the wardship of Hugh son and heir of Robert son of Hugh de Holt. It was asserted that Robert had held two messuages and lands in Middleton of Richard de Barton in socage by the service of 3s.4d. yearly; and Alice claimed as next of kin, being Hugh's grandmother, her daughter (Alice) by a former husband, Thomas de Barlow, having been Robert's wife. Maud successfully upheld her title by the above-cited grant of her son in 1398.

PAGE 181

In 1683 **Justice Greenhalgh** had 'grown unreasonable, fining people for going to Cockey chapel, though bell was rung, prayers read, &c.'

PAGE 211

James de Greenhalgh in 1422 acquired an estate in Spotland, Lancashire.

In 1576 **Thomas Greenhalgh** died holding a messuage and lands there of Francis Holt by a peppercorn rent;

Duchy of Lancashire. Inq. p.m. xii, no. 10. From a preceding note it will be seen that such a rent was, in 1331, paid by Henry del Stock for land in Whitworth.

PAGE 250

The Saviour's[church] was built in 1882; in this case also the patronage is vested in five trustees.

3 Mar. 1882. The building funds were provided by **Nathaniel and Thomas Greenhalgh**, two brothers. There is a peal of eight bells.

"An historical and statistical account of the Isle of Man, from the earliest times to the present date"

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AN
HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL
ACCOUNT
OF THE
ISLE OF MAN,
FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DATE;
WITH A VIEW OF ITS
ANCIENT LAWS, PECULIAR CUSTOMS, AND
POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

BY JOSEPH TRAIN, F.S.A. SCOT.
=

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Selected Passages From:

"An historical and statistical account of the Isle of Man, from the earliest times to the present date" -- by Train, Joseph, 1779-1852

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In 1640, his lordship appointed **Captain Greenhalgh** *governor of the Island*; and in a letter to his son gives the following reasons for doing so: — "First, that he was a gentleman, well born, and such usually would not do a base action. Secondly, that he had a good estate of his own, and therefore needed not to borrow of another, which had been a fault in that country, for when governors had wanted money and had been forced to be beholden for it to those who might be the greatest offenders against the Lord and the country, in such case the borrower became servant to the lender, to the stoppage, if not the perversion, of justice.

It would be foreign to the design of this work to detail all the various parts that were acted by Lord Strange in the civil wars of England, but I cannot refrain from referring, briefly, to the principal events in which he was engaged.

When Charles I. ascended the throne of his fathers, it was under peculiar circumstances of pecuniary difficulty. This being taken advantage of by the Commons, to reduce the power of the sovereign, led to many scenes of confusion and bloodshed. Lord Strange had been an early personal friend of the king; and when the day of adversity arrived, Charles found in him a loyal and devoted adherent to the royal cause.

When preparations were in progress for the commencement of the civil war, lord Strange, who had then succeeded his father, as Earl of Derby, equipped at his own expense a force of three thousand men for the service of the king, and, in addition to this, collected twenty thousand volunteers to join the royal standard at Warrington. His enemies, however, jealous of such a display of power, prevailed on his majesty to erect his standard at Nottingham instead of Warrington, as had been intended; and not only to divest the Earl of the lieutenancy of Cheshire and of North Wales, but even to join lord Rivers in the commission for Lancashire.

It was urged that this Earl was a popular man, and that his numerous musters were indications of ambitious designs – that it was dangerous trusting him with great power in his hands, who too well knew his

alliance so near to the crown, that his ancestor the Lord Stanley, though he appeared with Richard III, and gave his son George, Lord Strange, as a pledge of his loyalty, yet, turned the battle against him, and put the crown upon the head of Henry VII.

A.D. 1642. Notwithstanding of this ill-treatment, the patriotic earl of Derby again raised from among his tenants and relations, three regiments of foot, and three troops of horse, all of which he clothed at his own expense, and armed from his own magazine. At the head of these troops, he presented himself before the king, at Shrewsbury; but, by the special order of Charles, his forces were placed under the command of colonel Gerrard, and himself sent to relieve Manchester, then in the hands of the rebels.

So soon as this siege was raised, the Earl resumed the command of his troops, and, by forced marches, quickly rejoined the king's army, not doubting that he should be permitted to retain the command of his own brigade; but, under the pretence " that it was necessary for his lordship to attend to his charge in Lancashire," his soldiers were again placed under the control of other officers. Disgusted at receiving such treatment from the hands of his sovereign, he relinquished all personal connection with the court, and employed

himself in fortifying his house at Latham, where he maintained a troop of horse, and two companies of foot soldiers.

Aware of how the earl's services had been rewarded by the king, the parliamentary party now made overtures to him of the most flattering description, thinking thereby to enlist him in their interests. These proposals he rejected with disdain, and marching out to meet a strong detachment destined to besiege his little garrison, he put them to flight, having taken their captains prisoners. He, also, within three days, took both Lancaster and Preston by storm. While preparing for a similar enterprise, he received an express from the king purporting that his enemies had formed a project for seizing the Isle of Man by means of a confederate party there, and that, without his speedy care, the Island was in danger of being taken. A.D. 1643. He likewise received letters from the Island intimating the probability of a revolt among the people — that, following the example of England, groups had assembled in a tumultuous manner, demanding new laws, refusing to pay tithes, and liberating from prison persons who had been committed by the governor for insolence and contempt of his authority; and that a ship of war which his lordship had stationed there for

the defence of the Island, had been taken by the parliamentary ships. This intelligence, which proved true, hastened the Earl's departure for Oxford, where the king and queen then were. Thence, by the advice of her majesty and her friends, he returned to Latham; and having secretly made what provisions he could of men, money, and ammunition for the defence and protection of his wife and children against the insolence and affronts of the enemy, prepared for his speedy voyage to the Isle Man, "with such men and materials as might answer the end he was about." He was obliged, however, to leave his wife and family at Latham House.

At a period prior to this the Earl of Derby's officers in the Isle of Man had imprudently agitated the question respecting the rights by which the inhabitants held their lands. They pretended that they had discovered old records which proved that the lord had an undefeasible and absolute right in the landed property of the Island, founded on the conquest of Goddard Crovan, who, when he took possession of Man, divided the whole among his followers — not as an absolute gift, but by grants to them as tenants at will. And that as the sovereignty, when bestowed on Sir John Stanley, invested him with as full rights,

claims, and authorities as any former king had possessed, it followed that his original title in the land was equal to that of the conqueror.

On this alarm being spread, the people became greatly agitated; but it was not difficult to persuade them to accept of the compromise subsequently offered ; namely, that they should make a voluntary resignation of their landed property respectively, on condition of receiving it back on a lease for three lives. To this measure they were the more easily seduced by the example set them by one of their deemsters, who was the first to deliver up his estate, but who no sooner had his countrymen into the trap which had been set for them, than he obtained an act of Tynwald reinstating him in his former possessions. By the shameless avowal of his perfidy, the eyes of the natives were opened to the treachery by which they were misled.

A violent aversion too was engendered against the clergy by their interfering in certain temporal concerns, by no means coming properly under their cognizance. They arrogated to themselves the exclusive right of making wills; and refused to register those that were not drawn up by a clergyman. When any person died intestate, the ecclesiastical officers seized the property,

and made such distribution of it as they pleased. They also claimed a tithe of all ale brewed, of goods or money given as a marriage portion, and of the clothes of every person deceased. To these were added corpse-presents, mortuaries, plough-dues, and smoke-pennies, with many other oppressive exactions. Those who refused to comply were excluded from the communion at Easter.

These iniquitous proceedings had raised the indignation of the people against their oppressors to a height which only the opportune arrival of the earl of Derby was able to remedy. In a letter to his son, he says, — "My coming to the Isle of Man proved in good time, for it was believed by most people that a few days' longer absence would have ended the happy peace which the Island had so long enjoyed. When the people knew of my coming, they were much affected with it I found on my arrival that my lieutenant, **Captain Greenhalgh**, had wisely managed the business by patience and good conduct, and, observing the general disorder, had wisely considered that the people were to be won as tame wild beasts, and not by violent wrestling, lest they should turn upon you, and thereby know their own strength. *The Captain* before my coming had imprisoned a saucy fellow in the face of

the rabble, who cried aloud that they would all fare as that man did, which he warily seemed not to fear, and only threatened to lay every man by the heels that continued to behave in the same manner he had done ; well knowing that if he punished him at that time the rest would have rescued him, which would have let them see their own power, and how little his staff of office could annoy or hurt them. He then adjourned the court to another time, and wished them for the future to put their complaints in writing, and with good words promised to redress all their just grievances, and for that purpose would send over for me, without whom, he told them, no law could be changed, with which they were well pleased, and so departed."

"The History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancashire"

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BY THE LATE EDWARD BAINES, ESQ.

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VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REVERE SOCIETY.

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VOLUME III.

JOHN HEYWOOD,
DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;
1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,
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1608.— Hugh Watmough, B.D. This rector was instituted on the presentation of the Earl of Derby, July 6, 1608, and paid his firstfruits December 17, James I. He had previously (1599) been appointed to the rectory of Thornton in Craven. In the "Journal" of Nicholas Assheton, of Downham, under date May 19, 1617, there is a reference to him: "Some little unkyndeness twixt Mr. Watmough and **Mr. Greenhalgh (of Brandlesome, in Bury)**, cause Mr. Watmough nor his curate went to mee the dead corpse of **Mr. Greenhalgh's child** at the church Steele, or some such matter." The "little unkyndeness" must have been of some little standing, for the registers show that "**Susan, daughter of John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome**" was buried on the 27th January previously. Mr. Watmough was inclined to Puritanism, and this probably led to the violation of the rubric by himself and his curate, which gave offence to **Mr. Greenhalgh**. Mr. Watmough died in August, 1623, and was interred at Bury on the 21st of that month.

He left a son, Robert Watmough, of Winwick, who appears to have held his father's views, and subsequently became a lay member of the Presbyterian Classis. A Hugh Watmore (properly Watmough) was stipendiary priest in the chantry at Holme, in Whalley parish, at the time of its dissolution, Edward VI. (1547-8), but as he was "of the age of xlvj years" at the return in 1549, he could not be identical with the rector of Bury, though probably of his kin."

Page 99

1660. — **John Greenhalgh.** When the Restoration had been accomplished, the Countess of Derby (Charlotte Tremouille), the true patron, having procured the resignation of John Lightfoot, the last minister, nominated the **Rev. John Greenhalgh, S.T.B.,** to the rectory, February 26,

1660-1, and he was instituted by Brian, Bishop of Chester, on the 2nd March following. **Mr. Greenhalgh was the third son of John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome Hall, in Bury, appointed Governor of the Isle of Man in 1640,** and who fought at the battle of Wigan Lane, and died at Worcester, in 1651, by his first wife Alice, daughter and heir of William Massie, B.D., rector of Wilmslow.

Like his father, **Mr. Greenhalgh** was twice married. By his first wife Eleanor, daughter of M. Mesure, a

Frenchman, he had a family of twelve children — six sons and six daughters; and by his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Edmund Asheton, of Chadderton, he had a daughter Charlotte. He died in 1674.

Page 114

New Hall, the seat of a younger branch of the Rawsthornes until the latter part of the seventeenth century, was purchased in 1538 by Laurence Rawsthorne, of Windsor, county Berks, son of William and grandson of Adam Rosthorne, of Lumm, who settled there. His grandson, Edward Rawsthorne, of New Hall, who married (1) Helen, daughter of Ratclifie Assheton, of Cuerdale, and (2) **Mary, daughter of John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome**, was a distinguished soldier in the Royalist army during the civil wars — he was one of the six captains who assisted Charlotte Tremouille, Countess of Derby, in the defence of Lathom House, in 1643, and commanded the garrison there in the second siege until the surrender, at the command of King Charles I., in 1645.

At his death, in the succeeding year, the estate passed to his younger brother, Laurence Rawstorne, who served the office of Sheriff of Lancashire in 1681, and from him is descended Laurence Rawstorne, Esq., the present representative of the family, whose father,

Lieut.-Col. Laurence Rawstorne, of Newhall, and Hutton Hall, Preston, purchased the Penwortham Hall estate in 1810, and in 1832 erected a stately mansion, in the Elizabethan style, on or near the site of the ancient Priory, which is now the chief residence of the family.

Elton. — This township extends on the south-eastern side into the town of Bury, and the most populous part of that township, in common parlance, constitutes part of the town of Bury. Manufacturing and calico printing and bleaching prevail here to a great extent. *Brandlesome Hall* — the **ancient seat of the Greenhalghs**, with its gabled front, the older portions of the time of Henry VIII., built in the usual ornamental style of wood, stone, and brick — is a large house, though now much curtailed in its dimensions. It was partially taken down in 1852, and rebuilt by R. S. Kay, Esq. The Brandlesome estate passed by marriage with Alice, daughter and sole heir of Richard de Brandlesome, to **Henry, son and heir of John Greenhalgh**, in Tottington, temp. Richard II. The ninth in descent from this Henry was **John Greenhalgh**, of Brandlesome, who was held in high esteem by James (the martyr), Earl of Derby, who governed and maintained tranquillity in the Isle of Man from 1640 to 1651. The last heir male of the family was **Henry Greenhalgh, Esq.**, who died about the middle of the last century. The estate subsequently passed by

purchase to Henry Folliott Powell, Esq., a captain in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment.

Page 120

Bridge Hall was, in 22 Edward IV. (1482), the residence of Roger Holt, gent., a younger son of Holt, of Grislehurst, and continued in the same family in 1664, when Roger Holt, gent., who married **Jane, daughter of Thomas Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome**, recorded a short pedigree. His son, Richard Holt, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Robert Bellis, M.A., incumbent of Ince, county Chester, and was living in 1706, having one daughter and heiress, who married Nathaniel Gaskell, of Manchester, gent., by whom she had two daughters and co-heiresses – Rebecca, who married Richard Clive, of Styche, county Salop, Esq., father of Robert, first Lord Clive; and Sarah, who married Hugh, eleventh Lord Sempill. The estate was purchased of Lord Sempill and the Clives in 1736 by Robert Nuttall, of Bury, merchant, and sold by his descendant, Robert Nuttall, Esq., to Edmund Grundy, Esq., from whom it descended to the present owner. The house has been modernised, but some of the earlier Elizabethan parts remain.

The manners of the people are less primitive than they were before the extensive introduction of the manufacturing system, and the general prevalence of

Sunday schools. The pure Lancashire dialect is gradually withdrawing itself, though it is by no means discarded. There is an ancient celebration here on Mid-Lent, or, as it is called, "Simbling Sunday," and sometimes "Mothering Sunday," when large cakes, with the name of "Simblings" (Simnels), are sold generally in the town of Bury, and the shops are kept open the whole day, except during divine service, for the purpose of vending this mysterious aliment, which is usually taken with large draughts of "mulled ale" locally designated "braggatt," from the British bragawd, which signifies a beverage of this class. The origin of this practice, which is almost entirely confined to Bury, is lost in the obscurity of the past, but it is said to have formerly been called "Mothering Sunday," from a custom which prevailed of visiting the mother church for the purpose of malting Easter or Lenten offerings.

Herrick, in a canzonet addressed to Dianeme, says:

—

*" I'll to thee a sinned bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
So that, when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thoult give me."*

Page 181

All Souls' Church, Astley Street, erected at a cost of £20,000, by **Thomas Greenhalgh**, Esq., of Thornydikes, was consecrated June 30, 1881.

St. Saviour's Church, also erected by **Mr. Thomas Greenhalgh**, of Thornydikes, at a cost (including schools and vicarage) of £30,000, was consecrated September 24, 1885.'

Page 400

Like the vaccaries of Pendle, the booths of Rossendale were the foundations of townships; of which Dedquene Cloghe, now Deadwin, contains the hamlet of Newchurch, which gives name to the chapelry. A lease of this booth was granted to **James de Greenhalgh**, which was attested at Lancaster by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, regent in the minority of Henry VI.

The length of the old parochial chapelry of Newchurch in Rossendale is five miles, and its breadth three miles; it contains 5,858 acres, and is watered on the south by the Irwell, which, rising at the foot of Dirplay or Deerplay Hill, in Cliviger, descends to Bacup by Broadclough, and passing Wolfenden runs by Tottington to Bury. At the head of Wolfenden rises Whitewell Brook, which having run its course, empties itself into the Irwell below the village of Newchurch.

The term Newchurch is derived from the chapel built in 1511, the first place of worship erected in the forest of Rossendale.

"The Stanley Papers"

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PRIVATE DEVOTIONS

AND

MISCELLANIES

OF

JAMES SEVENTH EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

WITH A

PREFATORY MEMOIR

AND AN

APPENDIX OF DOCUMENTS.

EDITED BY
THE REV. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORICAL, FICAR OF MILTON,

AND OTHERS.

VOL. I.

Select Passages from "The Stanley Papers"

Page XIV

Seacome's History of the House of Stanley, p. 186.

His permission for the marriage of a tenant's son at Bury, addressed to "Mr. Morres," probably an agent, is characteristic of a considerate landlord:

"I tould you in the Hunting Field that if **James Greenhalgh** has the consent of his Mother, who is named in the Lease, to marry the wench of whom I heard a good report, my "Warrant was freely granted, as he appeared a toward youth and may assist ye widow in attending to ye Mill as well with a wife as without one, and marriage is honble in all.

Let Mr. Murray or **Mr. Robert Greenhalgh** examine the young couple before you Certifye my licens.

Yours,

Strange

Page LV

The operation of the law affecting the office of High Sheriff of the county was found at this time very unsatisfactory, and Pym and others loudly complained, and not unreasonably, of the excessive extra judicial power of the judges. Lord Strange was not indisposed

to ameliorate instances of individual oppression which fell under his cognizance. In 1629 Edward Rawsthorne of Newhall esq. had filled the office of sheriff of the county, and John Bradshaw of Bradshaw esq. had entered into bond for Mr. John Lightboune, the sheriff's bailiff, for the due execution of his duties. Owing, in the estimation of the judges, to the "evill demeanour" of the bailiff, Rawsthorne was called upon to pay "great sums of money" imposed by the judges, and "had been grieved with suits at law and with much travail" to recover his payments from Bradshaw; and it was not until October 1636 that the litigants were appeased. In that year lord Strange advised that **John Greenhalgh** of *Brandlesome* and Edmund Assheton of Chadderton, esquires, should be chosen and nominated arbitrators, a final appeal to himself being reserved by the contending parties. It was decreed that Bradshaw should pay to Rawsthorne at Newhall various sums of money, that the payments should extend over several years, and that the two squires should become "good and lovinge frends and neighbours again;" and Lord Strange confirmed the award in the following letter to his "very louing and wors frend **John Greenhalgh** esq. att *Brandlesome*," on the

30th October 1636:

Mr. Greenhalgh, — I doe approue of y'r Award and request that you will convey my approbation to Mr Assheton, soe now I doe hope that goodwill and peace may be restored where it hath been too long absent and that all anger may surcease. I have appointed to hunt a Buck on Thursday with the Lo. Chamberlain, Sr Cha. Gerard and some other companye, and I have a buck and a barren doe ready taken upp, and if you and Mr Holte think itt worth ye while to see ye diversion or eat a piece of venison pastye I shall be glad of y'r company. Soe desiring y'r answer,

I rest y'r loving frend,

Strange .

Page LXXX

Being divested of arms and ammunition, and yet still keeping the greater part of Lancashire for the king, he repaired at the urgent request of the gentlemen of the county, not one in ten being at that time opposed to the king, to his majesty at York with the view of securing part of the great military forces there for the protection of Lancashire, investing lord Molyneux and other leading royalists during his absence with full military powers. Disastrous misunderstandings again took place amongst them. Lord Strange's absence and

these unhappy differences of opinion were the signals for the enemy, strengthened by the recent acquisition of new and unlooked-for allies, to possess and garrison the towns of Lancaster and Preston, and to overcome nearly the whole county. The most important fortresses were secured by them, the only exceptions being Lathom house, **Greenhalgh Castle** and Thurland Castle. Neither was the Popish queen able, nor perhaps very willing, notwithstanding her fair promises, to render the assistance which her gallant Protestant ally had so reasonably anticipated. At this juncture lady Strange communicated private information to Prince Rupert on the condition of the county, and urged him to undertake its rescue:

Monsieur, — I take the liberty of addressing your Highness in order to beseech you very humbly to deign to listen to the bearer of this respecting the state of this district, which has much need of your presence, as your Highness will yourself be better able to judge by his statements, to which I refer you, and beseech you to believe that more than any one else

I am, Monsieur,

Your Highness's very humble and very obedient and very faithful servant,

1642.

C. de Tremoille

Page CI

Mem. Civil War, vol. ii. p. 79.

At a general meeting of the Lancashire committee, held at Manchester, April 23, 1644, it was ordered, that for the close beleaguering of Lathom House, additional soldiers should be levied throughout the county, and that every month during the continuance of the service against Lathom, the different hundreds should be assessed to the amount of £4,627. 6s. 4d., except Lonsdale hundred and Garstang parish, which were already sufficiently taxed for the support of the leaguer before **Greenhalgh Castle**, another seat of lord Derby's. There had hitherto been "delays and excuses," but it was then provided that defaulters should be apprehended, and their estates seized, "for the compelling of obedience thereunto." As a proof of the Royalist predilections of Humphrey Chetham, esq., the High Sheriff, he was sharply rebuked by the Parliament for his neglect or refusal to execute the warrants.

Page CXIX - CXXII

My Lords, — I send herewith inclosed the Earle of Derby his last letter directed to me, together with some scruples made for not giving way to the advice given, which I hould to be very pertinent, in regard of the importance of the businesse, unfitt to depend upon noe

better grounded overture then could be proposed by me, who, upon any occasion of the publique service by private instructions, doe finde my Lord inclynable to give all satisfaction to both houses of parlt. If he may have the least testimony under the hands of the Earles of Pembroke and Salisbury, or either or both, that (upon demolishing the fortifications and removeall of ye Souldiers from both places, of Latham House and **Greenhalgh Castle**,) he may expect to have faire and noble dealing. The present miseries of the country (lying exposed to the robberyes and pillaging of the souldiers of those places, both of horse and foote) require a suddaine remedie, which cannot be redressed at this tyme, by the unwillingnesse of the souldiers of the county, who have beene kept all this while both in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire without pay, and cannot be perswaded to stirre from their houses at this tyme of the yeare. I doe finde likewise by the party, that the King hath beene tampering w th the Archbishop of Yorke, for setling of the Bishopricke in the Isle of Man, which the Earle of Derby is resolved never to suffer; and to this effect hath seized upon all houses and revenues which might be thought proper for such an Establishment all which I have thought fitt to impart to your Lords, and to begge the favour that I may with all convenient haste know your Lords resolucons, whether in this, or any other particular, my

endeavours can further advance the publique service,
which is the greatest ambition of

Your Lords most humble servant,

Jo: Meldrum.

Manchester, 21 November 1644.

Lathom House and **Greenhalgh Castle**, the two fortified mansions of Lord Derby, were still objects of suspicion, being regarded with aversion by the ruling powers, as keeping up garrisons which ostensibly obstructed the peace of the county, or, in other words, portended the subversion of republican proceedings. Sir John Mel drum, who was still with his army at Manchester, wrote to the Government on the 30th November as follows:

For the right honourable the Lords and other committees.

My Lords, — I have adventured upon many accons in this service, without any private warrant, which have had (God be praised) noe bad issues, and (amongst others) looking upon the miserable estate of Lancashire by the Garrisons kept at Latham House and **Greenhalgh Castle**, I resolved, with the advice of the whole deputy Leuetenants, that nothing could conduce more to the tranquillity of the county then the removeall of these Garrisons, as the only obstructions

of the peace thereof. And to this effect a letter was drawne and sent to the Earle of Derby, by ye approbacion before expressed, whereunto there hath beene an answer returned, with another ire, and some private instructions trusted to me, which are all sent to your Lords, by the like approbacon, about a fortnight agoe. Your Lords have been pleased to direct another way by dealing with the Captaine of Latham house, which direction (if it had preceded the former ires) should only have been followed, which, for anything wee can understand, had been alike successful!, as your Lords may trye by Major Ashurst, who was the party recommended by your Lords to me, and is now in London.

Jo: Meldrum.

30 Nov. 1644.

"The minde of the committee concerning the earle of Derby" was communicated to sir John Meldrum, "by his own messenger," on the day of the date of the above letter; and it may be assumed, from the following official despatch, that it was hostile. On the day preceding its date, "the committee of both kingdoms" agreed "that the letter now read be sent to

the Earl, and that such letters as the earls of Pembroke, Salisbury, or Ancram, should write to his lordship might be sent:

To the Earle of Darbie.

My Lord, — Wee have been given to understand by this bearer (who hath lately in his passage from Ireland beene with your Lords in ye Isle of Man) the inclinations and desires that are in your Lord to procure ye peace of the Kingdomes; and wee doe not conceive any thing likely to conduce more immediately thereto, nor that can bee more acceptable to ye Parl'tes of both Kingdomes, than the delivery upp to them the Lord Digby, Robert Maxwell, late Earle of Niddisdaile, Sr Robert Dalzell, late Earle of Carnwath, Sr Marmaduke Langdale, Sr Wm Huddleston, and ye other persons now in your power, who have beene the greatest causers of these troubles, which if your Lord shall doe, wee shall doe our best to procure your reconciliation with ye Parliament; otherwise, your Lord is not to expect from us any further invitacon. Wee desire your Lords answere herein by this bearer.

Darby House, 29 November 1645.

By Captain Roger West.

The answer to an application to betray his friends may be easily surmised. They who had not forsaken the king were not likely to be forsaken in the hour of danger by a man of Lord Derby's high principle, sincerity, and chivalrous bearing.

On the 16th December sir John Meldrum informs the Government of his proceedings in relation to Lord Derby's two houses, and, although terms had been agreed upon by the leaders of both parties in Lancashire, their confirmation by his lordship, at that time in the Isle of Man, was anxiously waited for:

For the R't hon'ble the Lords and others, &c.

My Lords, — The miseries of the country people here in Lancashire encreasing daily by the robberyes and plundering of the two guarrisons at Latham House and **Greenhagh Castle**, and the impedim'ts thereby offered to bring any moneys by sequestrations for the maintenance of the souldiers, did persuade the deputy live-tenants and my selfe to blocke up both houses, w'ch hath produced this effect, that the country is secured from such pillaging courses, by a treaty made and interchangeably signed by both sides, as may appeare by ye copies of this treaty it selfe sent to your Lordships, the full accomplishment whereof is expected daily (if contrary winds do not hinder) by ye Earle of

Derby his resolution w'ch now must depend upon himselfe.

Page CXXX

The names of few of his personal friends in the Island[of Man] have been recorded; but there can be no doubt that archdeacon Rutter and **Captain Greenhalgh** would be always with him in his family vicissitudes. His own pen has graphically described the various accomplishments and merits of these two excellent men, who possessed his entire confidence, and all who are familiar with his lordship's History of the Isle of Man cannot fail to revere their memory.

Page CLX

At this time the Earl's English and Welsh estates were in the hands of the sequestrators; and although a fifth part of the princely income had been nominally allowed on the 8th September 1647 for the maintenance of the countess and her children (but nothing for the Earl), they, in common with the other royalists, complained that they could not receive the amount, and a few years afterwards it was altogether withdrawn. Lord Derby's loyalty, victories and defeats had cost him the house and inheritance acquired from the Lathoms, as well as the possessions conferred by grateful kings on his brave military ancestors. The old and majestic timber at Knowsley was indiscriminately

felled, and a ranger was nominally appointed to preserve it, but he abandoned it to its fate. The deer-parks at Lathom and Knowsley were laid waste; the game and the fish-ponds were neglected; the meadows remained uncut; and Knowsley Hall was inhabited by a parliamentary soldier, with his wife and family. Bidston and New Park were going to decay.

Greenhalgh Castle, the favourite retreat of the first Earl, had been dismantled; and the smell of fire almost still lingered about Lathom, whilst Harwarden Castle was in the possession of strangers, and the rents from Holland were intercepted by the Government. The walls of his galleries had been stripped of their pictures, and his library had been pillaged of its books. The contents of his muniment-rooms were in the hands of the conscientious men who were seated at Goldsmiths' hall, and his private papers were dispersed abroad. After a long course of exaction, endless compulsory loans, compositions and sequestrations, nothing seems to have remained but the Isle of Man.

*"Time-honoured Lancaster" ...
Historic notes on the ancient
borough of Lancaster"*

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'Time-Honoured Lancaster.'

—RICHARD II. ACT I. SCENE 1.

HISTORIC NOTES
ON THE
Ancient Borough of Lancaster,
WRITTEN, COLLECTED & COMPILED
BY
CROSS FLEURY.

"Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice."

—Wordsworth.

*"The Great Civil War in
Lancashire"*

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BOOK](#)

The Great Civil War in Lancashire

(1642—1651)

BY
ERNEST BROXAP, M.A.

From the Chapter - "The Crisis January - June, 1643"

Page 88

Thus by June, 1643, practically all Lancashire was for the first time in the hands of the Parliament; Lathom House and *Greenhalgh Castle* being now the only places where the royalist flag was still flying. Many of the Parliamentarian soldiers returned to their homes. "Now the whole county being cleared of all the King's forces way was made that all such as had fled out of any part thereof might return to their wives, children and friends and have what their enemies had left them."

From the Chapter - "Remaining Events of 1643: and the First Siege of Lathom House"

Page 99

In Lancashire the way was now open for the siege of the last royalist strongholds. Only two places still held out to the King, Lathom House and *Greenhalgh Castle*, and of these the former was much the more important.

The Earl of Derby was still in the Isle of Man, but Lathom under the able direction of the Countess of Derby, assisted by such Lancashire royalists as still remained in the county, had been gradually prepared for resistance. It being almost the only place of refuge left, many of the militant royalists had gathered there. The House had been summoned as far back as May, 1643, after the capture of Warrington; but nothing had been done towards reducing it. The royalists had been, however, practically confined to the Park at Lathom, and Rigby sent what troops he could spare to harass them at intervals. The garrison on their part plundered all they could. Early in February, 1644, the royalists had the better of a skirmish with some Parliamentarian horse under Captain Hindley; and when the danger in Cheshire was over the troops from Cheshire were at liberty to begin the reduction of Lathom.

From the Chapter -- The first siege of Lathom House is quite the most picturesque incident of the Lancashire war.

Page 109

At a meeting of the Committee in Manchester on April 23rd, it was resolved to raise additional troops for the siege at Lathom, and to assess a weekly amount of, £4,627/6/4 on the whole county, except Lonsdale

Hundred and Garstang Parish, which were already being taxed to maintain the siege of *Greenhalgh Castle*. It is improbable, however, that these resolutions were carried into effect, for the attack showed no more vigour than before; and it had little prospect of success long before the approach of Prince Rupert effected a complete change in the position of affairs. It was not till towards the end of May that news came of Rupert's march, and Colonel Rigby again sent a summons to Lathom to surrender. This was of course refused; and the same day a messenger arrived from the Earl of Derby with news of the Prince's approach. This was, as a matter of fact, only two days before Rupert crossed the Mersey, and as soon as this was ascertained, the Parliamentarian troops marched away from Lathom with all haste. (May 27.) The royalists claimed that the besiegers had lost 500 men during the siege.

From the Chapter - "The End of the First Civil War"

Page 135

There was now no longer a royalist army in Lancashire; the only places which still held out were Liverpool, Lathom House and *Greenhalgh Castle*. Clitheroe Castle had been deserted by its garrison a few weeks after the battle of Marston Moor; but Skipton, over the Yorkshire border, was for some time

longer a source of apprehension to the Parliamentarians in Blackburn Hundred. After the defeat of the royalists at Ormskirk, Meldrum at once laid siege to Liverpool ; but the fortifications were strong, and the town resisted for ten weeks, being at last surrendered on Friday, November 1st. Colonel Rosworm directed the ordnance at the siege, and Colonel Moore commanded some ships from the river. But Meldrum was called away for service in North Wales, and during his absence the siege was not conducted with any vigour. "I have had much ado," he wrote to the Committee of Both Kingdoms from Liverpool on October 2nd, "to bring back the Lancashire foot to their quarters before Liverpool, in regard to their want of obedience even to their own officers, the unseasonableness of the weather, and the time of harvest.

They have had no pay for 18 weeks, and have been much pinched for want of victuals ever since they have been under my charge, the country being so wasted and spoiled by Prince Rupert's two journeys through Lancashire During my being abroad the enemy has taken divers of our men while sleeping upon their guard, and by what is intercepted I find them reduced to great extremities by inviting the garrison of Lathom House, consisting of 200 horse and 300 foot under Colonel Vere, who since the rout at Ormskirk hath been

there, to fall upon some of our quarters upon Thursday next and in the meantime those within the town resolved to fall desperately upon some of our quarters and to make their retreat to Lathom House."

The Earl of Derby was also reported to be gathering troops in Cheshire for the relief of the town; but he was defeated by Sir William Brereton, and the intended attack from Lathom House never took place. But no breach could be made in the walls of Liverpool, and in the end it was starved into surrender. The circumstances were peculiar. In the last days of October 60 English soldiers of the garrison escaped, driving away with them some of the cattle, and surrendered to the besiegers, many of them taking service under the Parliament. The officers in the town realising that resistance was useless after this occurrence, attempted to make their escape by sea as Colonel Moore had done when Liverpool was captured by Prince Rupert. But the remainder of the garrison, who were Irish troops, feared that they would be excepted from quarter; they therefore secured their officers, and opened the gates to the Parliamentarians on promise that their own lives should be spared. Colonel Clifton and 20 other officers with many arms were captured; Clifton was taken to Manchester and afterwards died. The capture of Liverpool was

important enough to be made the occasion of a public thanksgiving on November 4th.

Differences, however, again broke out among the Lancashire leaders, and it was difficult to find a Governor for Liverpool who would be generally acceptable.

From the Chapter - "The End of the First Civil War."

Page 135-142

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Differences, however, again broke out among the Lancashire leaders, and it was difficult to find a Governor for Liverpool who would be generally acceptable. Meldrum himself was in favour of leaving the town in the hands of Colonel Moore, of whose ability he had evidently formed a high opinion. Moore seems to have acted as Governor for a time, but in May,

1645, John Ashhurst, now Major, was appointed. There was at first some doubt about the continuance of the garrison.

The Committee of Both Kingdoms were of opinion that the works had better be demolished on the ground of expense, though it would be necessary to keep a small vessel to guard the harbour. But the position of Liverpool as a port forbade its being left without a garrison, and a force of 300 foot and 1 troop of horse was ordered to remain there. In March, 1646, the House of Commons ordered that the Liverpool garrison should consist of 600 foot.

The siege of *Greenhalgh Castle* was entrusted to Col. Dodding and Major Joseph Rigby, younger brother of the better known Colonel Rigby. It was garrisoned by a number of royalist refugees, the Governor being Mr. Anderton, probably Christopher Anderton of Lostock. The castle stood on a little hill about half a mile south-east of Garstang; it was very strongly built, and having only one entrance was difficult of approach. Probably only a few troops were told off for the siege, for the garrison could sally out to plunder the countryside, and for a time at least had the better of the Parliamentarians. The sandy nature of the soil made mining operations difficult, and on one occasion the garrison countermined and captured five barrels of powder. At length Anderton died, and the garrison

surrendered on promise of their liberty. *The Castle* was demolished and all the timber sold; only a part of one tower now remains. 2 (June 10th, 1644).

During the autumn of 1644 negotiations were opened with the Earl to induce him to surrender. These were conducted by Sir John Meldrum, who employed as his agent Major Ashurst, the only Parliamentarian officer at the first siege of Lathom House for whom the royalists had a good word to say. In October Meldrum wrote twice to Derby, and early in the following month William Farington and *John Greenhalgh* came into Lancashire under safe conduct to discuss terms. What exactly the propositions were is not stated, but Meldrum told the Committee of Both Kingdoms that he would only begin to treat on condition that Lathom and Greenhalgh were surrendered. In spite of this, however, he was of opinion from notes of a private interview which Ashurst had with the Earl, that Derby would be "found inclinable to any course which may give the Parliament contentment." A fortnight later he writes more decidedly:

"I find the Earl inclinable to give all satisfaction to both Houses of Parliament, if he may have the least testimony under the hands of the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury that upon demolishing the fortifications and removal of the garrisons of Lathom House and

Greenhalgh Castle, he may expect to have fair and noble dealings." (Nov. 21st, 1644.)

Later still it seemed as if an agreement had nearly been reached. Meldrum writes: —

"I desire to know your pleasure whether the Earl after the full accomplishment of the Treaty may not begin his journey to London, and stay at St. Alban's till he shall receive an order from both Houses or from your Lordships to come to London." (Dec. 16th, 1644.)

It is not quite clear what led to the breaking off the negotiations; but the Parliament would be almost sure to ask more than Derby was willing to yield, and the longer the strongholds in Lancashire held out the more severe might the Parliament terms be expected to become. Twelve months later they made a proposal which could only have been intended as an insult. He was required as the price of his reconciliation to give up Lord Digby, the Earls of Nithsdale and Carnwath, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, Sir William Huddleston, and other royalists who had found refuge in the Isle of Man when the King's cause in England was entirely lost, "otherwise your Lordship is not to expect from us any further invitation." As might have been supposed, Derby returned an indignant refusal.

The defeat of Rupert at Marston Moor completely destroyed the King's chances of victory in the Civil

War, but less than two months later his triumph over Essex at Lostwithiel, where all the Parliamentarian foot were obliged to surrender, gave his cause a new lease of life in the south of England. The winter was passed in fruitless negotiations; when they had broken down the New Model Ordinance was passed through Parliament, and in the spring of 1645 the toils began to close round the King who left Oxford and marched northwards with Rupert.

Thus once more Lancashire was brought into the general course of events. It was feared that Charles would try to break through to join the Earl of Montrose in Scotland; instead of advancing Leven retreated, notwithstanding remonstrances from Sir Thomas Fairfax. The Fairfaxes themselves were at York, and thus Lancashire was left completely undefended. The leaders were in great consternation. Already in the middle of March, 1645, it was feared that the King would march on Shropshire and Cheshire, and the Committee of Both Kingdoms wrote to Sir George Booth to be careful to guard Warrington. Two months later the danger was acute; if the King could enter Lancashire he might indefinitely increase his forces. Charles penetrated into Cheshire in May, and obliged Sir William Brereton to raise the siege of Chester and draw his men into garrisons. Fairfax promised to send 1,500 men in order to hinder the King's advance, and

the Lancashire leaders were urged to keep careful watch over all the passes into that county, and to have 200 horse and 1,000 foot ready to send to any rendezvous which Fairfax and Leven might appoint. Colonel Assheton's regiment was recalled in haste from Cheshire. The ford at Hale was guarded by 1,100 foot and 4 troops of horse, and the general rendezvous was appointed at Barlow Moor, near Manchester, on Thursday, May 19th. The Lancashire troops, however, attended in small numbers. They were greatly disorganised and the county much wasted by three years of war; and they complained of the place chosen for the rendezvous as being too near to plague-stricken Manchester. Lathom was still a thorn in the side of the Parliamentarians of the county, and they were obliged to leave some troops at Ormskirk to continue the siege; there remained only one company of foot to defend both Liverpool and Warrington, and one of Egerton's regiments flatly refused his order to march. On May 22nd the Lancashire Committee wrote to London that they had obeyed the orders regarding the disposition of troops, "but it is more difficult to defend the country near Manchester, the river being shallow, and the Scots and Cromwell both marching further off than was expected." Next day Sir William Brereton wrote from Manchester, giving a very gloomy picture of affairs. "The forces assigned for the passes are inconsiderable,

the passes many and indefensible." All the men he could spare were on the borders of Cheshire but they were quite inadequate to oppose the King if he should try to enter Lancashire. A few days before the Earl of Callander had sent a letter to the Scotch Commissioners in London to the same effect. "If we should abandon Yorkshire to go into Lancashire, this county would lie open to the King, and York will probably be lost; if we stay here the King is at liberty to enter Lancashire and increase his army, because of the many disaffected persons in that county. It is impossible to defend both places which is a line of 80 miles, at once, the ways and passages also between those counties being such as the forces in one county cannot without very great difficulty and marching a long way give assistance to the other."

All this may have been exaggerated, but there is no doubt that Lancashire was in a state of great distress. Fortunately for the Parliamentarian party, however, the King's position was even worse than their own. Weak as they were, he was in no condition to force an entrance into hostile territory. The resistance offered may have been inadequate, but the appearance of force was enough to turn him in another direction. On May 21st he was at Whitchurch, 'not 24 miles from Hale Ford'; but he came no nearer to Lancashire than Market

Drayton, but turned eastwards into the Midlands, and on May 31st took Leicester by storm.

There were further fears of Charles in September when he was in Cheshire; but his defeat at Rowton Heath disposed of that danger. Even in October when he was at Welbeck, it was feared that his plan was to march northwards to relieve Skipton and Lathom, and to recruit his foot in Lancashire, "where Manchester will be as easily entered as attempted"; but the defeat of Langdale, near Pontefract, removed this danger too.

Meanwhile the siege at Lathom House dragged on. During the winter of 1644 the garrison was practically unmolested, so that they were able to make little plundering expeditions, riding out after nightfall and returning to the house before daylight. Sometimes they even ventured further afield into the Fylde country. So great was the nuisance occasioned by their plundering and that of the royalists at *Greenhalgh*, that in December a local "cessation" was effected; but the Parliament promptly annulled it. At length the Committee at Manchester decided to re-form the siege, and Colonel Egerton was chosen for command. (January, 1644-5.) Troops were provided out of all the county, but no serious attempt was made to storm, the object being rather to starve out the garrison. In the House were a numerous garrison under Colonel Rawsthorne and Colonel Vere, who had with them

Charnock, Key, Molyneux Radcliffe, Farington and other Captains who had taken part in the first siege. There seem to have been three divisions of the royalists, the main guard being in Lathom itself, and others at New Park; while the third division consisting of the Irish troops who had been at Liverpool during the previous summer occupied the Lodge.

The Parliamentarian engineer was Colonel Morgan, who had also taken part in the first siege. No trenches were made close to the house, but under his direction a deep ditch was drawn round the wall at some distance, and the attacking force lay on the outer side of that. There would only be fighting when the garrison sallied out for stores. The siege made very slow progress. On March 25, 1645, Egerton writes very despondently to the Speaker concerning the state of the siege and the discipline of his troops. It was now nearly three months since he had first advanced, and in spite of promises his force was so small that he dared not approach nearer than four or five miles from the House. Most of the troops had been got together by his own efforts. He had at first advanced to within two miles, but finding that he could not stop the garrison plundering, he had retired again and spread out his men, who only numbered 100 foot and 400 horse. Even these were constantly deserting, and trying to take their colours with them. Some months before this

Meldrum had written that the Colonels of three regiments "told me plainly that if I should press the soldiers to an approach which would require them to lie in the trenches without shelter, where there was neither money nor victuals, they would all be gone do what we could to prevent it."

By the middle of July, however, the Parliamentarian troops had made a considerable advance, for they carried the Lodge by storm, forty of the defenders being killed and sixty taken prisoners; and soon afterwards the garrison at New Park also surrendered, after which the royalists were confined to Lathom itself. In August, two of the Earl of Derby's servants named Sharpies and Moreau, came over from the Isle of Man, and were captured in trying to get through the besiegers' lines. Sharpies was sent into the House that he might explain the hopelessness of resistance, but in vain. The garrison refused to be convinced, and Sharpies was allowed to return to the Earl of Derby. For three months more the royalists held out. But it was an unnecessary display of courage, and was bound to have disastrous results for Lathom House. This second siege was very different from the first. The glamour of Lady Derby's presence was gone. Instead of a numerous garrison well armed and provisioned, making successful sorties at intervals, and hopeful of release from without, there were only a few

irreconcilables being gradually starved into submission. And they had nothing to gain by prolonging the war, for after the Battle of Naseby the royalist cause was dead.

After the defeat of Charles at Rowton Heath in September, 1645, he sent word to Lathom that there was no longer any prospect of relief from him, and the garrison had better therefore surrender. It would appear, however, that negotiations had already been entered into. Very favourable terms were at first offered. The House with all its contents were of course to be surrendered; but the garrison might freely depart, and Lady Derby and her children were to be allowed to live at Knowsley House with one-third of the Earl's estate for their support. Seacome states that these terms were freely offered by Egerton, and were only broken off by the obstinacy of one of the royalist Commissioners, who absolutely refused to agree unless the cannon were allowed to remain at Lathom for its defence. Actually, however, it would seem that the Committee of Both Kingdoms interfered, and forbade the conclusion of the negotiations. If suitable terms should be proposed, they professed to be willing to consider them.

By the middle of November the shortage of provisions of the garrison had become so great that another parley was requested. A place was appointed,

and the two sides again met; but even now they could not agree, the royalists refusing to accept any terms except those which they themselves proposed. The conference was broken off and they returned outwardly confident to Lathom ; but their action was really just as much a piece of bluff as Rigby's last demand for surrender during the first siege in May, 1644. The tables were now turned, and it was Rigby's shrewdness which perceived how desperate the condition of the garrison was. When they were gone, Colonel Alexander Rigby said to the rest of the Colonels and Commanders then present that "he was persuaded that notwithstanding their seeming stoutness and highness of stomacke they could not hold out long, the smell and taste of their garments bewraied it." Nevertheless the garrison did hold out for three weeks longer, and it was the beginning of December before the great House was at last starved into surrender. The final agreement was made between Colonel Booth on one side, and Colonel Nowell, Colonel Vere, and two others on behalf of the royalists. The terms were as follows: — The House with all its plate and furniture, and all the horses and arms of the garrison were to be delivered up to the Parliament; only the Governor might take his horse and pistols and, £10 in money. Officers above the rank of Lieutenant were allowed their swords, but all below that rank and all the common soldiers were to

depart unarmed. Convoy was to be provided for them to Aberconway, which was the nearest royalist garrison not besieged.

There were said to be about 200 common soldiers still remaining in Lathom, but few of them took advantage of the opportunity to lay down their arms 'being old blades and mercenaries.' Some 15 guns and 400 smaller arms were captured, with some ammunition and stores of provision of several kinds. It was chiefly the deficiency of bread which had compelled the garrison to surrender. Lathom was finally given up to the Parliament at 3 p.m. on December 3rd, 1645, and the King had now no garrison left in Lancashire.

"This evening," says the "Perfect Diurnall" of December 6th, "after the House was up, they came letters to the Speaker of the Commons House of the surrender of Lathom House in Lancashire belonging to the Earl of Derby." All the newspapers for that week are full of references to the event. At Castle Rushen, when at length the news reached the Isle of Man, there was great distress. Lord Derby's "Book of Private Devotions" contains A Meditation which I made when the Tidings were brought to me of the Delivering up Lathom House to the enemy, which consist of a long series of texts chiefly from the book of Job and from Jeremiah.

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me." (Job 29, v. 2.)

"But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to set with the dogs of my flock." (Job 30, v. 1.)

"Oh how sits the city solitary which was full of people ? How is she become a widow ? She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary." (Lam. 1, v. 1.)

It is impossible not to fully share his grief for the destruction of this magnificent fortress, "a little town in itself." "It was the glory of the county," wrote one who fought against the Earl in the civil war. This great House, whose Lords had enjoyed almost royal power for centuries was now a ruin. Splendid in loyalty, supreme among the nobility of the North of England, generous to their tenantry, the Lords of Lathom had a great record of honour and service. This was now at an end. The demolition of their House was complete. Everything moveable and saleable was stripped off and sold, the walls were cast down into the ditch ; and it was never rebuilt. And with old Lathom House departed much of the glory of the House of Stanley. Before the end of the civil war the Earl of Derby was beheaded at Bolton, and his descendants never recovered the state which had been his. In the

following century the direct male line of his House died out, and the title passed to another branch.

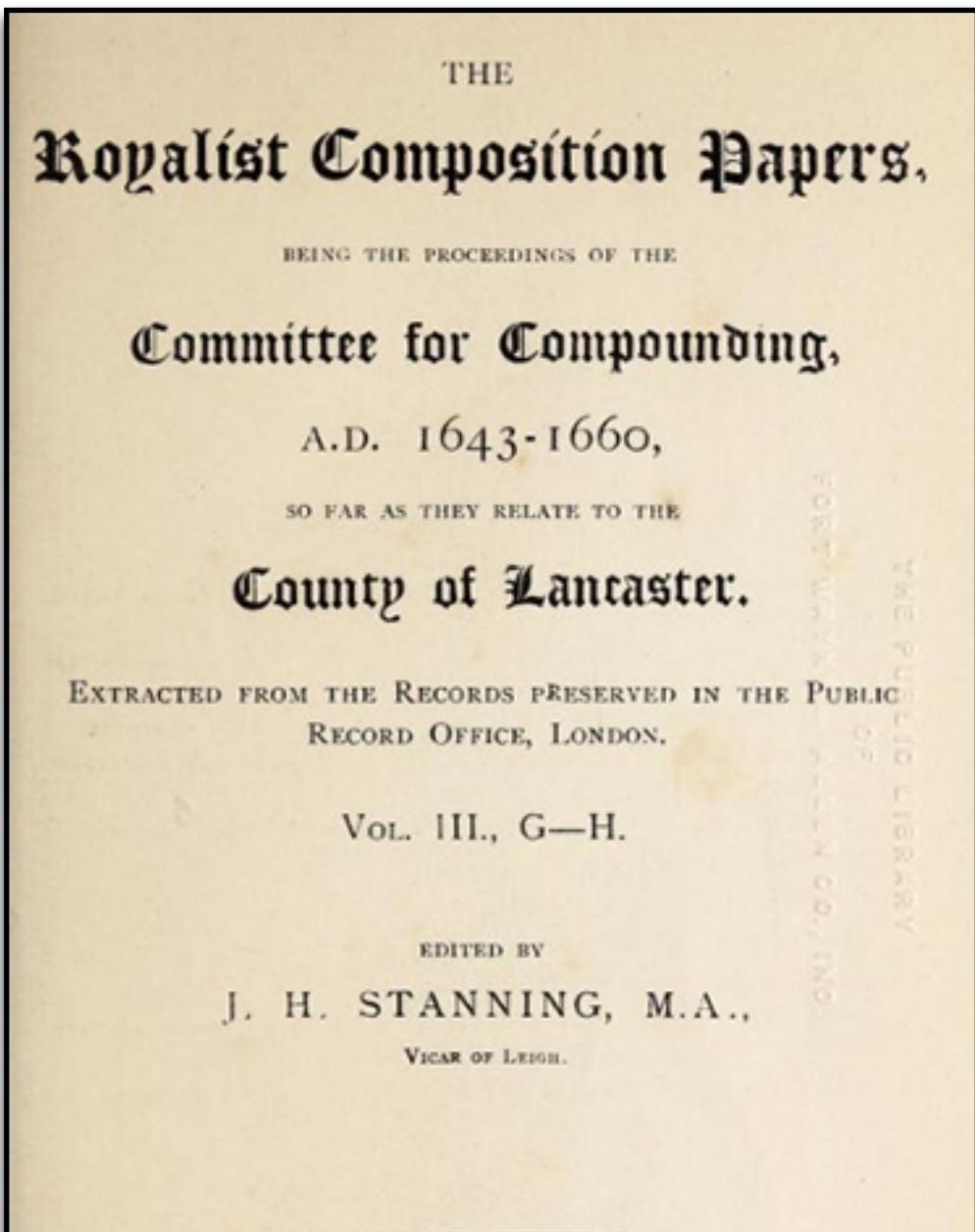
This ended the fighting in Lancashire for the present; but the King's standard still floated over a few isolated towns and fortresses, and one of these was Chester, which had long been invested by Sir William Brereton, but still held out. The Cheshire Committee appealed to the neighbouring county for assistance in the autumn of 1645, but there was little help to spare from Lancashire then. In October, however, when there was a prospect of a royalist attempt to raise the siege of Chester, 200 horse and all the forces of Lonsdale Hundred were sent to Brereton's help. But he still appealed for more men (Oct. 27), and on November 7th more troops of horse were despatched under Major Clarkson and Major Robinson. Five hundred men had recently gone out of Lancashire to assist in the blockade of Skipton Castle, and the siege of Lathom House was still a heavy drain on the resources of the county. When Lathom fell, the troops there were set free for other service, but so wearied and insubordinate were they that they would not move without a fortnight's pay, and pay Brereton had none to give. Protests were of no use. At length Colonel George Booth was sent to Bolton to negotiate with the Lancashire Committee and succeeded in persuading their troops to march by promising them 'the same pay

as other auxiliaries.¹ On December 11th the Lancashire Committee issued an order for all the available men to march, the horse under Colonel Nicholas Shuttleworth, Colonel John Booth and Colonel Assheton to command their own regiments of foot; and companies of foot not in either of these regiments might choose in which they would serve. The commanders at Chester, however, had still to endure some delay. Colonel Assheton had only just returned from London, and his regiment was very late in starting. Shuttleworth, with nine troops of horse, reached Tarporley about December 21st, and the others followed soon after. The Lancashire horse were kept before Chester to strengthen the siege, and the foot, together with the Cheshire foot, were sent out to Whitchurch to intercept a possible royalist advance. When the royalists retreated all were brought back to the siege. Loud complaints were made by the Cheshire Committee of the insubordination of the Lancashire troops, but as they were paid more than any of the other auxiliaries they were probably more valuable. Brereton, however, continued to send appeals for help into Lancashire until nearly the middle of January, but on February 3rd, 1645-6, Chester was finally surrendered. The Lancashire troops returned home and were mostly disbanded; there were now no soldiers in arms in the county excepting the garrison at Liverpool.

There was now some years' quiet in Lancashire, and the stricken county was able to recover slowly from its devastation and misery.

"THE ROYALIST COMPOSITION PAPERS"

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FROM: "THE ROYALIST COMPOSITION PAPERS."

A.D. 1643 - 1660, Relating to the County of Lancaster.

Seclected passage describing the attempted
"Sequistration" of Captain John Greenhalgh's Estate.

(Remember, John Greenhalgh was a staunch Royalist, and so incurred the rath of the Parliament, and their supporters.)

John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, Esq.
(Governor of the Isle of Man).

(First Series, Vol. c., No. 4,000, fols. 179, &c.)

JOHN GREENHALGH, OF BRANDLESOME, Esq.

(Governor of the Isle of Man).

Letter from Preston dated November 20, 1650 signed by Peter Holt, Robt. Cunliffe, and G. Pigot, mentioning that in observance of 29 June then last requiring them to examine and certify the cause of the sequestration of the estate of John Greenhalgh, Esq., they called the Agents employed in it before them, who informed them that in the year 1643 by virtue of a Commission to them directed they sequestered (among others) the estate of petitioner, but what the cause was they knew not, only they thought, and the Lancashire Commissioners believed, it was because he was absent from his own house, and was Captain of the Isle of Man under the

then Earl of Derby, in which command he was, and, as far as they knew, still continued.

The information of George Sharples, of Freckleton, gent., who said that he, about four years then ago, had occasion to go to the Isle of Man, and there saw John Greenhalgh, late of Brandlesome, Esq., who was then Governor of the Isle of Man, whereby he represented the Earl of Derby in all things concerning the government of the said Island as deputy and immediate officer under the said Earl; and being further asked in what way the said Island was governed, he said that the Island was divided into four parts, and in every part was placed a sergeant-major who commanded the soldiers of that part of the country upon all actions for the defence of the Island, which sergeants-major received commissions from the said Mr. Greenhalgh, the Governor.

The information of Roger Woodrofe, of Preston, brick-layer, who, sworn, said that having occasion to travel into Ireland about occasions of merchandise, in his return for England, which was about four years then ago, by contrary winds he was driven into the Isle of Man, where he stayed about a week, during which stay he saw at Castle Town Mr. John Greenhalgh, whom the inhabitants then called Governor of the said Island, but

what command or employment he had there informant knew not.

Information of William Alker, of Samlesbury, husbandman, who, sworn, said that he had then formerly lived with Mr. Parr, then late Bishop of "Ileman," and after his death with Mrs. Parr for the most part of twelve years then last past, and that he knew John Greenhalgh, Esq., had been Governor of the said Island for six or seven years then last past, and that informer being desirous about Midsummer then last past to come from the Island to his friends in England, he repaired to Mr. Greenhaigh, who was then Governor, and desired his "Pass" for informer to pass quietly to England, which he accordingly obtained, and by virtue of it he was allowed to pass quietly to England.

Copy of the order dated at the Committee Room, Wigan, 22 October, 1647, directing the Agents to seize and sequester the estate John Greenhaigh held in right of his wife, called Stanlehurst, lying in Samlisbury, signed by I. Bradshaw, John Starkie, and Edw. Butterworth.

At the Committee of Lords and Commons for Sequestrations, 9 July, 1647, order requiring the

Lancashire Committee to examine into the matters connected with and certify the true state of the case.

On an appeal before the Barons of the Exchequer, Commissioners of Appeals in Cases of Sequestration, on the 19 June, 1650, upon the petition of the above, it was ordered that it be referred to the Commissioners for Sequestrations for Lancashire to pursue the directions of a former order, examine and cross-examine such witnesses and proofs as should be produced on both sides on oath, and to certify the whole within a month, sealed up, to the said Barons, and to take care that no copies of the proofs or examinations were given or other discovery made thereof to the said appellant or any for him.

At the Committee of Lords and Commons for Sequestrations, 23 July, 1647. In the case of the creditors of the above, upon the report of Mr. Bradshaw, to whom it had been referred, a copy whereof was annexed, it was ordered that the report be allowed and confirmed, and that the Committee by whom the sequestration was made upon proofs made before them of the debt in the said report mentioned, and . . . the trusts of the said deed were to be performed, and the Committee to take an account from the trustees from time to time, and the said trustees to

see that the State was not wronged, and other things were to be done as in the report was expressed, unless the Committee shewed just cause to the contrary to the above Committee within a month after notice of the above order.

Examinations, taken at Preston 24 February, 1651 [-2], of John Wodhouse, of Larbrecke, gentleman, one of the witnesses to a deed executed by Richard Burgh, of the same place, then deceased, dated 18 April, 3° Caroli [1627], made between him and Alexr. Rigby, Esq., and others, and said that Alice Greenhalgh, late wife of John Greenhalgh, Esq., deceased, was formerly wife of the said Richard Burgh, and enjoyed the lands limited to her jointure in the said deed, and received the profits thereof to her own use according to the intent of the said deed, till she intermarried with the said Mr. Greenhalgh; he then enjoyed the same in her right till the same was sequestered for his delinquency, and further said that during her widowhood she was likewise justly entitled to a certain parcel of "Mosse" and "Mossedales," called Mr. Burgh's "Mosse," by lease from Thomas Rigby, Esq., then deceased, for a certain number of years, redeemable by the payment of a sum of money, how much he knew not, and he further said that two closes, called Standleyhurst Closes and

Standleyhurst Barne in Samlesbury, were likewise in the possession of the said Alice Greenhalgh before her marriage with Mr. Burgh, and his wife demised one third part thereof to examinant, which he then enjoyed, and the said Mr. Greenhalgh had the other two thirds till her marriage with him, and after Mr. Greenhalgh possessed the same in her right until it was sequestrated for his delinquency. He believed Mr. Greenhalgh had no other estate therein than that of his wife's.

John Cotter, a servant of Mr. Greenhalgh's, sworn, said that Mr. Greenhalgh, his then late master, died in the Isle of Man on the 16th September then last; he, examinant, was present at his death and burial. Robert Johnson, of Larbreck, another witness to the deed, also gave evidence.

Letter dated at Preston 27 February, 1651[-2], signed by Edwd. Aspinwall, Robt. Cunliffe, and G. Pigot, mentioning that in observance of an order of the 10th February then instant, upon the petition of Alice Greenhalgh, late wife of John Greenhalgh, Esq., deceased, they had taken the examinations enclosed in proof of the matter alleged in the petition, and certified that the lands and premises in the petition mentioned were sequestrated for the delinquency of the said Mr.

Greenhalgh, he in his life-time being Governor of the Isle of Man under the then late Earl of Derby.

Examinations, taken at Preston 10 February, 1651[-2], of William Bennett, of Samlesbury, Geo. Blacowe, of the same, both yeomen.

James Martin, of Walton, yeoman, and

John Taylor, of Walton, gentleman.

Letter from Preston dated 12 April, 1652, enclosing the above examinations. 628.

Petition from Alice Greenhalgh, widow, which shewed that upon the 15 July, 1652, upon hearing the report made in her case concerning certain lands in Lancashire, estated upon her for three lives by Thomas Holt, her first husband, and likewise of other lands conveyed to her by Richard Burgh, her second husband, for her jointure, and all sequestered for the delinquency of John Greenhalgh, her third husband, the Commissioners ordered the premises to be discharged from sequestration, and petitioner to be permitted to receive the profits and the arrears from the time of her petition, she making oath that she knew nothing in law or equity why she should not enjoy the said estate, and on 27 April, 1654, the Commissioners

on reading her petition were pleased (she desiring that a lease made by the Commissioners in Lancashire to one John Woodhouse of part of the lands might be made void) to order that the Committee in the country should certify whether she had made oath according to the order of 15 July, 1652. This she appears to have done; and she now prayed that the lease might be declared void. This prayer was granted (10 August, 1653).

A paper referring to Thomas Greenhalgh's case and this, mentioning that it appeared from several returns in her case that the estate of John Greenhalgh, her third husband, had been sequestered long before 1651 for his having acted as Governor of the Isle of Man under the then late Earl of Derby, and that John Greenhalgh died the 16 of September, 1651.

Petition (11 January, 1652[-3]). In this appeal the Commissioners refused to make void the contract, which in a subsequent appeal they consented to do.

Report by Mr. Peter Brereton dated 26 May, 1652, based upon an order 26 March, 1651, upon a petition desiring a discharge from sequestration of certain lands in Samlesbury which had been estated in petitioner for three lives by her first husband, Thomas Holt, also

other lands conveyed for her jointure by Richard Burgh, Esq., her second husband, all sequestered for the delinquency of John Greenhalgh, Esq., her third husband.

He found that by an indenture, dated 28 September, 1616, between Thomas Chaderton, of the Lees in the county of Lancaster, gent., and Thomas Holt, of Middleton in the same county, gent, reciting that the said Thomas Chaderton stood seized in his demesne as of free-hold during the lives of himself and of Cicily and Alice, his sisters, of two closes called Samlesbury, in the said county, and the said Thomas Chaderton, in consideration of £300, demised the said closes and barn to Thomas Holt for 100 years, if any of the said three lives so long continued. The indenture was produced, and John Naylor, nephew to the said Thomas Chaderton, deposed to the name of Thomas Chaderton subscribed to the indenture to have been the handwriting of the said Thomas Chaderton, and that he was living on the 8th September, 1652, but very aged, lame, infirm, and unable to travel. There was no other deed produced whereby petitioner claimed the lands from her husband, Thomas Holt, but it was fully proved by the depositions of Wm. Bennet, George Blacowe, James Martin, and John Woodhouse that the

said lands were from time to time demised, and the rents received after the decease of Thomas Holt by petitioner, his late wife, during her widowhood, and after her marriage with Richard Burgh, by the said Richard Burgh and the said Alice during his life, and after by the said Alice, till she married John Greenhalgh, and subsequently by the said John in right of petitioner until the lands were sequestered.

And he found that Richard Burgh by indenture dated 18 April, 1637, in consideration of affection to the said Alice his then wife, and other considerations therein mentioned, granted, enfeoffed, and confirmed to Alexander Rigbie and others and their heirs the capital messuage called Larbreck Hall, with the appurtenances, in Larbreck, and the lands therewith enjoyed, vizt, amongst other parcels of land the closes called the meadow, the hempe yard, the Barnefield, the great Thornwaith, the Little Thornewaith, the great broad hey, the little broad hey, The Breezelooome, the Kilnfield, the Rish hey, and the marled field, in Larbreck, and three closes called the Bank hey, the Moore hey, and the Nooke Moore hey lying in a place called Singleton Grange in Great Singleton, in the said county, to the uses in the said indenture mentioned, vizt., one moiety to the use of the said Richard Burgh

and Alice his wife, and the heirs of the body of the said Richard, for part of her jointure, and of the moiety of the said capital messuage, and the moiety of the parcel of land called the meadow, and of all the rest of the said closes before mentioned, to the use of the said Richard Burgh for life, and after to petitioner for her life in full satisfaction of her jointure and of her dower, with other uses over. The deed was produced, and the sealing, &c., deposed to by Robert Johnson, a witness endorsed, who also was a witness to the attornment of George Butler.

John Woodhouse also deposed to the sealing, &c., but he had not subscribed his name as a witness in regard he was concerned in the estate thereby conveyed; he further deposed that petitioner during her widowhood was justly entitled to a certain parcel of moss and moss dales called Mr. Burgh's Moss, by lease from Thomas Kirby, Esq., for a term of years, redeemable for a certain sum of money, but how much deponent knew not.

John Carter, a servant of John Greenhalgh, deposed to the date of his late master's death; deponent was present at his burial.

These examinations were taken before the Lancashire Commissioners and certified by them. So he submitted for judgment whether the sequestration ought not to be discharged and petitioner be permitted to enjoy the premises, she first making oath that she knew of nothing in law or equity to bar herself, nor knew any reason why she should not enjoy the same,

Order of reference to Mr. Brereton (26 March 1652).

Petition (copy), 26 March, 1652,

Petition (copy), 20 February, 1651 [-2].

Communication dated at Preston 12 April, 1652, signed by Robt. Cunliffe and G, Pigot, mentioning steps taken by the Lancashire Commissioners in the case and "some further " examinations.

Examination of William Bennet, of Samlesbury, yeoman;

of George Blacowe, of Samlesbury, yeoman, James Martin, of Walton, yeoman ; and

of John Taylor, of Walton, gent, all sworn before the Commissioners at Preston 8 April, 1652.

Communication dated at Preston 27 February, i6si[-2], signed by Edw. Aspinwall, Robt Cunliffe, G. Pigot,

mentioning that they had taken the examinations in the case, and enclosed proofs.

Examination of John Wodhouse, of Larbreck, gent.; and

of John Cottar, servant to petitioner, and Robt.

Johnson, of Larbreck, yeoman (sworn at Preston 24-5 February, 1651 [-2]).

Order dated 15 July, 1652, signed by Sam. Moyer, Edw. Winslow, Ric. Moore, and Willm. Molins, discharging the sequestration of her estate.

Affidavit of petitioner.

Letter dated at Holland S May, 1653, signed by E. Aspinwall and Ro. Massey, enclosing the above affidavit, and referring to other points in connection with her case.

Thomas Greenhalgh, of Brandesholme, Gent.

In the case of the above, James Greenhalgh, of Walmsley, gent, made oath, and said that 'the indenture tripartite then shewn to him, dated 7 of November 7° King Ch. I. [1631], made between John Greenhalgh, Esq., and Dame Margaret Ashton, of the first part, Edward Rawstorne, Esq., of the second,

Robert Holt, Peter Egerton, and Ralph Holden, Esqrs., and Andrew Holden, gent., of the third, was really executed, sealed, signed, and delivered by the said John Greenhalgh according to the date thereof, as deponent most assuredly believed, which he was the rather induced to depose for that he was privy to and knew of the agreement and marriage made between Richard Greenhalgh, the eldest son and heir apparent of the said John, and Alice Rawstorne, daughter of the said Edward Rawstorne, and he well knew that before the said marriage it was articed and agreed upon between the said John Greenhalgh and Edward Rawstorne that, in consideration of the marriage and marriage portion of the said Alice and other the considerations in the said indenture mentioned, that the said John Greenhalgh should make such settlement of the estate in the said deed mentioned as by the said deed is or was purported to be made, and deponent said that in consideration of such settlement he well knew that; £1,050 was paid by the said Edward Rawstorne to the said John Greenhalgh or to some [one] for his use as the marriage portion of the said Alice, which deponent could the better depose for he, for the use of the said John Greenhaigh, had received all or most part thereof, and he very well remembered

he received one payment from the said Edward Rawstorne, being the last instalment of the said ;£1,050, and deponent on receipt thereof gave the said Edward Rawstorne a full discharge and acquittance from the said John Greenhaigh, and delivered up to Edward Rawstorne the bond he had given securing the payment of the said money, and he (deponent) said the said sum of; £1,050 was duly paid, and paid on the days agreed, and deponent knew that according to the said agreement and limitations of the said indenture, Richard Greenhalgh, the son of the said John, possessed and enjoyed during his life the estate by the said indenture limited to him, and he said he was well assured that if the said Richard Greenhalgh had conceived that any further conveyance or assurance in the law had been requisite for the more absolute estating and settling the manor, lands, and estate in the said deed mentioned, and had required any such assurance or conveyance to be made, the said John Greenhalgh would willingly have made the same, inasmuch as the intent of the said indenture and agreement was declared by the said John Greenhalgh and other the parties thereto that the estate in the said deed mentioned should be settled and confirmed as well as by the law it could be done according to the

limitation of the said deed, and he said that the said Richard died in January, 1635[-6], and left issue, Thomas Greenhalgh, his son, an infant at the time deponent made his statement, about 20 years of age and a student in Gray's Inn, and deponent said he was present a little before the death of the said Richard, and knew that he (Richard) secured all his personal estate to his father, in trust for the said Thomas Greenhalgh, his son, of whom the said Richard did desire his father to have especial care, and that he might enjoy the estate by the said deed limited unto him, and he said that the said John Greenhalgh faithfully promised that the said deed should be made good to the said Thomas, and deponent, being well acquainted with the said John and his affairs ever since, believed the said John never did any act or thing to the infringement or making void the said deed, or otherwise disposed of all or any the estate therein mentioned, but that he always intended and ever expressed his desire that the said deed should stand effectual and be made good unto the said Thomas. (Sworn before the Commissioners 29 April, 1653.)

"R. M."

Richard Booth, of Booth, co: Lancaster, gent., deposed to a like effect.

Alice, widow and relict of John Greenhalgh, Esq., deposed that she had neither assigned, transferred, bargained, or sold her right, title, or interest in and to the lands mentioned in the indenture dated 18 October, 1641, and she knew no reason in law or equity why she ought not to enjoy the same according to the said deed. (Sworn before the Commissioners 16 August, 1653.)

Report by Mr. Peter Brereton dated 20 September, 1653. According to an order of the 19 August 1653, he stated he had examined the petition of Thomas Greenhalgh, Esq., who had desired that his title to the manor of Brandesholme, &c., in the County of Lancaster, settled by his grandfather, John Greenhalgh, Esq., deceased, whose name had been inserted in the late additional Act for Sale, having been allowed by the Commissioners for Removing of Obstructions, might be stated by Counsel; and Mr. Brereton found, that by indenture referred to in the affidavit of James Greenhalgh, supra, among other things, that in consideration of a marriage then to be had between Richard Greenhalgh, heir apparent of the said John, and Alyce, only daughter of Edward Rawstorne, and £1,050 mentioned to be paid for the marriage portion of the said Alice, and for settling manors, &c., of the said John Greenhalgh in the name and blood of the said

John, and other valuable considerations therein mentioned, he did covenant within three years upon request by fine or feoffment, or other good conveyance, or assurance in law, to convey

Robt Holt, Peter Egerton, Ralphe Holden, and Andrew Holden, and the survivor of them, and their heirs, the manor or lordship of Brandlesholme alias Brandelsome, with the appurtenances, in the county of Lancaster, and all other the manors, lordships, messuages, lands, tenements, rents, reversions, services, and hereditaments whatsoever, with the appurtenances, being freehold lands in Brandlesholme alias Brandlesome, Tottington, Greenhalgh, Elton, Walmesley, Horncliff, Eltonfield, and Horwich, and elsewhere in the said county (except his lands in the parishes of Flixton and Ratchdale), and two corn mills in Tottington, with soke and suit thereunto belonging, and all messuages, manors, houses, edifices, buildings, &c., orchards, &c., to the said mills belonging, being freehold land theretofore purchased by the said John Greenhalgh from Christopher Anderton, Esq., then deceased, and the barns situate and being in Stalmyn otherwise Strawaigne, and Preissoe, in the said county, and his tithes of sheaves, corn, grain, and hay, yearly increasing and renewing in Stalmyn otherwise

Strawaigne, Prese, and Hackensall alias Hackensey, and the half of the moiety of the "pencon" of Preston, in the Wapentake of Amoundernes in the same county, with the appurtenances, and all messuages, mills, houses, &c., and eight acres of meadow and pasture land, with the buildings erected thereon by the said John Greenhalgh, in Stalmyn, Presoe, and Hackensall aforesaid, and all his freehold land in the same places. And that they, the said John Greenhalgh and Dame Mary Ashton, should likewise by surrender convey and assure to the said Peter Egerton and Andrew Holden, the survivor, and their heirs, &c., all the messuages, &c., of the said John Greenhalgh and Dame Mary Ashton, lying in Tottington aforesaid, or elsewhere in the county of Lancaster, being copyhold or customary lands (the copyhold lands of the said John Greenhalgh, in the parish of Ratchdale, excepted), to the intent the said Peter Egerton and Andrew Holden, and their heirs, shall be seized of the said copyhold lands to uses hereafter mentioned; and that the said John Greenhalgh likewise should convey to the said Peter Egerton, Ralphe Holden, and Andrew Holden, and their heirs, all that part or portion of the manor or lordship of Brandlesholme aforesaid, and all and every the lands, tenements, &c., in Brandlesholme aforesaid, which the

said John Greenhalgh held of the demise of William Earl of Darby, for the lives of the said John Greenhalgh, and Richard and John, his sons, and the longest liver of them, and within the parishes of Bury and Prestwich in the said county, which the said John Greenhalgh held of the several demises of the Rectors of the parish churches of Prestwich and Bury ; and it was concluded and agreed by all the said parties that by virtue of the said fine, feoffment, surrender, &c., the said conuzees and the survivor of them, &c., should stand seized of the said manors and all other the premises to the uses hereafter mentioned, and declared, vizt.: of, for, and concerning the said tithe barns and tithes of sheaves, corn, grain, and hay, yearly increasing and renewing in Stalmyn, Presoe, and Hackensall aforesaid, to the use of the said Richard Greenhalgh, eldest son and heir apparent of the said John Greenhalgh, for life, and after his decease to the use of Alice Rawstorne for life for her jointure, and after the decease of the survivor of them, the said Richard and Alice, to the use of the said John Greenhalgh, the father, for life. Remainder to the heirs male of the body of the said Richard Greenhalgh upon the body of the said Alice begotten. Remainder to John, the father, and the heirs male of his body, with remainder in fee to the said John. And of, for, and

concerning the parcels of the capital messuage of the said John Greenhalgh, called the hall of Brandesholme, vизt.: the lower parlor and closet within the same, and the chamber over the said lower parlor and closet, to the use of the said Dame Mary Ashton for life. And as well for and concerning all the residue of the said manor, messuages, lands, and tenements being freehold, and all the tithes, hereditaments, and premises not limited, as the said parlor, chamber, and closet before limited to the said Dame Mary Ashton ; after the death of the said Dame Mary, to the use of John Greenhalgh, the father, for life, without impeachment of waste. Remainder to the said Greenhalgh [sic] and the heirs male of his body upon the body of the said Alice Rawstorne begotten. Remainder to the heirs male of the said John, with remainder in fee to the said John. And of and concerning the said copyhold or customary lands, tenements, &c., to the use of the said John Greenhalgh, the father, for life, and after his decease, " of and in such part thereof, as heretofore have bin usually letten to farme," to the use of such person and persons severally and respectively as the said John Greenhalgh, the father, shall by his act in writing before two or more sufficient witnesses nominate and appoint, so as

the term thereby expressed exceeded not twenty-one years, or three lives in being, or any number of years determinable upon three lives in being in possession or reversion, reserving the ancient rents; and after to the use of the said Richard Greenhalgh, and the heirs male of his body on the body of the said Alice begotten, with like remainders as for concerning the residue of the copyhold messuages, &c., to the use of the said John, the father, for life ; and after his death, of and in the closes or parcels of copyhold lands, parcels of the copyhold premises lying in Tottington, vizt.: the Rye-Croft, the Butts, the Furlongs, the Birchenlee, and Kirkhalls to the use of such wife or wives, as the said John Greenhalgh shall marry, for their lives for part of their jointure, and after the death of the said John Greenhalgh, of the residue of the copyhold lands (other than the said copyhold lands before limited to such wife, or wives, as the said John Greenhalgh should marry), and of and in the said copyhold lands before limited, to the use of such wife, or wives, as aforesaid, immediately after the death of such wife, or wives, and as the estates therein shall severally and respectively determine, to the use of the said Richard Greenhalgh and the heirs male of his body begotten upon the body of the said Alice, with like remainders over as before,

with a proviso (inter alia) that the said John Greenhalgh, party to the said indenture, should by his last will, or other his act and deed in writing by him sealed and delivered in the presence of two or more witnesses, limit or appoint one annuity or yearly rent charge of ; £20 a year to John Greenhalgh, the son, for life, to be issuing out of the parcels, parcel of the demesne lands of Brandesholme aforesaid, called great Weethend, the little Weethend, and Scolefield meadowe, the Scholefield ground, the Goosforth and Oxehey, the same annuity to begin after the death of John Greenhalgh, party to the said indenture, with power also for John Greenhalgh to lease any part of the premises "usually letten to farme" not being part of the capital messuage called the Hall of Brandesholme nor any part of the demesnes of Brandesholme and Tottington or elsewhere in the parish of Bury to the saide capital messuage belonging, nor any part of the tithes before mentioned, nor the mills, for three lives, or fewer, or 21 years, or any number of years determinable on three lives or fewer, in possession or reversion, reserving the ancient rentals.

Richard Booth, gentleman, deposed that the deed was made on the very day of the date thereof, or within two days after, sealed, signed, and delivered by the said

John Greenhalgh, Dame Mary Ashton, and Andrew Holden, and that deponent was a witness to it, and further deposed that he was well assured that the other parties whose names and seals were subscribed, did really and truly sign and deliver the said deed. He also deposed that he knew that Richard Greenhalgh in the said deed named was the eldest son and heir apparent of the said John Greenhalgh, and that he was married to Mrs. Alice Rawstorne about the time of the executing the said deed, and he believed the said Richard was from and after the execution of the said deed seized and possessed of the estate limited unto him by the said deed, and further that the said Richard died about January, i635[-6], and left issue Thomas (petitioner) eldest son and heir, then an infant about two [?] years old.

James Greenhalgh, gent, deposed that the said deed was executed as deposed by previous examinant, and to other facts connected with the case.

Henry Cowpe deposed that he well knew all the parties; that he knew before the marriage there was a settlement agreed to be made of the estate of the said John Greenhalgh, and he believed it was the intention of all the parties that the estate should be settled as aforesaid, otherwise the said Edward Rawstorne would

not have paid such a considerable portion with his daughter upon the said marriage as; £1,050; he believed the said sum was all paid, as he well knew the said Edward Rawstorne, and had been in his study and seen several bonds cancelled, which were for payment of all or most of the same, and believed that the reason why the said settlement was not so absolutely completed as by law it might have been was because the said Richard and Alice died not long after their marriage, leaving petitioner very young, and why it was not done after their decease was because the said Thomas had few friends left, and those very negligent for his good, for he believed if John, the grandfather, had been called upon to settle the estate absolutely according to the deed he would have done it, as he believed it was his intention to do, whom he well knew, and that the said John Greenhalgh was then about seventeen years ago Governor of the Isle of Man, and so continued till his death in 1651 ; and he believed that the said John, by reason of his government, lived very much in the said Island, and was for the most part during his government out "of this Nation," and he the better knew the said John's intentions not to recede from the deed of covenant, for upon the intended marriage of his daughter, which was after the said deed was made,

he acknowledged that he neither could or would settle his estate or lands otherwise than in the said deed was purported.

Petitioner deposed that he had not conveyed, assigned, or set any part of his right title in or to any part of the premises to his grandfather, or to any other person for his use, nor did he know any reason in law or equity why he should not enjoy the estate according to the limitations and uses in the said deed mentioned.

He further found that the name of the said John Greenhalgh, the grandfather, deceased, was comprised in the Act for Sale of Lands for Treason, and that petitioner had applied himself to the Commissioners for Removing of Obstructions, upon a proviso in the Act to have his claim, as heir male of the body of the said Richard Greenhalgh on the body of the said Alice his wife begotten, allowed, and it was by the said Commissioners allowed (except as before excepted), that the said judgment was transmitted to the Trustees for Sale of Land, to be by them entered and observed. And that Mr. Brereton found to be the state of petitioner's case, which he submitted for consideration and judgment (20 September, 1653)

(19 August, 1653.) Order of reference to Mr. Brereton.

Petition, equal date. (Copy.)

Affidavit of petitioner (sworn 31 August, 1653) before the Commissioners in London.

Depositions of James Greenhalgh, of Walmesley, gent, (sworn 29 April, 1653), of Rich. Booth, of Booth, gent, (sworn same day), before the Commissioners in London, Henry Cowpe, of Ashenbotham, co. Lancaster, yeoman (sworn 31

Letter from Preston, dated 23 November, 1652, signed by E. Aspinwall, John Saurey, and Robt. Cunliffe, referring to a letter from the Commissioners above, dated 21 September then last, and an order made upon the petition of the above, desiring the benefit of the then late Act for General Pardon in discharge of an estate which came to him by the death of John Greenhalgh, his grandfather, and Richard Greenhalgh, his father. They were required to certify whether the tithes and premises mentioned in the petition were actually sequestrated the first of December, 1651, or not, with true copies of all orders and other entries in the books or papers of the then former Committee or their own touching the same, and

whether he had an estate in any other county, and whether the same was sequestrated or not.

In observance whereof they mentioned the facts as above in the case of John Greenhalgh mentioned, and said those estates had been discharged by an order of 15 July, 1652, as the estate of his wife, Alice Greenhalgh. As to his estate at Brandleholme, they found the same was conveyed by deed to Edm: Ashton, Rich. Holt, and others, for payment of Mr. Greenhalgh's debts before the wars, the same being subsequently found in their possession was sequestrated for their delinquency, and upon an appeal the deed was allowed and the trusts therein ordered to be performed.

As to the tithes, the same being then in lease to one Mr. Chetham for some years, which expired in July or August then last, and they, finding it to be part of the estate which he held in right of his wife, had sequestrated it and received the profits; they conceiving it to have been their duty so to do until they should receive their Honours' orders therein. They referred in this letter to copies of documents which they sent.

Letter from Bolton, dated March 4, 16S2[-3], mentioning that in observance of an order of the 2nd February preceding, made upon the petition of Thomas, grandchild and heir of John Greenhalgh, they had examined such of the Committee of Sequestrations and their Agents upon oath as were most likely to have discovered the delinquency of the said John Greenhalgh and the sequestration of his estate (if there had been any), they being all of them resident in the Hundred of Salford, where the estate of Brandlesom lay, and they enclosed copies of the examinations and a certificate under the hand of Edward Butterworth, Esq., one of the said Committee, who was unable to travel, and that they had again diligently searched their books and papers and found nothing further to certifie than what they had in theirs of 25 January and 23rd November then last, they having all the Books of Orders and Informations of the former Committee after October, 1645. Before then there was no regular

Register appointed, nor any orders, informations, or judgments formally entered, neither (as they conceived) could there have been, in regard of the many troubles and commotions raised by the enemy in that county till the reduction of Latham Garrison in November, 1645. They also had all the books and

papers which had been in Mr. Harrison's hands when he was Solicitor for Sequestrations, from the beginning of the sequestrations up to 1649, wherein they found the names only of all the delinquents, with the particulars of their estates, but not the cause of their delinquencies, or how or by what order they had been sequestered.

"Gent" I intended to have been with you this day but my ould disease and the badness of the weather hath prevented me but were I present I cold not say any thinge materiall more then I certified concerning my Cousin Greenhalgh's busines for I was at London at ye tyme my Cousin Holt of Ashworth's estate was sequestred and many moneths after Soe that I cannot answer any thing as to that particular but thereon shall referr you to what I have formily sayd in my certificate desiringe you will accept of this true appollogie for my absence. I rest " Yor affectionate friend Edw. Butterworth."

"Belfield Marc. 4 i6S2[-3]

"To his honored friends the Comrs for Sequestracons of the County of Lancaster

Theis."

Copy of the certificate he referred to, dated 14 December, 1652.

Interrogatories administered to several of the then late Committee and the Agents.

Examinations taken at Bolton of William Kinardsley, of Haigh, near Bolton, gentleman;

of Richard Bradshaw, of Bolton, dyer;

of John Bradshaw, of Bradshaw, Esq.;

of Thomas Birche, of Birche, Esq.;

of Richard Holland, of Heaton, Esq.;

of Peter Egerton, of Shaw, Esq.

Letter from Preston, dated 12 August, 1653, signed by E. Aspinwall and Ro. Massey, referring to an order of the 9th June then last, requiring them to sequestrate all such estate as they could discover belonging to Thomas, grandson and heir of John Greenhalgh, not then sequestrated, and to receive the rents, issues, and profits thereof for the use of the Commonwealth. And in observance thereof they had surveyed all the estate which they anywise could discover in the county, and sent an attested copy of the survey together with a "Rentally" of all such rents as they could find to have

been due to him. They stated that they found the demesne to be in the possession of John Lowe and others, who had formerly farmed the same, and they desired, as the year was far spent, and the hay growing upon the premises, part of it "Inned" and the rest ready to be, and they having sown some part of it with corn, that they might enjoy it for the remainder of the year upon security to pay for the same proportionably from the 9th of June (date of order for sequestration) according to the rate it had been surveyed at, which they (the Commissioners) had accepted, if their Honours confirmed the contract. They also found that Mr. Greenhalgh in his lifetime was possessed of the tithes of corn and grain in Prisall and Stalmyn with two tithe barns therein (almost in ruins); they valued the tithes to be clearly worth (repairing the barns and paying; £12 a year to the Commonwealth, formerly paid to the then late King, and all taxes and other charges) £70 a year, at which rate they "posted" it, and at a public day of letting several offers having been brought in, one offered by Lawrence Rawstorn, Esq., being £75 they contracted to let them to him, and would proceed to lease them for seven years if the contract was approved.

Details of the estate, names of fields, areas, rents due, names of persons owing the same, signed by the Commissioners above.

Additional information on page 257, of the **LINKED BOOK**:

"In this case the County Commissioners were required to search the records of the former Committee touching the sequestration of John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, Esq. (see p. 124).

fo. 165. Certificate, signed by William Kinardsly and Richard Bradshaw, then late Agents for Sequestration for Salford Hundred, dated 17th December, 1652, shewing that the goods at Brandlesome were sequestered by them for the delinquency of Richard Hoult, Esq., and not for the delinquency of petitioner, Thomas Greenhalgh, nor were they aware that any estate of petitioner's had been sequestered in that Hundred for any delinquency charged upon him, and they had been Agents for that Hundred from the beginning of 1643 to January 1649[-50].

**"THE LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WILLS AND
INVENTORIES FROM THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURT,
CHESTER"**

(ONLINE LINK FOR THE DOCUMENT)

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE
WILLS AND INVENTORIES

FROM THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURT,
CHESTER.

THE SECOND PORTION.

EDITED BY
THE REV. G. J. PICCOPE, M.A.,
CURATE OF BRINDLE.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

Publications of the Chetham Society.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WILLS.

ANNE GREENHALGH, (1481-1566) daughter of Robert Langley Esq. of Agecroft, by Eleanor, daughter of William Radclyffe Esq. of Ordsall

Married John Greenhalgh Esq. of Brandlesome.

She left issue: Thomas, her son and heir, and three daughters, Alice, Elizabeth wife of John Bradshaw Esq. of Bradshaw, and Anne, who married George Seller.

Her descendant, John Greenhalgh Esq. of Brandlesome, was Governor of the Isle of Man under James Earl of Derby from 1640 to 1651, in which year he died of his wounds, after having been present at the battles of Wigan Lane and Worcester.

(ONLINE LINK FOR THE DOCUMENT)

THE WILL OF ANNE GREENHALGH, WIDOW.¹

IN Dei nōie Amen 16 January 1566 [1566-7] I Anne Grenehalgh widow &c. my body to be buried in the pishe churche of Burye To Thomas Grenehalgh my sonne ij oxen ij stagge ij steres iiij kyne and a bull one stagge of iiiij^{or} yeres ould all stuffe belonginge unto the kechin and viij shepe ov^d and besyde xx^{ty} shepe w^{ch} he ought to have by his ffathers will To Elizabethhe Bradshaw the wyffe of John Bradshaw and her children xx^{tie} pounde To Laurence Banister and Eliz. Banister his sister xv pounde To John Bradshaw my sonne in law a bay stagge of ij yeres ould To iiij children of George Sellers w^{ch} I am grandmother unto vj^{li} xiijs iiij^d To John Grenehalgh and his wyffe the best bed in the cham^b above the hall and all thinge^e belonginge unto it a silv^d salte wth a

cov^d double gilte a chalice wth a patten and all thinge belonginge unto the chappell [which] shalbe lefte after ther deceasses at Braundisome as heire lomes I geve ffraunce Holte xl^s To Nicholas Banister ij twint^d stures of theyme that lye wthout To Nicholas Grenehalghe one twynt^d heffer of the best To James Scolfield my servaunte ij shepe To Ric. Scholfield an other of [my] 3vant^e two shepe To Hughe Whiticar xij^d To Hughe Cowope xij^d To S^r Hughe Hardman pryste one stone of fyne wolle that lyethe in his cham^b To Anne Geste one matteres and one covlette To my foure 3vaunte mayd^e evy of theyme ij shepe To Anne Grenehalghe daughter unto my sonne Thoms G. xij shepe To my 3vaunte Thoms Johns xx^ty shillinge To the children of John Bradshawes w^{ch} I am graundmother unto tenn pounde To Bartlemewe Grenehalghe v^s To Elys Haworthe v^s To Henrie Cowoppe iijs iiijd To Ric. Elyson iijs iiijd To S^r Rog^d Hodgkinson pryst x^s To my daughter Ales the best payre of sheet^e save one payre and the best bord clothe To Edmund Grenehalghe xij^d To Eliz. Bradshaw one standinge chyste in the lower plor To my daughter Anne Seller the chyst that hathe the writinge in standinge in the same plor To the wyffe of John Grenehalghe the chyst that hathe the shiet^e in To Anne Bradshaw the square coffer that I ley my kercheff^e in standinge in the same plor To my sonne Thoms G. ij great ark^e in the bake house one basen and one ewer in the butterye To Nicholas Banister iiij^{or} silv^d spones To John Grenehalghe one silv^d spone To John Bradshaw one silv^d spone To George Seller and his wyffe ij silv^d spones To Elizabethe Bradshaw my daughter ij silv^d spones To my sonne Thoms G. the heire in the kilne To Anne Bradshaw and Elizabeth Banister all the lynen yerne flaxe and tow in the house To my sonne Thoms G. my good will of the tyethe of Tottington conditionally that he shall suffer my executors to take the pffitte therof toward^e the payment of the rente for the same and pformance of my will excepte the p^rvy tiethes w^{ch} he shall have to his owne pper

use All the rest of my good^e &c. shalbe devyded at the onlie
discrestions of my execu^t I make my execu^t ffraunc^e Holte of
Gristlehurst and Nicholas Banister of Altam esquiers And I
desire Thom^s G. of Brandelsome esquier my welbeloved sonne S^r
Ric. Johns clerke and pson of the pishe churche of Burye and John
Bradshaw my sonne in lawe esquier to be my supvisors In witnes
&c. in the p^sence of S^r Hughe Hardman clerke Elis Haworthe
Bartlemew Grenehalghe and Ric. Elyson wth others.

End Notes:

¹ Proved 4th February, 1566-7. The testatrix was daughter of Robert Langley Esq. of Agecroft, by Eleanor, daughter of William Radclyffe Esq. of Ordsall (see p. 16 ante, *Note*) and married John Greenhalgh Esq. of Brandlesome. She left issue Thomas, her son and heir, and three daughters, Alice, Elizabeth wife of John Bradshaw Esq. of Bradshaw, and Anne, who married George Seller. Her descendant, John Greenhalgh Esq. of Brandlesome, was Governor of the Isle of Man under James Earl of Derby from 1640 to 1651, in which year he died of his wounds, after having been present at the battles of Wigan Lane and Worcester.—See *Assheton's Journal*, pp. 5, 6, and *Notitia Cestriensis*, vol. ii. part i. p. 29.

Publications of the Chetham Society.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WILLS.

ELENOR LANGLEY (1460-1532), Daughter of Sir William Radclyffe of Ordsall Esq., and Lady Jane Trafford

Married: Robert son and heir of John Langley of Agecroft Esq.,

Her descendants: (1)Thomas Langley, son and heir, who died in his father's lifetime; (2)William, Rector of Prestwich and executor of his mother's will; (3)Edmund and (4)Laurence, both dead in 1568; and (5)**Anne, wife of John Greenhalgh of Brandlesome Esq.**

(ONLINE LINK FOR THE DOCUMENT)

THE WILL OF ELENOR WIDOW OF ROBERT ANGLEY OF AGECROFT ESQ.¹

.....no Dñi m^limo D^omo tricesimo secūdo desimo die
mēsis Maii ego Elenora Langley vidua compos et
in corpore cōdo meū testamētū in hūc modū In p^rmis ... ego aīam
meā Deo oīpotēti bētē Marie oībusq^s s̄ctis ejus corpusque meū sepeliēd̄
in nova capella in pte australi eec̄hio pochialise Marie de
P̄stwych Iīm I wyll and beqweth vij mark^l to y^e intēt y^t an
honest and well disposed p̄st shall pray for y^e saule of myn husband
my saule and all Cristē saules and shall by y^e space of on zere saye
dayly y^e Dirige wt y^e Colet Deus Una spes and oy^r divine service
and masse qwen he ys disposed in y^e sayd chapell Also I wyll that
ij pore scolers shall haue ayther of thaym eve Fridaye on pēne duryng
y^e sayd yere distributed of y^e hond^l of y^e p̄st y^t shall say masse y^r
that daye And the saides scolers knelyng opon thayre kneys shall
pray for y^e saul^l aforesayd duryng y^e masse tyme Iīm to my cosē

Robert Langley esq̄er xx^{os} Īm to my cosē Cecilie hys wyff vjs viij^d
 Īm to my doght Anne Grenhalgh iijli a stōdyng bedde w^t y^e
 hengyngē of y^e said bedde and an matares Also to my son Edmūd
 Langley iijli Īm to my son Laurans Langley iijli Īm to my syst^o
 Clemēs Chetam vj^{os} viij^d Īm to Elenore P̄stwych xx^{os} Īm to y^e
 doghts of my son Thomas L. Elenore and Jone eyther of thaym xl^{os}
 Also I wyll that my son pson [the parson] shall have my fether bedde
 my best mātyll a carpet a seller and curtē all of qwyte and a cov-
 yng to y^e said bedde of tapstre werke Īm to y^e wyff of Thom^s
 Hollond a pan Īf to Elenore P̄stwych and Anne hyr syst^o eyther of
 thaym a cofer Īm to Alys Rydych a pott and halfe a quartyn of
 yorne Īm to Cecill Ashetō a materes and iij^{os} iiij^d Īf to y^e nurse
 my best curtyll Īm to my syst^o Clemēs my best gowne Īm to Elē
 Gest my workedaye goyne a cowte and a serke Īm to Elynore
 Chetā a curtyll and a serke Īm to y^e doghters of John Grenhalgh
 Elyzabeth and Anne ey^o of thaym xx^{os} Īm to S^r John Mosse xij^s
 iiij^d Īm to Jane Chetā my werse gowne Īm to Añe Asshetō a
 spruce cofur Īm to Wyll^m Langley vjs viij^d Īm to y^e church of
 Eccles xx^{os} Īm to Thom^s Scholē xij^d Īm to Elenore Scholē iiij^d
 Īm to my son Wyllm L. pson of P̄stwych aforesayde on kow Īm I

bequeth xxvj^{os} viij^d to bye a sute to say masse in and to be occupied
 in the chapell where I shall be buryett Residuū vero bonoȝ meoȝ
 nō p̄us legatoȝ post q^um legata mea inde fuerint soluta do et lego
 distribuēd p̄ salute aīe mee Īm I wyll thatt my cosē S^r Aleȝ Radcliffe
 knyght be y^e supvisor of thys my last wyll Īm I ordē and make
 my sayde son Wyllm L. pson of P̄stwych a fore sayd and my serȝnt
 S^r John Mosse p̄st the executors of thys my p̄sent last wyll to be
 fulfyld accordyng as ys afore sayd Yevē the daye and yere aboue
 wryte Thes beyng wytteness [of] hyt John Radclyff gen^t S^r John
 Lathū p̄st S^r John Hyll p̄st and oy^r.

End Notes:

¹ No date of probate. Eleanor daughter of William Radclyffe of Ordsall Esq. married (covenants dated 17th Edward IV. Dodsworth vol. 87, fo. 164.) Robert son and heir of John Langley of Agecroft Esq., by whom she had Thomas Langley her son and heir, who died in his father's lifetime; William, Rector of Prestwich and executor of his mother's will; Edmund and Laurence, both dead in 1568; and Anne, wife of John Greenhalgh of Brandlesome Esq.

(ONLINE LINK FOR THE ABOVE DOCUMENT)

Publications of the Chetham Society.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WILLS.

ROBERT HOLT (1500-1554),

Son of William Holt, and Dorothy Ashton
Married Elizabeth Alice Standish, daughter of Roger Standish, of
Standish Parish, Lancashire. Their descendants: (1)Alice, married to
John Greenhalgh in 1557, (2)Elizabeth Mary, (3) Mary

(ONLINE LINK FOR THE DOCUMENT)

THE WILL OF ROBERT HOLT OF STUBLEY ESQ.¹

IN the name &c. The xvijth daye of Decembre in the yere of oure
Lord God m cccc liij and in the ffyrste and secounde yeres of
the reinges of oure sovayrygne lord and lady Phyllippe and Mary &c.
I Robert Holt of Stublaye in the countye of Lanç esquier sycke in
body nottw^tstandynge in pfecte mynde and holle of memory thankes
be to God therfore consyderynge the mysarable estate of mā the daye
and howre of deathe to be uncerteren do orden and make this my
psent testamente conteynynge herein my laste wyll in man^ñ and
forme folowynge ffyrste and pryncypally I gyve and hollye bequethe
my sole to the eternall lyvynge God the only maker and redemer of
mankynde and my body to be buried in the chauncell in the
parysshe churche of Rachedale nere wheare my father was buried
that ys to saye my fete to lye nere wheare as the head of my wyffe
lyethe in as shorte a tyme as any honeste pvyson can be con-
venyentlye made for my entyremente The expenses costes and
charges towchynge my said entyremente to be levyed of my goodē
by the des cresyon of myne executor hearaft^r to be named I^{fm}
to Elizabethe Holt xl^s to be payed at suche tyme as she shall goe

frome my nephu Robert Holt or be maryed It to S^r Robert Turnagh
preiste xl^{os} to be payed unto hym in thre yeris Itm to Thomas
Goreld xx^{os} Itm to Ale^x Brydge xx^{os} and the colte whyche I had of
hym whyche was of his mare Itm to Edmunde Mylne xl^{os} to
be payed in thre yeares Itm to Rychard Holt xl^{os} to be payed
in thre yeares Itm to Roger Holt xiijs iiijd to be payed in ij yeares
Itm to my nece Jane y^e wyffe of Edward Butt^{worth}¹ one heffer Itm
to my cosyn Robert Butt^{worth} one gowne lyned w^t damaske Itm
to Rychard Holt a saten dublett Itm to Edmund Mylne a saye
dowblett It to John Copp a kelter coote Itm wheare as y^e said
Rychard Holt haithe a lease of y^e grānnte of me and my said nephu
of one certen tenement called Breers Depelaychehyll nowe in the
holdyng of Edward Brerelye yt ys my wyll yf the said Edwarde
be so cōtēted that y^e said Rychard Holt shall haue and occupy y^e
one halff of y^e said teñet duryng so many yeris as the said Edward
haithe yet to expyre And then after that y^e said Edward and Isabell
his wyffe to haue and occupye y^e halffe of y^e said tenemente durynge
so many yeris w^tin the lease of y^e said Rychard as the said Ric^h
shall occupye w^t in theyr lease yf eyther y^e sayd Edward or Isabell
shall so lonnge lyve And yf y^e said Edwarde wyll not thus be
contented then yt ys my wyll that yf y^e said Edward or Isabell haue
comytted or hereafter shall commytt any acte or act^c wherby y^e
said tenemente or any pcell therof shalbe forfeited eyther by fall-
ynge of woodde or letting downe of howses or any other wayes
that then and immediatlye evy suche forfeiture shall growe and come
to y^e use pfyte and behove of y^e said Rychard Holt And then he
forthew^t to entre upon the same and yt to occupye accordyng to the
effete of his lease And yf no forfeiture be made then the said
Rychard to entre upon y^e holle tenemente immedyatlly aft^d y^e deter-
myna^{cōn} of the said his lease Itm to my said nephu Robert Holt
y^e warde and maryage of Emme Goye nowe beynge my ward w^t all
suche leases and tack^c of ground^c and tythes of corne or any other
whatsoev^d they be as I have of any pson or ps ons Itm to James
Holt iij^{os} iiijd Itm to Edward Wardell iij^{os} iiijd Itm yt ys my wyll

that all suche dett^e as I do owe aswell those that I haue not sett upon my wyll yf any suche can be duly pved as those y^t I haue caused to be wrytte herin shalbe truly payed unto who so ev^t I do owe any Item I wyll that iij of my gretteste brasse pott^e ij garnysshe of pewter vessell iiij fetherbedd^e wt all thyng^e therto belongynge shall remayne att Stubleyn as heire lomes The resydue of all my good^e my funerall expences legacies and dette payd I wholly gyve to the said Robert Holt my nephu whome I do orden &c. my sole and lawfull executor &c. In wyttnes &c. These beynge wyttenes Robert Turnagh preiste Rychard Holt Henry Holt Edmunde Mylne and others.

From the debts owing by the testator “to my syst^t Angnes Barton wydowe and her dowghters xiij^{li} vjs viij^d.” From debts owing to the testator, “of Nycholas Sayvell vj^{li} xiijs viij^d wheroft I wyll that iiij^{li} shalbe gyven toward^e the mendyng of the church of Rachedale and byenge of ornament^e to ye same And lijs iiij^d to be geven to pore folkes for my sole and for the sowle of Renolde Ligne.”

Endorsed as proved before the Dean of Blackburn, but no date of probate.

End Notes:

¹ His post mortem inquisition was taken 1 and 2 Philip and Mary, and his nephew and heir was Robert, son of William Holt Gent. by his wife Alice, daughter of Sir John Savile of Newhall in the county of York Knt. and of the age of fifty years.—*Lanc. MSS.* vol. xiv. p. 118. According to Glover's Visitation in 1567, his daughter, Margaret Holt, married John Mirfield of Tong Hall in the county of York Esq. “liv. 8 Edw. IV.” (which date must be erroneous.) He bought abbey lands, rebuilt his house of Stubleyn, conformed to the Reformation, promoted its extension in the parish of Rochdale, and was an influential Justice of the Peace.

(ONLINE LINK FOR THE ABOVE DOCUMENT)

Robert Holt, ESQ

Inquisition

Robert Holt, of Ashworth Hall, Esquire.

Inquisition taken at Manchester, 2 Sept., 22 James [1624], before *Edward Rigby*, Esq., Escheator, after the death of *Robert Holt*, late of Ashworth,¹ Esq., by the oath of *Edmund Ashton*, *Edmund Hopwood*, and *Edward Rostorne*, Esqs., *Thomas Cheatom*, *John Shacklogg*, *Edmund Tetlowe*, *Giles Ainsworth*, *Thomas Byrome*, *John Duncalffe*, *Peter Holt*, *John Scoles*, *Thomas Bolton*, *Ralph Hobson*, *William Hewood*, *John Alred*, and *Thomas Blumyley*, gentlemen, who say that long before his death *Robert Holt* was seised in fee of the manor and hamlet of Ashworth; also of 1 capital messuage in Ashworth, called "Ashworth Hall"; 18 messuages, 10

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2 Sept.
1624.

cottages, 20 gardens, 20 orchards, 1 grain water-mill, 4 fulling mills, 200 acres of land, 80 acres of meadow, 200 acres of pasture, 100 acres of wood and underwood, 200 acres of moor, moss, and turbary in Ashworth, Wostenholme,¹ Marcroft, Yate, Cheesden,¹ Bamford,² Middleton, and Spotland;¹ and 10 messuages, 2 cottages, 10 orchards, 10 gardens, 100 acres of land, 20 acres of meadow, 100 acres of pasture, 100 acres of moor, moss, furze, and heath in Butterworth.¹

So seised, by deed, dated 20 Dec., 8 James [1610], and by execution thereupon had on 11 Jan. of the same year [1610–11], he enfeoffed *William Davenport*, Knt., *Ralph Ashton*, *John Greenehalgh*, and *Robert Hewood*, Esqs., of all the premises aforesaid. To hold to them and their heirs to the uses declared in a certain Indenture bearing even date therewith, and made between *Richard Ashton*, Knt., of the one part, and *Robert Holt* of the other part, viz. as to all that part of Ashworth hall and the rooms and parcels of land therein specified³

to the use of *Robert Holt* until such time as *Richard Holt*, then son and heir of *Robert Holt*, son and heir of *Robert Holt* (named in the writ), should accomplish the age of 21 years (if he should so long live), and after the determination of such term, then to the use of *Richard Holt* and the heirs male of his body ; and for default to the use of *Robert Holt* and his heirs male ; and for default to the use of *Robert Holt* and his heirs for ever. As to the residue of the premises, to the use of *Robert Holt* and his assigns for life, without impeachment of waste ; and after his decease to the use of *Robert Holt* and his assigns until such time as *Richard Holt* should accomplish the age of 21 years (if he should so long live), with remainders as above ; with power to *Robert Holt* by Indenture to make demises of any part of the premises (those already limited to his own use during the minority of the said *Richard*, as well as Ashworth Hall and the demesne lands of Ashworth, and the lands then or within 6 years then last past occupied as part thereof, and the corn-mill of Ashworth excepted) to any person for

21 years in possession and not in reversion, the yearly rents theretofore payable being reserved. As by the said deed and Indenture shown to the Jurors in evidence more fully

appears. By virtue whereof and by force of the Statute of Uses *Robert Holt* was seised of all the premises aforesaid as required by law, with remainder as above said. Afterwards, viz. before the death of *Robert Holt*, *Richard Holt* came of age and was then seised in fee tail, to himself and his heirs male, of all the premises aforesaid, with remainder and reversion thereof as aforesaid. They being so respectively seised, a Fine was levied at Lancaster on Monday in the 5th week of Lent, 16 James [1618], between *Theophilus Ashton* and *John Greenehalgh*, Esqs., and *Ralph Ashton* and *John Cudworth*, gentlemen, plaintiffs, and *Richard Holt* and *Robert Holt*, deforciants, of Ashworth Hall, 2 gardens, 2 orchards, 120 acres of land, 40 acres of meadow, 90 acres of pasture, 10 acres of

wood in Ashworth and Middleton to the uses expressed in an Indenture tripartite dated 11 March, 16 James [1618-19], and made between *Robert Holt* of the 1st part, *Richard Holt* of the 2nd part, and *Theophilus Ashton* of the 3rd part, viz. as to all that part of Ashworth Hall and the rooms and parcels of land therein specified to the use of *Richard Holt* and *Mary*, then his wife (now the wife of *John Greenehalgh*, Esq.), and their issue male; and for default to the use of the heirs male of *Richard Holt*; and for default to the use successively of *Robert Holt* and his heirs male, and of himself and his heirs for ever. As to the residue of all the premises, to the use of *Robert Holt* and his assigns for life, without impeachment of waste; and after his decease to the use of *Richard Holt* and his heirs male by *Mary*; and for default to the use of *Richard Holt* and his heirs male, with remainder as above. Certain closes should immediately after the levying of the said Fine be charged with a rent-charge of £13 : 6 : 8 to *Richard Holt* and *Mary* during the life of *Mary*, and after her decease to *Richard* during the life of *Robert Holt*, with power of distress. And certain closes (except 1 acre and 1 rood of land and 34 falls of land) therein mentioned to be charged with a yearly rent-charge of £5 to *Robert* and *Mary Holt*, younger children of *Robert Holt*, son and heir of *Robert Holt* (named in the writ), for 11 years then next following if they or any issue of both or either of them should so long live, with power of distress, as by the said Indenture and by a transcript of the Fine, shown to the Jurors in evidence, this appears.

Robert Holt, the younger, and *Mary*, his sister, still survive at Manchester.

By virtue of the said Fine and Indenture and by force of the Statute of Uses *Richard Holt* and *Mary*, his wife, and *Robert Holt* (named in the writ) were respectively seised of the premises aforesaid. *Robert Holt*, being seised of the premises in Butterworth, by deed dated 8 June, 18 James [1620], enfeoffed thereof *Theophilus Ashton*, *John Greenehalgh*, *Ralph Ashton*, and *John Cudworth*, to hold to them, their heirs and

assigns, to the uses expressed in a certain schedule to the said deed annexed, viz. to the use of *Robert Holt* for life, without impeachment of waste ; and after his decease, to the use of *Richard Holt* and his heirs male by *Mary* ; and for default to the use of the heirs male of *Richard Holt* ; and for default successively to the use of the heirs male of *Robert Holt* and of his right heirs for ever, with power to *Robert Holt* to demise all or any of the premises, as by the said Charter and Schedule, shown in evidence to the Jurors, more fully appears. By virtue whereof and by force of the Statute of Uses *Robert Holt* was seised of all the premises in Butterworth as of free-hold for life, with remainders as aforesaid.

Long before his death *Robert Holt* was seised as of free-hold for life of 12 messuages, 3 cottages, 12 gardens, 12 orchards, 200 acres of land, 60 acres of meadow, 100 acres of pasture, 6 acres of wood, and 200 acres of furze and heath in

Quick and Saddleworth, in co. York ; with remainder to *Richard Holt* and the heirs male of the body of *Robert Holt* (his father) ; with remainder to *William*, another son of *Robert Holt*, and his heirs male ; with remainder to the heirs of *Robert Holt* by *Agnes*, his wife (now deceased) ; with remainder to the right heirs of *Agnes* for ever.

Richard Holt and *Mary*, being so respectively seised, *Richard* died 14 June, 18 James [1620] ; *Mary*, late his wife and now the wife of *John Greenhalgh*, still survives at Manchester.

Robert Holt died at Ashworth 31 July last past [1624] ; *Richard Holt* is his kinsman and heir, viz. son and heir of *Richard Holt* (deceased), son and heir of *Robert Holt* (deceased), son and heir of *Robert Holt* (named in the writ), and is aged at the time of taking this Inquisition 5 years 1 month and 6 days, and no more.

Robert Holt (named in the writ) and *Robert Holt*, named in a certain Inquisition taken at the Castle at York 2 Aug., 18 James [1620], whereby he was found to be seised of the premises aforesaid in co. York for life, are one and the same person.

The manor, capital messuage, and all the premises in Ashworth, Wostenholme, Bamford, Middleton, Spotland, Marcrofte, Yate, and Cheesden are held of *Ralph Ashton*, Esq. (now in the custody of *the King* by reason of his minority) by knight's service and 3*s.* 4*d.* yearly rent, and are worth per ann. (clear) 40 marks. Of whom the messuages, lands, and other the premises in Butterworth are held the Jurors know not, and they are worth per ann. (clear) 40*s.* The messuages, lands, and other the premises in Quicke and Saddleworth are held of *the King in capite* by knight's service, viz. by the 40th part of a knight's fee, and are worth per ann. (clear) £6 : 13 : 4.

THOMAS GREENHALGHE (DIED 1609)

INQUISITION, BOLTON, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND

ONLINE LINK

Thomas Greenalghe, Gentleman.

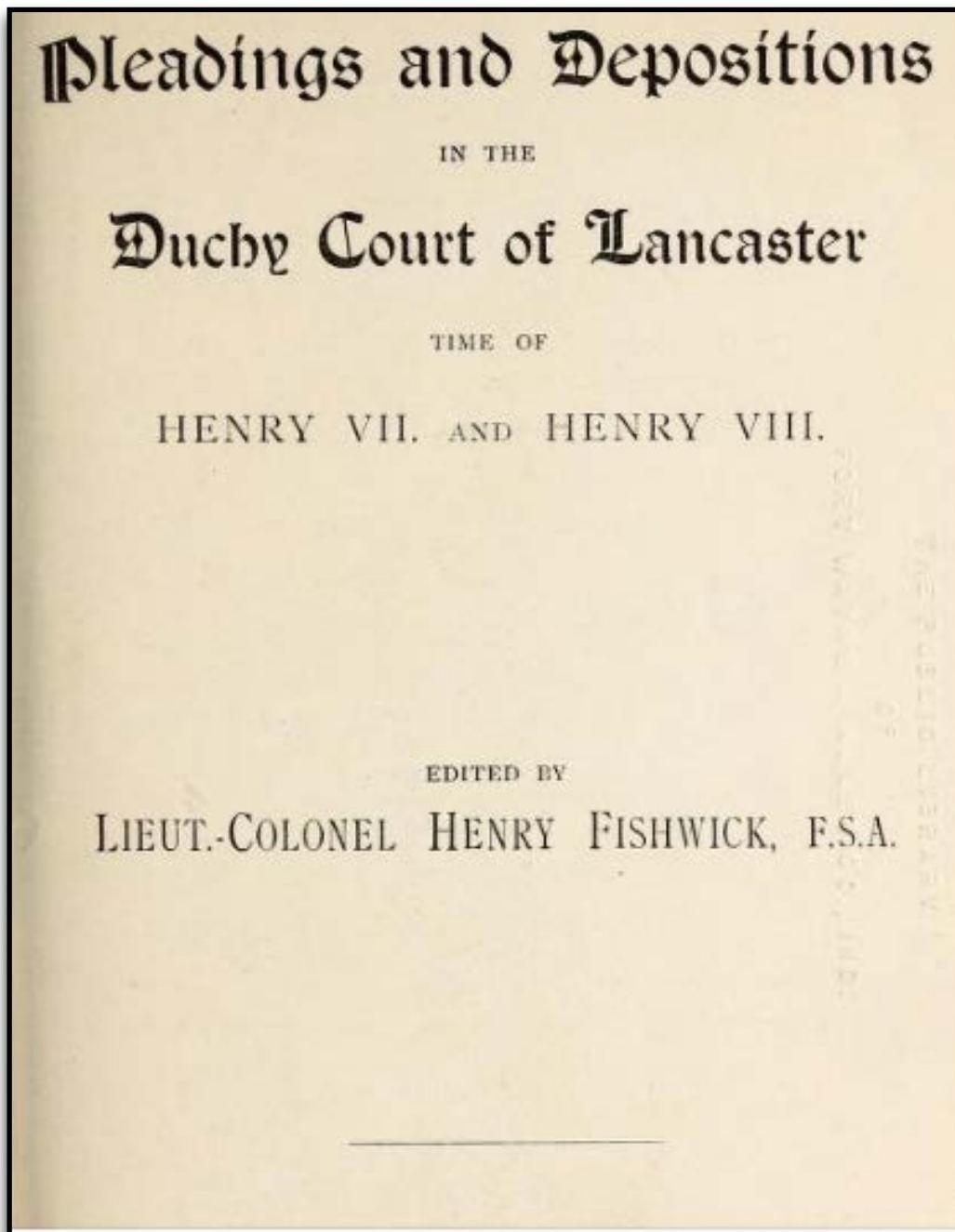
Inquisition taken at Boulton 17 July, 7 James [1609], before *Edward Rigbie*, Esq., Escheator, after the death of *Thomas Greenalghe* of Farnes in Tottington, co. Lanc., gentleman, by the oath of *Giles Ainsworth* of Ainsworth,¹ *Richard Sharples alias Warde* of Sharples, *James Lighboun* of Boulton, *William Mollyneux* of Westhoughton, *Giles Ainsworth* of Highfielde,² *Adam Leaver* of Great Leaver, *Ellis Bradgshawe* of Tonge, *Ralph Greene* of Turton, *Robert Boulton* of Farnworth, *Robert Norres* of Boulton, *James Crampton* of Farnworth, *Robert Reeve* of Westhoughton, *Alexander Ward* of Boulton, *Alexander Walmisley* of Boulton, and *John Parke* of Boulton, gentlemen, who say that *John Greenalghe* (father of *Thomas*) was seised of a capital messuage and 22 acres of land, meadow, and pasture, called Farnes, in Tottington, and by Charter, dated 25 February, 34 Eliz. [1592], gave and granted the same to *Richard Houlte*, *John Romsbothom*, *Richard Nutto*, and *Luke Horsfald*, and their heirs to the use of himself for life, then of the said *Thomas* and his issue by *Christabel*, then his wife; next, of his issue by any other wife, with remainder to the right heirs of *John* for ever. By virtue whereof *Thomas Greenalghe* entered after the death of his father, and was seised of the premises in fee tail.

The tenements in Tottington are held of *John Holte*, Esq., in free and common socage, by fealty and rent of six silver pennies [*denariorum argenti*] at the feast of S. Oswald the King [5 August] yearly, and are worth per ann. (clear) 26*s.* 8*d.*

Thomas Greenalghe died without issue at Tottington 30 January, 5 James [1607-8], and *Richard Greenalghe*, his brother and next heir, is now aged 40 years and more.

**"Pleadingsd and Depositions
in the Duchy Court of Lancaster during the time
of HENRY VII. And HENRY VIII."**

ONLINE LINK



JOHN GREENHOUGH, THE KING'S FEODARY AND BAILIFF,
versus ROGER ANDERSON AND JAMES SCHEPPUL-
BOTHOM, CONSTABLE OF BERY [BURY].

To the Right Honorable Sir Henry Marney, Knight.

Vol. xii., [Calendar 6.] G. I.
11 Hen. VIII. [1519-20.] JOHN Grenough, of Brandylson [Brandlesome], in the county
of Lancaster, feodary and bailiff to the King of the fee of
Totyngton [Tottington], parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, com-
plains that where one Thomas Nawden was attainted of murder
for the death of Edmund Kaye, whereby he forfeited all his goods
whereof plaintiff ought to make a due account to his Majesty;
and whereas plaintiff would have seised all the said goods, Roger
Anderton, of Bery [Bury], in the said county, came intending to
disinherit the King of felon's goods, and drove away all the said
goods, to wit, 5 kine price 4 marks, 2 oxen price 20s., 4 heifers
price 26s. 8d., 3 "stekys" price 9s., a mare price 10s., and other
"catelles and corn" to the value of 40s. And whereas 3 stray
sheep came within the said fee of Totington, plaintiff seized
them to the King's use, but the said Anderton and James Shypo-
bothom drove the said sheep away.

Prays for Letters of Privy Seal.

The said John Grenough likewise complains that whereas he
in the execution of his duty, at divers times, sent his servants to
distain within the lordship of Bery [Bury] and Shittylworth [Shuttle-
worth], for several amerceaments at sundry courts held by the
King's steward within the lordship of Toddyngton [Tottington],
at which courts Thomas, Earl of Derby, the 4 constables of Bery

[Bury] and the said township were severally amerced, Roger Anderton, of Bery [Bury], yeoman, and James Shippulbothom of the same, with 6 other riotous persons riotously rescued and would not allow plaintiff's servants to distrain.

Prays that the said Anderton and Shippulbothom, being now in London, may be commanded to answer the premises.

The answer of Roger Anderton and James Scheppulbothom.

Defendants say they have never heard that the Earl of Derby held the lordship of Bery [Bury] of the King to do suit at the court held in the lordship of Todyngton [Tottington], or that his Majesty was seised of such suits of the said Earl, by reason whereof the said Roger Anderton, as servant of the said Earl, desired the said John Grenehoghe, at the time of the said rescue, not to distrain for such amerciaments until right might be known as to whether the said Earl "owt" any such suits to the King; if so, the said Roger and James will be ready to be ordered.

The answer of Roger Anderton and James Shepulbotham.

Defendants did not know that the said John Grenehough was bailiff or feodary of the said fee of Todyngton [Tottington]; nor that Thomas Nawdon had any goods beyond 4 kine, 1 mare, and some corn.

It is true that the said Nawdon was attainted of felony, and was arrested by the said Roger and brought to the gaol at Lancaster. His goods were left in the possession of his wife, who, with her brothers, delivered 26s. 8d. of their own money to the said Roger at the commandment of Sir Harry Hashall, Justice of the Peace, to be used for the keeping of the said felon in the stocks before going to prison. This amount, and more, was spent, and then the said wife and her brothers took into their possession 4 kine, parcel of the goods of the said felon, in satisfaction of the said 26s. 8d.

The Earl of Derby has liberty of "waif and stray" within the lordship of Bery [Bury], whereof defendants are constables. James Greve came into the said lordship and took the said 3 sheep mentioned in the bill, pretending title to them as strays, whereupon defendant, claiming the said sheep to be strays to the said Earl, commanded Robert Lache to fetch the said sheep back again, which he did: Afterwards defendant caused proclamation to be made in the market of Bery [Bury] according to the law, and, after proof was made for the "propriete" of the said sheep, one was delivered to one Bothe, servant to plaintiff, another to William Batersby, and the third to one Assworth.

The replication of John Grenelough.

Plaintiff says that Bery [Bury] is parcel of the lordship of Toddington [Tottington]. The said 3 sheep were strays and "soo knowing" at a town called Atonfeld [Edenfield] within the said lordship and were thence driven away by the said defendants. The King alone has title to all strays. The said Earl owes the said suits and services to the King.

Commission dated 14th November, 11 Henry VIII. [1519], addressed to Ric. Hesketh, attorney at Lancaster, Ric. Asshton, Esq., John Hopwood, Esq., Ric. Smyth, parson of Bery [Bury], Robert Bolton, Esq., and Gilbert Holden.

Depositions taken 22nd December, 11 Henry VIII. [1519].

Robert Bothe, aged 39 years, says that being deputy for John Grenelagh, the King's bailiff, he, on Tuesday next before Christmas, came to the house of Thomas Naden, the King's felon, whose goods he intended to seise to the King's use, but he found the doors barred and the barn doors "writhen with withes."¹ Deponent then rode into the grounds and found 5 "kye" price 45s., 4 young beasts price 13s. 4d., 2 "oxen bestes" price 10s., a mare price 6s. 8d., and 2 "foles" price 2s., sum total £3 17s. od. Deponent knows that Roger Anderton sold to Thomas Bradley and Robert Bradley, 4 beasts of the said Thomas Naden's for 26s. 8d., and 2 oxen to John Keye, of the Littlewode, for 10s.

On the said Tuesday witness demanded the goods of the said felon of the said Anderton, who answered that he had "arrested" them in the right of the Earl of Derby, and that neither deponent nor any other should meddle with them. Soon after, the said Anderton, accompanied by 12 or more persons, in the chapel within the Parish Church of Bury, called deponent before him and in the presence of them all discharged him from any further meddling, "bot open his Jopdy,"² and charged the Earl's tenants

¹ Twisted with twigs of willow. ² Jeopardy.

to stop deponent or any others who attempted to take the said felon's goods.

Roger Anderton and his son, James Shepulbothum, and Robert Lache went to deponent's house on the Monday before Midsummer day last, and took away a cup price 10d., and 2 ewers price 20d., which witness had seised for the King, and caused deponent's wife to deliver him the "wolle pice vjd. and delt it at his pleasure."

Edmund de Grenehalgh, aged 26 years, says as above.

Thomas Batersbe, aged 60 years, says that he distrained James Shepulbothum and Roger Anderton for amerciaments lost in the court of Totingdon [Tottington] and "streytes y^off," delivered to deponent as deputy to John Grenhalgh, and seised from both of them a brass pot for the said distress on St. Peter's day last, but they made rescue and said he should have nothing against their will. Edmund Sedon was present.

Edmund Sedon, aged 40 years and more, says as above.

Rauff Keye, aged 50 years, deposes as above.

Thomas Bradley, aged 50 years, says that Roger Anderton and other of the constables of Bury, sent to him and to Robert Bradley his brother, one Jaynkyn Hewwod, desiring them to come and speak to them. They then took them to Thomas Naden's house and sold them 4 kine, price 26s. 8d.

Ryc. Assheton, John Hopwod,
Rychart Smyth, pson of Bury.
Robert Bolton. Gylbart Holeden.

For the part of Roger Anderton.

Hugh Chetham, Bertyn Flecher, Rauff Keye, and Roger Keye depose to being present when Robert Bothe demanded of Roger Anderton the goods of Thomas Naden, for the "Excheter" and in the name of none other, without mentioning John Grenhalgh. The said Roger said he did not know him to be a deputy for the "Excheter," and therefore would not answer him.

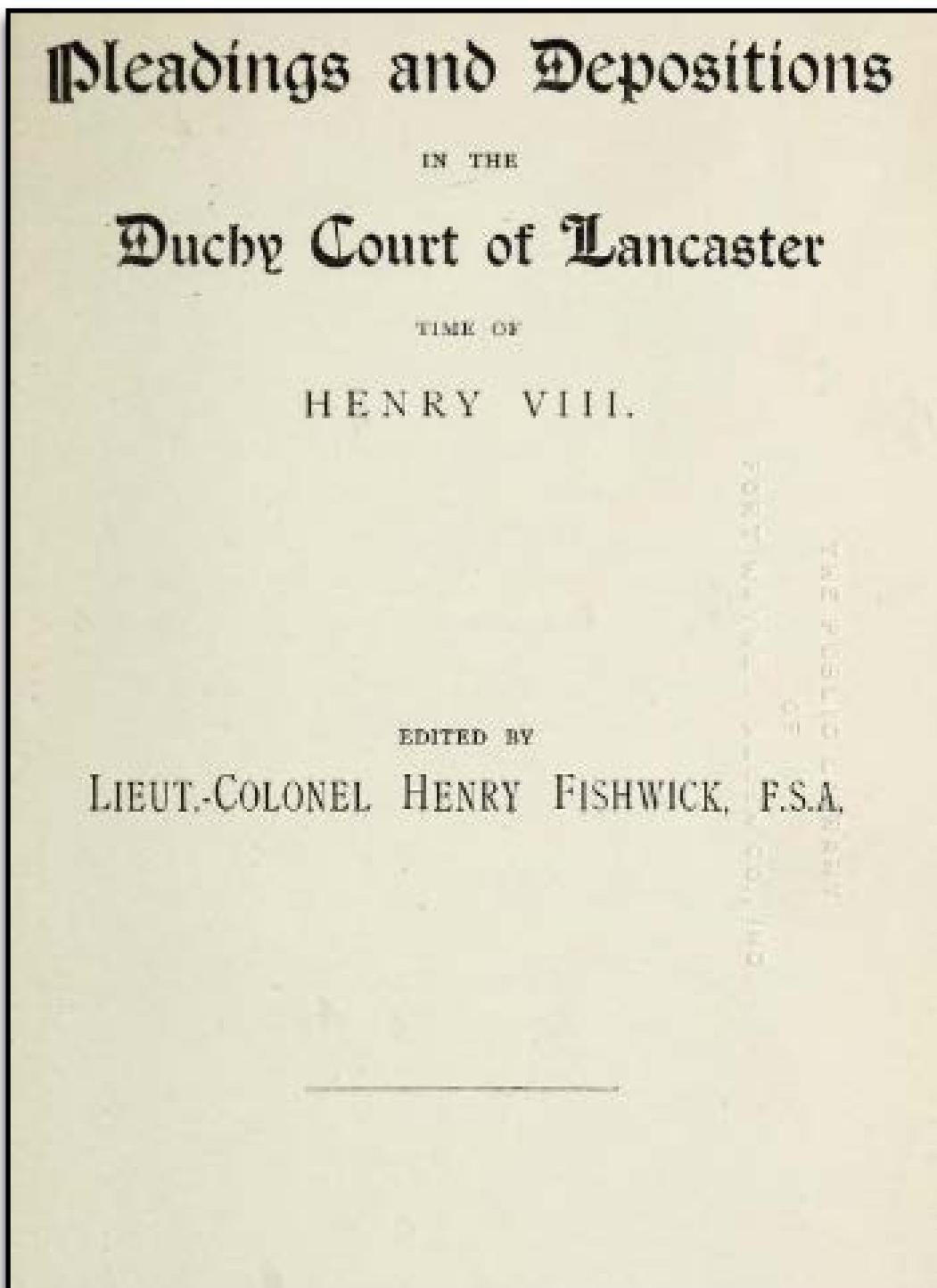
Jamys Keye, of Tocherode, John Keye, of Littlewode, Ric. Leghes, and William Nabbes depose that they were sworn by the commandment of the steward of Bury to "prayse" the goods of Thomas Naden, and to make a true inventory of the same: They found a mare price 6s., a "fole" price 12d., "a swyne" price 20d., corn in the barn 9s. 4d., hay in the barn 4s., and other household stuff price 13s. 4d., sum total 35s. 4d.

James Shepabothom, a deputy constable, of Walmersley Hamell, sworn 6th November, 11 Henry VIII. [1519] says that immediately after the said Roger Anderton had attacked the said Naden for murder, he sent for deponent, who went towards Naden's house, and at a moor called Stanlyes near the said house Naden's wife met deponent and the said Anderton, Elys Holt and Jenkyn Whitehede being present, and they then sold 4 kine to Thomas Bradli, Robert Bradli, and the wife of the said Naden for 26s. 8d., which they then received.

"Pleadings & Depositions of the Duchy Court of Lancaster, during the Time of Henry VIII"

Court cases, in which a member of the Greenhalgh Family was involved.

ONLINE LINK



ISABEL LABREY, WIDOW, *versus* SIR ALEXANDER RADCLYFF,
KNIGHT, AND THOMAS BECKE *re* TITLE DEEDS OF
LANDS, &c., IN MANCHESTER AND NEWTON.

To the Right Hon. William, Earl of Hampton, &c.

Vol. xii.
[Calendar 10.]
L 5.
32 Hen. VIII.
[1540-41].

ISABEL Labrey, widow, complains that where Robert Labrey, her late husband, about 5 years ago, at Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, sold to Edward Janney, of Manchester, and Henry Gee, of Chester, certain tons of iron for 200 marks, to be paid to him at his reasonable request; and also to Hugh Aldersey, of Chester, certain iron for 66 marks 8s. 10d. to be paid in like manner; which said Robert, before receiving any of the said money, about 4 years ago made Thomas Grenehalgh and Anne, his wife, daughter of the said Robert, executors of his last will: and whereas after the death of the said Robert plaintiff "pursued" a bill in the Duchy Chamber against the said executors for her reasonable wife's part of the said goods, whereupon order was

given for plaintiff to have the said sums of 200 marks and 66 marks 8s. 10d. in recompense of part of her wife's part, for assurance whereof the said executors were bound to plaintiff by obligation and indenture: Now so it is, that plaintiff in the name of the said executors has required the said Edward Jannye, Henry Gee, and Hugh Aldersey to pay to her the said money, but they being men of great substance, of their ungodly and uncharitable disposition refuse to do this, but offer to pay the same "by small parcels and at longe dayes" in many yerez, by means whereof plaintiff, being a poor woman, and having nothing to live upon, would in the mean time be utterly undone.

Prays for Letters of Privy Seal.

Easter term, 32 Henry VIII.

Privy Seal to Henry Gee, Hugh Aldershawe, and Edward Jenny to apper xv. Triñ.

DECREES AND ORDERS, HENRY VIII. Bk. 7. F. 86^b.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 32 HENRY VIII. [1540].

Inter
Bekensawe et
Bekensawe.

For the matter in variance between Joan Beckensaw, widow, and Adam Beckensaw, as well for certain corn as household stuff, and other goods remaining in the manor of Beckensaw. First it is ordered that the said Adam suffer the said Joan at all times before the feast of St. John the Baptist next to take all the corn sown by her upon the demesne lands of the manor of Beckensawe [Becconsall], now remaining in the barn or elsewhere. If the said Adam prove that he had good right and title to the said demesne lands at the time of sowing and reaping the said corn, and no interest before by him to any other person granted, then the said Joan to pay to the said Adam all such sums of money as shall be considered by the conscience of the Chancellor in that behalf. As to all the movable goods and household stuff remaining in the said manor of Beckensaw [Becconsall], the said Adam shall suffer the said Joan to take the same away at any time before the Purification of Our Lady next coming at her pleasure. Also it is ordered for the possession of all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments now in variance between Dorothe Beckensaw, plaintiff, and Adam Beckensaw, defendant, That where it appears by bill indented made 4th October, 32 Henry VIII. [1540], that the said parties agreed at the mediation of Sir Alex. Radcliff, Knight, Thomas Holte, Robert Holte, and ~~John~~ John Grenealge, Esqrs., that Sir Robert Hesketh, Knight, and Andrew Barton, Esq., should indifferently keep possession of all the said premises until the last day of the next Sessions to be held at Lancaster; and further by the bill appears that concerning the tithe corn in variance between the said Joan and Adam, if the Vicar of Croston would say before the said Robert Hesketh and Andrew Burton that he had made a lease thereof to Henry Beckensaw, late husband of the said Joan, That then the said Joan to have the said tithe corn, or else it to remain in the hands of the said Robet and Andrew: Now, foras-

much as it appears to the said Chancellor that the said Adam has not obeyed the said agreement, and as the said Dorothy is "very heir general" to the said Henry whereby she, by the order of the common law, ought to enjoy the possession of all the premises until defendant, who claims by a special tail, has proved his "pretensed" title to be true: therefore, the said Chancellor has ordered that possession thereof shall be kept by the said Sir Robert Hesketh and Andrew Barton in such manner as in the said bill is stated, and that they shall take all the profits thereof and retain them until further order is taken therein, and to suffer neither of the said parties to meddle with the said possession or profits in the meantime. As to the said tithe corn the same order to stand as in the said bill is contained. Also it is ordered that a chest of evidence remaining in the keeping of Richard Banastre of the Banke, Esq., shall, by the "oversight" of Sir William Leylond and Thomas Ireland, Esq. be locked with 2 locks and sealed with 2 seals, and that each of the parties shall have 1 key: and the said chest so safely locked shall be sent up by a carrier to be here in the beginning of the next term at the cost of the said Joan, mother of the said Dorothy. Both the said parties shall have notice given them of the day of the coming of the said carrier out of Lancashire with the said chest, to the intent that both the said parties, if they will, may accompany him with the said carriage.

ISABEL LABARA, WIDOW, *versus* THOMAS GREENOUGHT *re* CLAIM
OF THIRDS IN GOODS AND CHATTELS OF PLAINTIFF'S
DECEASED HUSBAND IN MANCHESTER.

To the Right Hon. Lord Privy Seal.

Vol. xii. [Calendar 10.] L. 11. ISABEL Labarra, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster,
widow, complains that where in Trinity term last, 32 Henry
33 Hen. VIII. VIII., it was decreed by your lordship after good deliberation, that
[1541-42]. plaintiff should have, according to the custom of the said county,

her thirds as well of all the goods and chattels personal as of all

chattels real called tacks or leases whereof Robert Labarra, her
late husband lately died possessed, and also that Thomas Gren-
owght, son and heir of John Grenought, of Braddelsume in the
county of Lancaster, being the defendant to the complaint of
your suppliant in this matter and having in his hands as executor
of the said Robert Labarra all the goods real and personal of the
said Robert, should deliver to plaintiff the third of all the said
goods or else the true and just value thereof; Yet this notwithstanding,
the said Thomas, ignoring the said decree, and having in his
said possession divers tacks and farms as well in the towns and
fields of Manchester as in divers other places in the said county,
refuses to give up the said thirds or the true value thereof.

Prays for writ of Privy Seal.

Trinity term, 33 Henry VIII. [1541].

Privy Seal to Thomas Grenehaugh to appear tres^e Michaelmas
next.

SIR JOHN DERCY, KNIGHT, THE KING'S CONSTABLE *versus*
 RICHARD TOWNELEY, THE ELDER *re* SEDUCING THE
 KING'S SUBJECTS FROM ALLEGIANCE IN
 BLACKBURNSHIRE.

To the Right Worshipful Sir John Gage, Knight.

Vol. xiii. [Calendar 11.] D. 5.
 35 Hen. VIII. by Letters to him directed, dated June last [1543], commanded
 [1543-44]. SIR Arthur Dercy, Knight, High Steward of Blackburnshire, in the county of Lancaster, complains that where his Majesty him not only to prepare himself, but also to put in readiness a certain number of able men sufficiently furnished to serve his Highness in his wars beyond the seas, the said men to be levied upon such rule as plaintiff has under the King, by virtue whereof plaintiff, by Richard Sherburn, Esq., his deputy within the said liberty of Blackburnshire, caused open nomination to be given to the King's subjects there, as well in the churches openly as otherwise, according to the ancient custom there used in such cases, commanding them to appear at places limited to take the musters. Immediately after the said commandment so published in the Church at one Richard Towneley, the elder, Esq., in his own person, being one of the King's copyholders, openly in the said Church upon the Holy day gave contrary commandment to his tenants and servants and also to the occupiers of certain of the King's own possessions, whereof the said Towneley is only farmer, for a term of years, telling them not to appear at the said Musters, nor to do any service at the command of the said steward. And whereas the said deputy had appointed certain persons by name whom he thought most convenient to serve the King in the said voyage. Edward Radclif, Esq., John Grenhalgh, Esq., Robert Holt, Esq., Alice Radclyf, widow, and Gyles Colthirst, of Stondon [Standen], not only commanded their tenants so appointed not to obey the said steward, but also told them to make "rescous" upon the constables executing the said commandment, by reason whereof a great part of the King's subjects in those parts were encouraged to withdraw their duties of old time accustomed in diminishing the ancient liberties of the said Duchy.



Prays for Privy Seal.

Michaelmas term, 35 Henry VIII. [1543].

Hereupon attach to the said persons to appear on the Morrow of the Purification next, directed to the Sheriff of Lancashire.

John Greenhalgh (b.1587),

(Not sure of his parents)

Minister, Head SchoolMaster - mid 1600's

John was a Minister and Headschool master for the "Free schools" in Manchester.

[The Committee for Plundered Ministers was appointed by the Long Parliament, then under the influence of the Presbyterians, after the start of the English Civil War in August 1643 for the purpose of replacing and effectively silencing those clergy who were loyal to the King Charles I.

The committee would hear evidence, often from local parishioners, of the errors in doctrine of the parish priest. If the allegations were proved, the rector was replaced and his property forcibly sequestered, so that he could only recover it by buying it back. Local parishioners sometimes used the committee's activities as an opportunity to get rid of clergy they did not like.

These sequestered clergy were described as "scandalous", which meant that either they supported the Royalist cause, or their theological attitudes were high Anglican, or both.

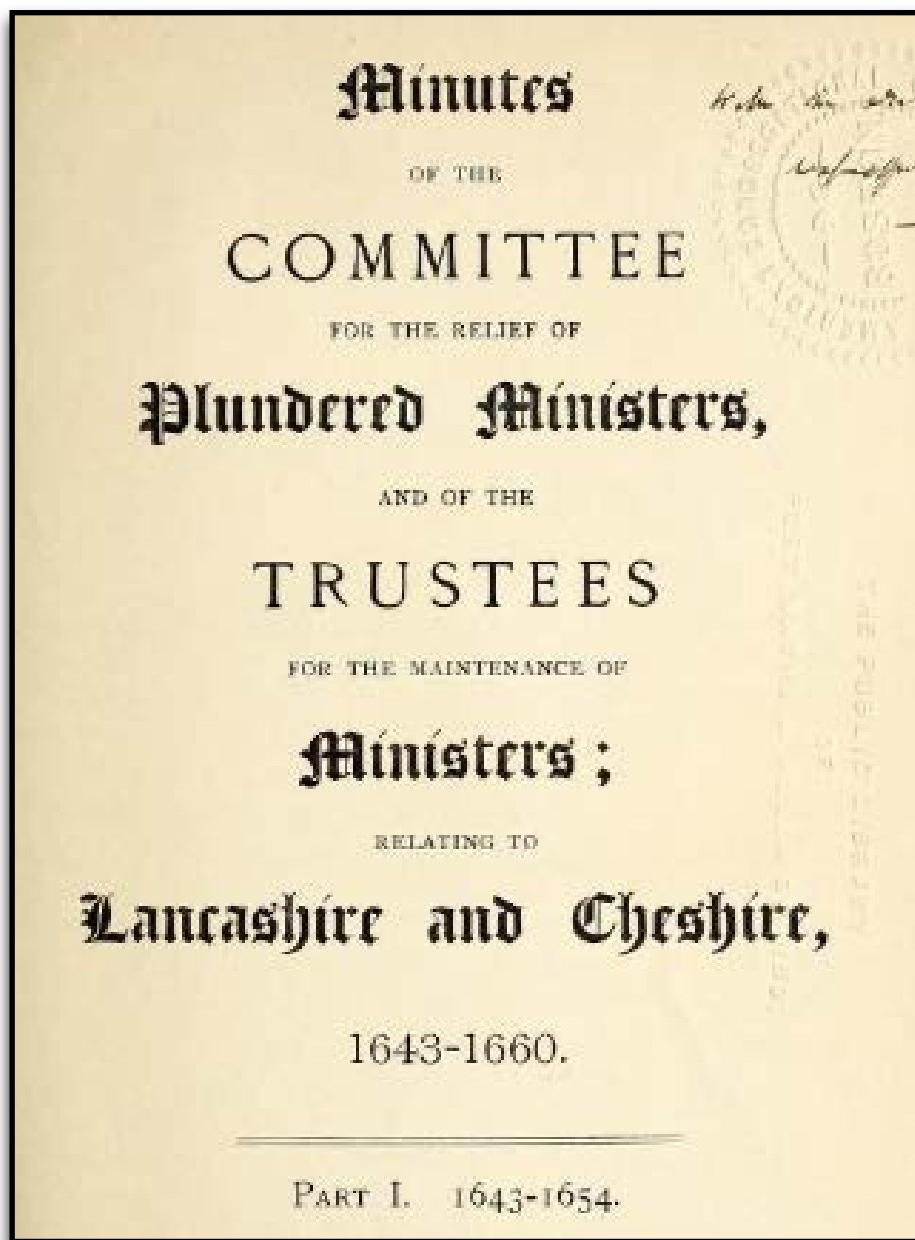
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Parliament, being the opposition to King Charles, was attacking those, like John Greenhalgh and other like minded ministers. The Act, described above, was used to punish these "scandalous" ministers, by finning them, and/or taking property.

In my work regarding the Brandlesome Greenhalghs, I've listed just a couple of examples of John Greenhalgh being persecuted ---and then, a couple of examples of John Greenhalgh, as the SchoolMaster for the Manchester free schools, being given funds for his service.]

A few examples of Minister John Greenhalgh being caught up in the politics of the English Civil War.

ONLINE LINK



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I've listed *just a couple* of examples of **John Greenhalgh** being persecuted ---and then, a couple of examples of **John Greenhalgh**, as the SchoolMaster for the Manchester free schools, being given funds for his service.

Preston.

By vertue of an order of both houses of Parliam^t of the second of May last, It is ordered that the yearlie sume of 50^{li} be p^d out of the tithes of the impropriate Rectory of *Poulton*, in the county Pallitine of Lancaster, sequestred from S^r TH^s TILDESLEY & JOHN GREENHALGH, ESQ^R, delinquents to & for increase of the maintenance of such ministers as shall be, by the divines appoynted by ordynance of Pliament for examination of ministers in the s^d county, approved fit to officiate the cure of the pishe Church of the market Towne of *Preston*, in the afores^d County, the vicarage whereof in the best hands being not above 50^s p anū. And the sequestrators of the premisses are required to pay the same accordinglie att such tymes & seasons of the yeare as the tythes are due and payable.—*Bodl MSS., 323, fol. 164.*

Preston Lecture.

June 5, 1650. Wheras this Comīttee have, the 15th of July, 1646, granted the yearly sume of 50^{li} out of the tithes of the rectory of Poulton, in the county Lancast^r, sequestred from S^r THOMAS TILDESLEY and JOHN GREENHALGH, EQS^r, delinquents, for increase of the maintenīce of such minist^r as should be approved of to preach a weekly lecture in the parish Church of *Preston* in the said county ; it is ordered y^t *Michael Brisco*, a godly and orthodox divine doe, and he is hereby authorised and appointed to, preach the said weekly lecture : and y^t the said 50^{li} a yeare be paid unto him for his said service. And the Comission^{rs} for sequestraōons in the said county are required from time to time to pay unto the said M^r Brisco, or his assignees, y^e said 50^{li} a yeare according to y^e purport of an act of this p^rsent Parliament, intituled an Act for the better paym^t of augmentaōons out of the impropriate rectories, vicarages, and tithes sequestred from papists and delinquents, and at such times and seasons of the yeare as the tithes & proffitts of the said rectory shall become due and payable.—
Bodl. MSS., 327, fol. 315.

In 1650, being paid for being the SchoolMaster

Whereas the yearly stipend or salary of 114^l heretofore payable out of the revenues of the late Dean and Chapter of Chester unto the *ffree schools* of the city of *Chester* for maintenance of the head schoolmast^r, usher & 24 poore schollers thereof (out of w^{ch} was reserved 40^s yearly to the poore of the said city) is now charged upon & payable by the said Trustees it is therefore ordered that the said yearly sum of 114^l, viz 22^{li} to M^r JOHN GREENHALGH m^r of the said ffrēe Schoole, 10^{li} to M^r JOHN PACKE usher, 80^{li} to the 24 poore schollers thereof & 40^s to the said poore be continued & paid to the said m^r, usher, schollers & poore wth the arrears thereof, the same to be accompted from the 11th day of October 1656. [Sic. for 1650]—JO. THOROWGOOD, WM. STEELE, WM. SKYNNER, RIC. YONG, JO. POCOCK—*Lambeth MS.*, 969, p. 112.

Ordered that Mr Lawrence Steele, treasurer, or Mr W^m Farmer, receiv^r, do pay unto Mr JOHN GREENHALGH master of the *ffree schools* of the city of *Chester*, Mr JOHN PACK, usher & 24 poore schollers and the poore of the said city the sume of 171^l due for one yeare & a halfe the 25th day of March 1652 last past viz. 33^{li} to the said mr, 15^{li} to the said usher, 120^{li} to the said poor schollers & 3^{li} to the poore of the said city.—
JO. THOROWGOOD, WM. STEEL, RIC. YONG, JO. POCOCK,
WM. SKYNNER.—(*Ibid.*)

Free School, Chester.

In pursuance of an order of the committee for Reformacon 12 July, 1655. of the Universityes of the 15th of January 1650 it is ordered that Mr James Hunt, receiver, doe from time to time continue and pay unto Mr JOHN GREENHALGH master of the ffree schools in Chester the yearly sume of 36^{li} out of the rents and proffitts hereafter menconed, viz., the yearly sume of 5^{li} out of the rents and proffitts of the ffishing tithes of Dee Mills, the yearly pencon of 1.13.4 issuing out of the vicaridge of Eastham, the yearly pencon of 2.13.4 issuing out of the vicaridge of Maris in Chester, the yearly sume of 2.12.0 out of the tithes of Saughall and Ledsham, the yearly pencon of 1.3.4 issuing out of the vicaridge Chrisleton, the yearly pencon of viii^s issuing out of the vicaridge of Dodleston and the yearly sume of 23^{li} out of the proffitts of the rectory of Buckford all within the County of Chester and amounting in the whole to the said yearly sume of 36^{li}; to be continued unto the said Mr Greenhalgh for such time as he shall discharge the duty of minister in the said schoole or till further order of the said Trustees and to be accompted from the 25th of March last.—JO. THOROWGOOD, JO. HUMFREY, EDW. HOPKINS, RI. YONG, JO. POCOCK.—*Lambeth MS.*, vol. 972, p. 207.

RE: EDWARD GREENHALGH, 1844

A poem written to describe how Edward Greenhalgh's trial for murder was acquitted, mainly because of his mother's touching plea.

Written by the poet, William Sanderson

ONLINE LINK

The poet wrote a very touching verse on an incident which occurred at the Lancaster Assizes, held in February, 1844. A lad named Edward Greenhalgh was tried for attempt to poison a servant woman named Margaret Bury, at Habergham Eaves. The jury acquitted him, and upon hearing the favourable verdict his mother, who was in court, went down on her knees in a transport of joy, and cried, "Thank you, my lord and gentlemen!" The lad was only fifteen years old. The verse is as follows :—

Then the mother's eye glistened with gratitude's joy,
For whatever his faults, her heart clung to her boy.
How sublimely mysterious, wondrous and strange,
Is a mother's affection ; it knoweth no change,
'Tis a feeling engender'd with infancy's birth,
For the holiest, purest and brightest on earth ;
For the babe she has suckled it burneth the same,
Through its manhood's proud rise, through its fall and its shame ;
Yes, the victim of crime, lost, abandon'd, forlorn ;
The despis'd of his fellows, the world's pointed scorn,
Still will find when he's check'd in his guilty career,
Midst the gloom of his prison, his mother draw near.

The Church of All Souls, Little Bolton in the County of Lancashire, England

Financed by Nathaniel and Thomas Greenhalgh



The Church of All Souls, Little Bolton

From The Bolton Journal, Saturday, June 6 1885

"All Souls 'Church, without doubt one of the best ecclesiastical edifices in the diocese of Manchester, is like that of St. Peter's Halliwell, a view of which we gave a fortnight ago, a noble monument of local munificence on the part of a Townsman, being *built by Thomas Greenhalgh, Esq, of Thornydikes, Sharples, from means bequeathed to him, as residuary legatee of his late brother, Nathaniel Greenhalgh Esq, who died February 14 1877,*

and forms part of a scheme by which the latter gentleman gave to Bolton two of the handsomest churches in the town, the second being the Church of the Saviour, now nearing completion in Pikes Lane. The situation of All Souls is admirable, its commanding appearance being visible, through its elevation and colossal proportions, from several distant points. It is easily approached, the north Side facing Astley Street, off Blackburn Rd., and its west end opening into Wolfenden Street, off Halliwell Rd. The church is of the late decorated period of Gothic Architecture. In plan it is exceedingly simple, comprising a nave 80ft by 52 ft, without aisles or arcades, but with a massive tower at the west end.

The substantial stone residence known as Astley Bank, erected by the late Job Stones, Esq, Mayor of Bolton 1832/33, was purchased by *Mr. T. Greenhalgh* for £2,000, and has been made available as a vicarage house for the benefice. Adjoining the church are handsome schools, erected by *Mr. T..Greenhalgh* at a cost of £6,000, and containing accommodation for 800 scholars.



Astley Bank Residence, is now a hotel

[ONLINE LINK](#)

*The following, is research into the HOLT family
and the inter-connectedness of the
GREENHALGH family.*

HOLT OF ASHWORTH HALL

Notes by Lector 1st December 1905.

Printed in the Heywood Notes and Queries. Edited J A Green

[ONLINE LINK](#)

The recent contribution to "Notes and Queries" in reference to inscribed stones reminded me of having somewhere read of a stone over the door of a barn at Ashworth Hall bearing the inscription "RH1601". This is the oldest inscription of the kind in the Heywood district that I have found recorded, and it has suggested to me the giving of a few particulars which may perhaps induce some better informed reader to favour us with what I think has not yet been attempted - a good historical sketch of Ashworth.

"R.H. 1601" no doubt has reference to the Robert Holt who was at that time head of the family at Ashworth Hall. The Holts of Ashworth were connections of the Holts of Stuble, of Gristlehurst, and of Bridge Hall near Heap Bridge; and for many generations they were one of the most influential families on this side of the county.

The Robert Holt of three centuries ago was seized in fee of the manor and hamlet of Ashworth; also of the capital messuages, ten cottages, twenty gardens, twenty orchards, one grain water-mill, four fulling mills, two hundred acres of land, eighty acres of meadow, two hundred acres of pasture, one hundred acres of wood and underwood, two hundred acres of moor, moss, and turbary in Ashworth, Wolstenholme, Marcroft Yate, Cheesden, Bamford, Middleton, and Spotland; and ten messuages, two cottages, ten gardens, one hundred acres of land, twenty acres of meadow, one hundred acres of pasture, and one hundred acres of moor, moss, furze, and heath in Butterworth.

The Holts appear to have been settled in Ashworth at least as far back as the fifteenth century, for I find that about the year 1477 Oliver Holt. Gentleman of Ashworth, son and heir of Richard Holt (by his wife Margaret, daughter of James Cheetham, gentleman of Nuthurst), married Constance, daughter of James Holt of Gristlehurst Hall. The Robert Holt whom I connect with the inscribed stone of 1601 had a son Robert, who was married at Middleton Church on October 28th 1594, to Mary, daughter (by first wife) of Sir Robert Holt Assheton of Middleton of Middleton Hall, and

died about fifteen years and two months afterwards. Robert Holt the elder survived his son, dying on 31st July 1624. Robert the younger had a son Richard (born in march 1597), who married Mary, daughter of William Assheton, Clegg Hall, and sister of Theophilus and William Assheton of Rochdale. Richard Holt, however, died (June 1623) four years before his grandfather, and was only eleven month sold at the time of his father's death - the record in Dugdale's Visitation of 1664, it may be noted, making the younger Richard two or three years older than he really was. This last named Richard married, and had a number of children.

Some of the Holt connections are very interesting. For instance, on June 7th 1585, Mary, daughter of Robert Holt of Ashworth, was married to Thomas, son of John Greenhalgh of Brandlesome (by his wife Alice, daughter of Robert Holt of Stubley). This Thomas Greenhalgh predeceased his wife, and she married again, becoming the second wife of Sir Richard (who died on December 27th 1617), and afterwards resided at Radcliffe Tower or Manor House. By his first marriage (with a daughter of Sir John Byron of Clayton), Sir Richard Assehton had a daughter Mary, who as already shown, was married to Robert Holt the younger of

Ashworth in 1594, and died in August 1600. The aforementioned Thomas Greenhalgh (whose father survived him by some years, dying in January 1615) was the father of John Greenhalgh of Brandlestone, who was a notable Royalist, and acted as Governor of the Isle on Man for Lord Derby from 1640 until 1651, when he died from wounds received in fighting for Charles II. This Captain John Greenhalgh was married three times. His second wife Mary, to whom he was married at Ashworth Chapel on December 8th 1620 was the widow of the aforesaid Richard Holt the elder who died at Ashworth Hall only six months previously. By his first marriage (with Alice daughter of the rev. William Massie, rector of Wilmslow, who dies a few days before Richard Holt) John Greenhalgh had a daughter, Jane, who married Richard Holt of Ashworth to whom reference is made in the "Life of Humphrey Cheetham" (Cheetham~Society's Publications) by Captain Greenhalgh from the founder the famous Hospital and ??? in Manel ???, as follows:-

January 1635 John Greenhalgh of Brandlesome Esq. pays off £30 and asks permission to pay another £30 in month, same interest; but on the 30th March he borrows £60 and sends security. 18th December 1638, he again borrows £250 and his bondsmen are Savile

Radcliffe of Todmorden, Esq. and Henry Byrom of Byrom Esq. Mr Greenhalgh paid use for three and half years for £250 - £70. On the 20th December 1640, he again borrows £300, his bonds being Mrs Marie Assheton of Middleton, Richard Holt of Ashworth Esq. and Edward Rawsthorne of New Hall Esq. "Use hath been paid for this sum for two years £48.

"Various sums were advanced to Richard Holt of Ashworth Esq. so that on the 16th October 1647 ,he writes to Humphrey Cheetham on the sale of Cobbs Nabb, in Bury parish, in order to recoup him to him (Holt's) father-in-law Captain Greenhalgh, then with Lord Derby in the Isle of Man. On the 21st November 1648 Mr Greenhalgh, writing to Mr. Cheetham from Castle Rushen says "For the earnest desire I have that anything that pertains to me or my pore house should rather be put into your hands than any man's living, son Holt's hands excepteth, having ever found you not only upright and just in your dealing but so consonable and respective of your friend, as also to deal really and freely with you because I desire from my heart to further my son Holt in the best manner I may that he may not be compelled either to break off his sister 's marriage or to gain money on harder terms than is meet for me that god knows have been so great

a sufferer in those troublesome times therefore good loving Sir, let me entreat me you on fair and reasonable terms to furnish him with money. Thus sir assuring you of my good health and heartedly desiring yours with remembrance of my wife and my own love and service to you and to my cousin James Warmesly, I remain as I think myself sincerely bound sir yours affectionate friend to serve you."

In the following year Brandelsome itself was in the possession of Humphrey Cheetham, and he paid Mr Richard Holt for seed, corn, hay, oats, etc. delivered to him there. In January 1650, Mr Holt raised money on his lands in Butterworth in Rochdale to repay Humphrey Cheetham and in April he writes "I am still willing to mortgage my lands in Butterworth to you only I beseech you, send some fare to consider my condition as to lay down some considerable sum more than you formerly offered."

Captain Greenhalgh was a great Grandson of Thomas Greenhalgh of Brandlesome (who died on July 18th 1576) by the first wife, Anne a daughter of Robert Labrey of Manchester, sergeant-at arms to king Henry VII. This Mrs Anne Greenhalgh was the sister of Alice Labrey, wife of Stephen Hulme whose son Robert married Alice daughter of Robert Holt of Ashworth;

and this Robert Hulme and his wife, Alice Holt were great-grandparents of William Hulme founder of the noble educational charity which bears his honoured name, One of Captain John Greenhalgh's daughters, Alice (born at Ashworth on December 10th 1610), was twice married: her first husband was Theophilus Holt of Gristlehurst, and her second was Peter Heywood of Heywood Hall.

HISTORICAL NOTES:

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

GREENHALGH FAMILY

FROM EARLY TIME,

AS PERTAINING TO A FOUNDATION BRANCH

KNOWN AS THE

"BRANDLESOME ORDER"

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND PUBLISHED IN
COMMEMORATION OF THE ELECTION OF JAMES
GREENHALGH, ESQ., SOLICITOR, AS MAYOR OF
BOLTON, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1877.

BY J. D. GREENHALGH.

Reprinted from The Bolton Daily and Weekly
Chronicles of November
12th, 13th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 24th.

BOLTON:

The Daily Chronicle Printing Works, Knowsley Street. 1877.

ONLINE LINK FOR THIS DOCUMENT

THE GREENHALGH FAMILY

The constitutional privilege annually exercised by the choosing of a chief magistrate, as embodied in the person of a worshipful the Mayor, is in itself a momentous and interesting event with any community enjoying the possession.

Yet there invariably dwells about the candidate upon whom the choice may have fallen, a two-fold attraction in the popular mind, especially with a community of extended dimensions, such as Bolton, viz., that, as conferred through the bare appointment itself, and that, hanging by the personality of the appointed.

The first gets lavished indiscriminately on all alike "coming up to the post." The second, being more inconstant, depends on a variety of circumstances, social, and otherwise.

But whatever irregularity there may exist with the latter arising out of birth, fortune, mental action, or education can be improved upon so as to harmonise

more with the dignity and honourable character of the former.

For example, the discussion of late through the local press, together with the generous resolution of members in the Town Council regarding the *Mayor's Chain*, is a step in that direction needing further development,—to wit, if with the heraldic bearings the several gentlemen have had inserted therein, who have served the office since its creation, 1838, had accompanied such "bearings" with the origin, otherwise descent of their family names (if practicable), and even where direct connection is "not proven," would have added considerably to public interest—have been a means of saving local and other links from becoming wholly lost in the rust of time, and more effectually assisted historical research.

For instance, it may be asserted, with a tolerably broad gauge, that there are only a few names, families, or offshoots which might not be made to contribute their quota if due record had been kept and publicly registered. It is not necessary at all times to the intellectual palate or the inquiring mind into such particulars, that chaplets [meaning five decades] of enormous wealth, great deeds, lofty titles, or distinguished virtues, should have encircled the brows

of ancestry, although we may be—most of us—very ready to trumpet them forth (where there is half a chance), and nurse a becoming pride in doing so—yet, after all, truth is more to the purpose (with a certain interpretation) than "rubies or fine gold," tinkling cymbals, and fine names.

These preliminary remarks, which maybe more fitly termed a preface, have their birthright in the circumstance of our fellow townsman, Mr. Alderman Greenhalgh, having been installed to the commanding position of Mayor, otherwise Chief Magistrate, to preside over the government of this important borough during the current municipal year—a grave responsibility he is well able to assume—and no fear the duties whereof he will worthily and conscientiously discharge.

As Mr. Greenhalgh is the first of his name ever elevated to the office (not confining the statement to this town, but, as measured by the knowledge of present correspondent, including the British Isle), to somewhat commemorate the fact a practical illustration (if permitted in *The Chronicle*) shall succeed the foregoing introductory observations.

Anent(?) the Mayor's chain—heraldic bearings--and further development in that direction, by published accounts, of family origin—name and descents—whether connection be direct, indirect, or no traceable connection at all—premising that the labour is designed and undertaken more on the standard principle of example for imitation than as derived from any disposition to illuminate his Worship just elected, or his family patronymic, through the aid of borrowed light, of the magic lantern order, inasmuch as there have been, and are yet surviving, of his predecessors in the civic chair, who no doubt would be equally in condition, to display as good an ancestral front (*vide a name*) as hereabout to be attempted, had perseverance, taste, and facilities led out some "volunteer" into active service at each of their elections, after the manner of this "voluntary" by present correspondent.

Of course, there are volumes of respectable names which get "left out in the cold" regarding divers appointments of public distinction, as a rule, not to be explained, therefore, nothing need be specially made out of it either to debit or credit side, so far as our present worthy Chief Magistrate's name is concerned beyond pointing the fact (locally) in the annexed form, which probably will provide some slight edification for

the curious in this way, without perhaps making the rest more insipid to the less curious reader. The form is to show in this place the numbers, with proportions, of each Mayor's name consecutively elected since incorporation, 1838, as appearing in the Postoffice General Directory, 1876, and Baines, 1824, for Bolton alone, their worships being 25 in count (of one name), starting with the late Mr. C. J. Darbshire, ending with Mr. Ald. Greenhalgh, present Mayor, and stand thus: --

From this minute survey of mayoral names it will be seen how largely our present Chief Magistrate's preponderates, 1876, and also how in comparative excess, 1821 — fifty-three years ago — which circumstance goes a long way to confirm above an average status tho' name has held, and does yet hold within the "*old dominion*," inasmuch as a directory does not include every resident, nor every householder even, but only such persons who either have an independent, professional, or trading position, and attained a prominence above the crowd.

1876

Darbishes ... 2
Heywoods ... 7 ...
Arrowsmiths ... 2
Cullens ... 1
Walshes ... 12
Gregsons ... 8
Slaters ... 10
Blairs ... 1
Scowcrofts ... 18 ...
Bridsons ... 3
Rushtons ... 7 ...
Grays ... 5
Stones ... 5
Knowles ... 21 ...
Makants ... 1
Ortons ... 1
Harwoods ... 14
Wolfendens ... 8
Stockdales ... 1
Fergusons3
Barlows ... 13
Wulmsleys ... 6
Cannons ... 8
Marsdeus ... 22
Greenhalghs... 49

1824.

Darbishes ... 3
Heywoods 6
Arrowsmiths ... 4
Cullens ... 2
Walshes.. 0
Gregsons ... 3
Slaters ... 4
Blairs ... 1
Scowcrofts 4
Bridsons ... 0
Rushtons .. 8
Grays ... 3
Stones ... 2
Knowles .. 5
Makants ... 1
Ortons ..0
Harwoods ... 1"
Wolfendens 1
Stockdales ... 1
Fergusons1
Barlows ... 9
Wamsleys ... 2
Cannons ... 1
Marsdeus ... 7
Greenhalghs .12

Notwithstanding, Mr. Alderman Greenhalgh has not, as aforesaid, to the knowledge of the writer, been anteceded by any of his name as mayor of his own, or any other community within the realm, the associated dignity of alderman has not been unfamiliar to the name (he himself affording example) nor that other one of greater distinction, *i.e.*, the High Sheriff of a county, two designations of Anglo-Saxon birth, whilst that of Mayor is French, otherwise Norman French, whereon an innocent proposition might be made to hang, namely, have the members all round of our present Chief Magistrate's family bearing, not themselves to debit for their absence from the office. Seeing they claim to inherit purely from Saxon forefathers, and thus, as it were, by their more stolid instincts have cleaved less to anything, of Norman genealogy or invention.

But, whatever may account for their lack of mayoral honours (generally) the membership of the family throughout is numerous and somewhat conspicuous in and around the boundary, a representative thereof – the recently elected chief magistrate, Mr. Alderman Greenhalgh, is now become so eminently identified withal.

Therefore, although the present writer's object is not so much to deal with the name of modern times as with that of more ancient, or to connect one with the other by blood descent, yet the conception has, for a "chief corner stone" so to express it, the design of illustrating the name through his present Worship, and his Worship, though equal, and even more illustrious ancestral means, assumed or otherwise. To this end the writer will draw from historical and trust worthy sources, printed, else in manuscript, and hopes the attempt, humble as it may appear, will obtain a consideration (not lacking charity) in the minds of whoever may deem it worthy of perusal.

Well then, as pronounced above, the family bearing of our present Chief Magistrate is of Saxon origin, assuming a variety of orthographic forms, yet all indicating a common basis. But to avoid more tedious discussion relating thereto, Dr. Whitaker shall here suffice at least for a partial derivation of the name as below: "*Halgh* (says he), his is the Scottish *Haugh*, a flat spongy piece of ground.

We have three instances in which it is compounded with the personal names, as Duken-halgh, Pont-halgh, Hesmondhalgh; and three others in which the local word united with it plainly indicates its meaning,

Aspen-halgh, the Halgh of Aspens, Ridy-halgh, the Halgh of Heeds, and Becks-halgh, the Halgh by the Brooks, the last immediately north of the Ribble, which accounts for its combination from Beck—Greenhalgh is another combination, which may be referred to the same cause."

Although the learned historian of Whalley Parish's definition may be accepted as correct in the main, it is not complete so far as it affects the name Greenhalgh—inasmuch Halgh, Haulgh, Hough, or How, in combination is understood to mean *high*, therefore not "*spongy ground*."

Only few people can trace their family names in one pure, clear, and unbroken line from the foundation, much less worldly condition—and it would be for a vast majority of them hard to determine on any precise era of their history where to make a start in order to publish as to who they are, had been, or whence they came, and in some cases it might be as difficult to demonstrate they had any beginning at all.

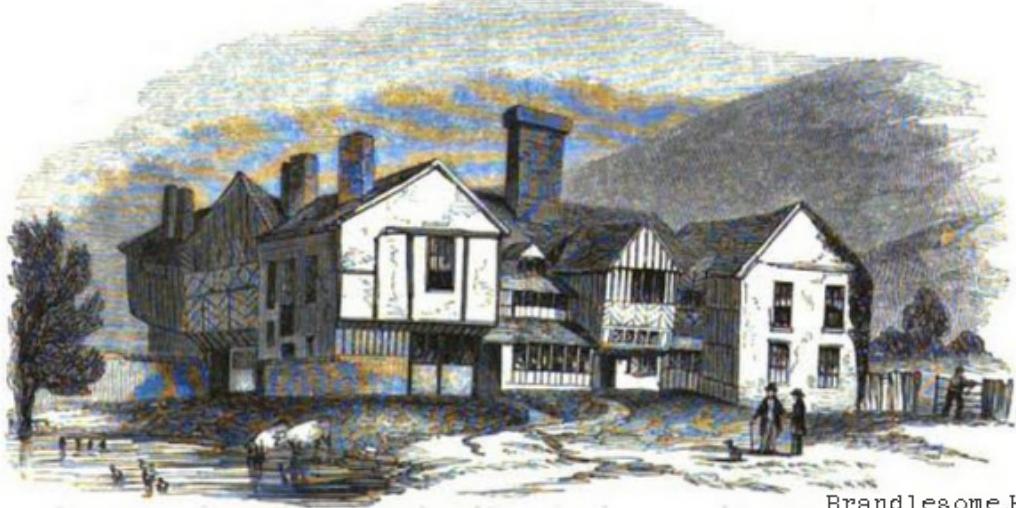
Not thus, however, with the task your correspondent has here voluntarily imposed on himself, and which he will endeavour to render apparent in the following fashion, so far as it regards

one root, branch, or line of Greenhalgh, Greenhaulgh, Groenhough, or Greenhou, popularly (with existing generations) esteemed as a fountain head to most of the branches born with the same name—*vide* Sir William Dugdale's visitations (Norsey King at Arms) to the county 1664, Colonel Sutcliffe's unpublished MS., formerly governor of the Island of Juan Fernandez and other sources, is found more in detail—viz., that a family of Greenhalgh originally came from the village of Greenhalgh, near Garstang, where they had resided previous to the Conquest (*vids* Doomsday Survey).

That John Greenhalgh, of Greenhalgh, in Tottington, parish of Bury, in the reign of Edward the III. (1327 to 1377) married daughter and heiress of Thomas Blakelou, of Blakelou (otherwise Blackley, three and half miles N.E.of Manchester), and had issue Henry, who married Alice, daughter and heiress of Richard Brandlesome, of Brandlesome, in Elton, parish of Bury, after which the family became possessed of the ancient mansion, Brandlesome Hall, that still "retains the name, although it presents nothing more to the

view than an unsightly pile of ruinous buildings" (*i.e.*, 1841), "tenanted by two farmers and a publican."

John Greenhalgh 1st of Brandlesome, son and heir of Henry by Alice his wife, dau. of Richd. Brandlesome, married Joanna, dau. of John De Urmstoue 11th of Henry IV. – had issue Henry the 2nd of



Brandlesome Hall

Brandlesome, who married dau. of Edmund Prestwich, Esq., of Hulme, 6th of Henry VI., issue Edmund, the 3rd of Brandlesome, who married Alice, dau. of Robert Pilkington, Esq., 34th of Henry VI., whose son, Thomas, married dau. of William Heaton Esq., and left issue John, who married Anne, dau. of — Langley, Esq., of Agecroft, leaving a son Thomas, the 8th of Brandlesome, who married dau. and co-heire of Robert Labray, Serjeant-at-Arms to King Henry VII., and had two daughters Anne, who married Bradshaw of Bradshaw, the other to Banister, Esq., of Altham, near Blackburn.

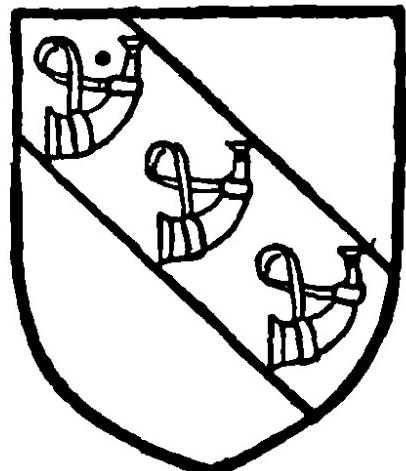
The said Thomas Greenhalgh, the 8th of Brandlesome, married for his second wife dau. of Devenport of Devenport, Co.Chester, by whom he had issue. John, the 9th of Brandlesome, who married Alice, dau. and co-heiress of Robert Holt, of Stubley, near Rochdale (*i. e.* ancestor to James Maden Holt, M.P., 1877, for North Lancashire) left issue one son and three daughters.

Thomas Greenhalgh, son, the 10th of Brandlesome, married Mary, daughter of Robert Holt, Esq., of Ashworth, near Bury, had issue one son, John, succeeding tho death of Thomas, the 10th of Brandlesome. His widow became the wife of Sir Rich. Assheton of Middleton, to whom she was second wife, whose descendants married Lord Suffield and the Earl of Wilton, and who inherited the Middleton estates.

John Greenhalgh, the 11th of Brandlesome, only son of Thomas the 10th. Married first Alice, dau. of the Rev. Wm.Massey, B.D., rector of Wilmslow, Co. Chester. Issue, three sons and four daughters. He married, secondly, Mary, dau. of Assheton, Esq., of Clegg. Thirdly, to Alice, dau. of Chaderton, of Lees, Co. Lancashire. Richard, the 12th of Brandlesome, married Alice, dau. of Edward Rawsthorne, of Newhall, near Bury.

Thomas, the 13th of Brandlesome, married Elizabeth, dau.of Dr. John Bridgeman, Dean of Chester and Bishop of Sodor and Man—1671 to 1682—son of John, Bishop of Chester, ancestor to the Earl of Bradford.

At this point your correspondent will conclude the regular order of descent in connection with the name of Greenhalgh of the Brandlesome line—being conscious that to continue it much longer (which might be considerably done), comprising marriages, issues direct and lateral, as they appear in other forms, would be encroaching over much upon newspaper limit and regulations, without adding much more to the purpose here sought. Therefore, the remainder of this contribution shall be made up out of something like odds and ends, with special reference to a single member belonging to the "Great House of Greenhalgh of Brandlesome;" one so distinguished as to have been somewhat like a lustrous star whilst living; to become written of in the history of his time, and whose celebrity has been and is still



*Greenhalgh of
Brandlesholme. Argent on a
bend sable three hunting
borns stringed of the field.*

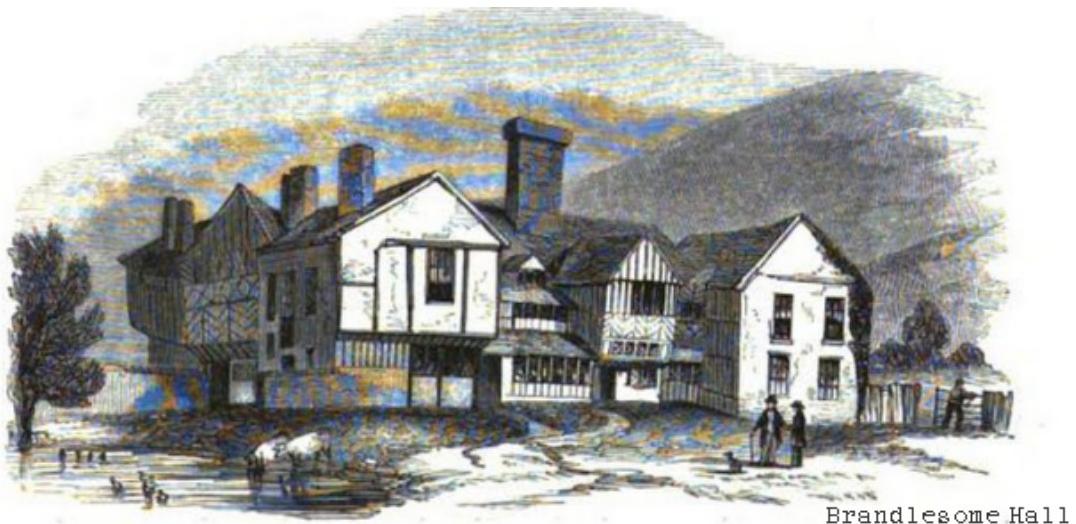
regarded with pride (yet modest and becoming) by a goodly number of the more intelligent succeeding generations of his name, whether deriving direct affinity or claiming, *vide* speculation alone.

The following extract relating to *John Greenhalgh, the 11th of Brandlesome*, is from "Remains, historical and literary, connected with the palatine counties of Lancaster and Chester, published by the Chetham Society":—



"John Greenhalgh was a gentleman well born, being the son of Thomas Greenhalgh, Esq., of Brandlesome Hall, in the parish of Bury, and his wife Mary, daughter of Robert Holte, Esq., of Ashworth Hall. He lost his father in the year 1599, when he was two years of age, and his mother afterwards marrying Sir Richard Assheton, of Middleton, Kent, he seems to have been brought up in that family. His education was carefully attended to, and he appears to have had the advantage of foreign travel.

In 1616 he succeeded to the Brandlesome property, which Lord Derby called- “a good estate”, on the death of his grandfather, John Greenhalgh, Esq., and he “governed his affairs well”.



Brandlesome Hall

He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the County, and served his country in a military capacity, probably before the civil war. He had three wives – first, Alice, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Massey, B.D., rector of Wilmslou, by whom he had issue three sons and four daughters; 2nd, to Mary, daughter of William Clegg, Esq., of Clegg Hall, Rochdale, by whom he had issue one daughter, Katherine, who became the wife of James Assheton, Esq., of Chadderton Hall; 3rd, to Alice, daughter and co-heiress of George Chadderton, Esq., of Lees, near Oldham, but had no issue by her. He was appointed Governor of tho Isle of Man, 1640.”

May be read, that (vide other sources) "when James the Seventh Earl of Derby, left the Isle of Man to aid King Charles the 2nd, he took with him from the island a force of 300 Royalists, including his favourite Governor, Captain Greenhalgh, who was accounted a bold and daring soldier in the field, and was present with the Earl at the battles of Wigan Lane and Worcester.

At the former struggle the Earl received seven shots in his breast-plate, thirteen cuts in his beaver, five or six wounds on his arms and shoulders, and had two horses killed under him. Twice he dashed through the whole body of the enemy, and on making a third attempt was overwhelmed with numbers — several officers of his force, including Lord Witherington, Sir Thomas Tyldsley, and other gentlemen being killed.



James the Seventh Earl of Derby



King Charles the 2nd

The Earl having succeeded in mounting a third horse, fought his way through the ranks of the enemy in company with his faithful Governor Greenhalgh and five other officers."



At the battle of Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, "Governor Greenhalgh in order to save the Royal Standard tore it from tho polo and wrapped it round his own body, and after having secured the retreat of the King, who, with the Earl of Derby and others, escaped to the celebrated retreat of Whiteladies, 26 miles from Worcester and Bocobel House, the seat of Charles Giffard, Esq., situated in an obscure and retired part of the county of Salop, where Captain

Greenhalgh died of his wounds received in an encounter when Major Edge made the Earl a prisoner."

The earnest love and devotion of Governor Greenhalgh for his "personal friend," James, the Seventh Earl of Derby, and which he sealed with his life on the disastrous field of Worcester, appears to have been of a sterling, mutual character, finding expression (frequent and conspicuous) amongst the unfortunate Earl's private papers and other records, an example or two of which shall here be given; the first, for its special reference to John Greenhalgh the 11th of Brandlesome, before he became Governor of the Isle of Man, and during his earlier friendship and intercourse with his lordship, when the latter was Lord Strange, preceding his father's death.

The extract is from "Memoirs of the Earl," by Canon Raines, and published by the Chetham Society, which with the evident importance at the period attaching to the matter involved, will better serve its purpose *in extenso*, including a somewhat quaint and homely letter by Lord Strange to his lordship's future Governor of the Isle of Man, as follows:—

"The operation of the law affecting the office of High Sheriff of the county was found at this time (1629) very unsatisfactory, and Pym and others loudly complained, and not unreasonably, of the excessive extra judicial power of the judges. Lord Strange was not indisposed to ameliorate instances of individual oppression which fell under his cognizance. 1629, Edward Rawsthorue, Esq., of Newhall (i.e., Edenfield) had filled the office of Sheriff of the county, and John Bradshaw, Esq., of Bradshaw, had entered into bond for Mr. John Lightbourne, the sheriff's bailiff, for the due execution of his duties.

Owing, in the estimation of the judges, to the' evill demeanour' of the bailiff, Rawsthorne was called upon to pay 'great sum of money' imposed by the judges, and had 'been grieved with suits at law and with much travail' to recover his payments from Bradshaw; and it was not until Oct., 1636, that the litigants were appeased.

In that year Lord Strange advised that John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, and Edmund Assheton, of Chadderton, esquires, should be chosen and nominated arbitrators, a final appeal to himself being reserved by the contending parties.

It was decreed that Bradshaw should pay to Rawsthorne at Newhall various sums of money, that the payments should extend over several years, and that the two squires should become '*good and lovinge frends and neighbours again.*'

And Lord Strange confirmed the award in the following letter to his '*very ouing and wor frend*', John Greenhalgh, Esq., att Brandlesome, on the 30th October, 1636 :—

"Mr. Grenehalgh, I doe *approve* of your award, and request that you will convey my *approbation* to Mr. Assheton. Soe now I *doe* hope that good will and peace may be restored where it hath been too long absent, and that all anger may *surcease*. I *have* appointed to hunt a Buck on Thursday with the Lo. Chamberlain, Lr. Cha . Gerard, and some other *companye*, and I *have* a Buck and a barren *doe* ready taken *upp*, and if you and Mr. Holte think it worth *ye* while to *see ye* diversion or eat a piece of venison *pasty*, I shall be glad of yr. company. Soo desiring yr. ansuer,

"I rest yr. loving friend,

"*STRANGE.*"

On returning to the Isle of Man, at the request of King Charles the 1st, about 1642-3, where disaffection it was urged was ripening into the ascendant against his Majesty, the Earl in his memoirs said, viz., "My coming proved in good time, for it was believed by most that a few days longer absence would have ended the happy peace of the Island had so long enjoyed. When the people knew of my coming they were much affected with it, as all new things usually do the common sort.

But this good I found, that my lieutenant, Captain Greenhalgh, had wisely managed the business by patience and good conduct, and observing the general disorder had considered that the people were to be won as your tame wild beasts, by scratching and stroking, and not by violent wrestling, lest they should turn upon you and know their strength; and who so powerful a Prince, if a multitude rise against him, being alone, or with a few, can well be able to resist them?



The Isle of Man is a self-governing British Crown dependency in the Irish Sea between England and Ireland.

As it is not therefore good that the common people know their own strength; so is it safe to keep them ignorant of what they may do, but rather give them daily occasion to admire the power and clemency of their lord.

The captain before my coming had imprisoned some saucy fellow, in tho face of the rabble, who cried aloud that they would all fare as that man did, which he warily seemed not to fear, and only threatened to lay every mau by the heels that continued to behave in that saucy manner he had done; well knowing that if he punished him at that time, the rest would have rescued him, which would have let them see their own power and how little his staff of office could annoy or hurt them." — (Vide Harrop's History of the House of Stanley, 1707.)

From memoir of James, the seventh Earl of Derby, published by the Chetham Sooiety aforesaid, the following is taken:—

"The names of few of his personal friends in the island have been recorded, but there can be no doubt that Archdeacon Ruttor, probably a Lancashire man, whose family had been connected with the household of the Earls of Derby and Captain Greenhalgh, would

be always as hand to counsel him in his difficulties, and to sympathise with him in his family vicissitudes.

His own pen has graphically described the various accomplishments and merits of these two excellent men, who possessed his entire confidence, and all who are familiar with his lordship's history of the Isle of Man cannot fail to revere their memory."

"A fine portrait," it is added, "of Captain Greenhalgh, from an original picture, was published in 1842 in chromolithography, and dedicated to the Earl of Derby. He is represented in armour, with a crimson silk sash over his right shoulder, and a falling lace cravat with coloured embroidered ornaments at the ends. He has a handsome, thoughtful face, light brown flowing hair, florid complexion, and appears to be about 40 years of age."

"This Portrait of John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, (who governed and maintained tranquillity in the Isle of Man from 1640 to 1651,) was saved, during the Earthquake that occurred on the Island of Juan Fernandez, and is dedicated to
The Right Hon The Earl of Derby.

by his obedient, humble Servant"



Underneath the portrait as above described is the following, from Harrop's Memoir :—

"The Earl of Derby's character of Captain Greenhalgh, and his reasons for his choice of him as governor—First, that he was a gentleman well born, and such usually scorn a base action. Secondly, that he has a good estate of his own, and therefore need not borrow of another, which hath been a fault in this country; for when governors have wanted, and been forced to be beholding to those who may be the greatest offenders against the Lord and country, in such case the borrower becomes servant to the lender, to the stoppage, if not the perversion, of justice.

Next, he was a deputy-lieutenant and justice of peace for his own country; he governed his own affairs well, and therefore was the more likely to do mine so; he hath been approved prudent and valiant, and, as such, fitter to be trusted; in fine, he is such that I thank God for him, and charge you to love him as a friend."

In memoir of James, the seventh Earl of Derby, already quoted, there is a singular production referring to John Greenhalgh, the 11th of Brandlesome, introduced by the editor, Canon Raines, thus—

"The writer of the following interesting 'note' is unknown, and unfortunately there is no date to it; but the facts recorded dearly refer to the Governor of the

Isle of Man, and the writing may be assigned to a period not long antecedent to the siege of Lathom. Being — 'A note of such charges as I have att at all tymes of Captn Greenhalgh, and his men and horses and doggs --- Impr I served him 9 yeares at Brandlesome Hall, and oftentimes led in his Corne and hay wth my owne draughts, and had nothing for my poynes, beinge that he was my Kynsman, and all that nyne yeares,' and many before, ever since he came home from his travels, every yeare twyse or thrise by a fortnight, three weekes or a month togr neur under a fortnight togr him and his three men, when he came to receive his rents, and his two little Sonnes Richard and Tom, and sometimes gentlemen falkeners and their hawkes and spaniells; and at that tyme when my Lord Strange came forth of the Hague, and lay a matter of three months at Knowsley, my Lady Strange being away, he would have brought two gentlemen at a tyme with him, and all his men and theirs; and when he went awaye for the island there was a gentleman and his man lay with him at my house a good whyle or (before) they went when (after) my Lord was gone — and likewise he invited my Lord Strange at one tyme, and all the knyghtes and dyvers gentlemen mor, when they was at Lathom House to a bankett at Brandsleholme

and exceptinge a bankett of sweetmeats and some wyne
with a buck from Knowsley that was baked, but, we was
at all the cost of bakinge of him saue only the pepper,
and we lykewise furnisht him with gamous of bakon
and great peces of hunge beefe, and great dishes of
butter which my wyffe she caused all her neighbours to
p'vyde per for that purpose, which she was at the cost
of, and oure pewter and linninges, and our people to
atend them, neglectinge all our owne business in
harvest and many other throng tymes which we coud
ill have spared; and lykewise when he and his men
when they lay at my house all my people it was most of
their worke to atend them. I also kept him some 6 or 7
horses all one somer when he was in the Island, and
most of a winter after all the hay were gone at Brans.
Hall and likewise kept his man Will Kaye two halfe
yeares together besides all other tymes which he sayd I
should be paid for his table, and besydes he sent Will
Kaye to Maulton faire to buy horses for my Lord for the
Island, and he came and brought a man and foure
horses and staid, them and their horses, two or three
dayes before they went for Lerpool, and I found them
hay and corne whylo they steyd, as Mr. Heywood and
Mr. Kausthorne and all oure neyghbours can testifie.

Therefore I may appeale to any reasonable people what charges all these things might lye me in; before I did him that service, to kept a man there at Brands's and gave him 4£ a yeare standynge wages, and halfe a crowne a weeke board wages, and often tymes found him with beere and bread besydes; and often tymes when they upp house and went to the Island to live, they woud leave him much good victualls behind them which would have served him a great whyle, and lykewise kept him a younge horse to go about his busyness, and also kept him a heifer or some other younge beste at Pilkington, and had the measure of all the corne forth of the barne into the garners, and forth of the garners if there was any overplus he had that to himself, but I had nothing for all my work."

From Nicholas Asshetou's Journal, published in Whitaker's Whalley, first edition, the following is copied:—" 1617, May 19th, Wee au to Brandlesome; Mr. Greenhalgh and his wyffe at Middleton, Sir Ric Assheton had been verie sicke, but somewhat better. Some little unkyndenss twixt Mr. Watmough and Mr. Greenhalgh, cause Mr. Watmough nor his curate went meete the dead corps of Mr. Greenhalgh's child at the Church Steele, or some such matter."

In an enlarged edition of Whitaker's Whalley, 1876, are explanatory notes at the foot of Assheton's Journal by the editor. Example — "This was John Greenhalgh, Esq., who had succeeded his grandfather John in 13 Jao. His father, Thomas, died 41st of Elizabeth, leaving this son, an infant, at the age of 2 years; and his widow, Mary, daughter of Robert Holte, Esq., of Ashworth Hall, had married Sir Richard Assheton, of Middleton. John ' Greenhalgh had three wives : the lady who accompanied him to Middleton at this time was his first wife, Alice, daughter of the Rev. William Massey, rector of Wilmslow.

Captain Greenhalgh was subsequently Governor of tho Isle of Man from 1640 to his death in 1651. Hugh Watmough, B.D., was rector of Thornton in Craven, 1599.and of Bury, 1608, and interred at Bury, August 21st, 1623. The ' little unkindness' had been of some months' duration, as 'Susan, daughter of John Grenhalh, of Brandl.,' was buried Jany. 27th, 1616-17. In this violation of the rubric on tho part of the Rector and his Curate, we probably trace incipient Puritanism, which was offensive to Mr. Greenhalgh and discountenanced by him.

The foregoing notes show John Greenhalgh, the 11th of Brandlesome, to have been loyal to his church, or religious faith, as exemplified by the adverse treatment of a Bury rector.

So the following extract also proves him to have been as loyal to his King, as evidenced on the part of an hostile Parliament, found in the Journals of the House of Commons for the year 1642, thus wise :—

"Upon information of some of the members of this House of the great increase of poor within the town of Manchester, and other several places in Lancashire by reason of the unavoidable decay of trade occasioned by the unhappy distractions of these times, and that the justices of peace who were formerly of great use in those parts have been lately, without any just cause appearing, displaced; it is this day ordered by the . . . and Commons now assembled in Parliament, that Eduard, Lord Newburgh, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, shall forthwith issue our commissions of the peace to the several gentlemen herein named, viz., Sir Ralph Assheton, Baronet, Ralph Assheton of Middleton, Rich. Holland, John Bradshaw, Wm. Ratcliffe, Rich. Shuttleworth, John Braddell, John Starkie, Esquires—Sir Thomas Stanley, baronet, Jo. Holcroft, Thos. Standish, Geo. Doddinge, Tho. Fell,

Peter Egerton, Esquires, whereby the county may receive benefit by their care as formerly.

And that he shall not discharge the said gentlemen from executing the said commissions, tending to the good of their country, till the House be acquainted therewith, and take further order in it.

And it is further *ordered* that the said Edward Lord Newburgh shall immediately discharge Sir Gilbert Houghton, Knight and Baronet, Robert Holt of Stuble, Alexander Eigby of Brough, John Greenhalgh, Edmund Asheton, Sir Alexander Radcliffe, Wm. Farrington, Orlando Bridgeman, and Roger Kirkely, Esquires, from being farther employed as Commissioners of the Peace within the said county; and he is also hereby required to render both houses an account of his due performances of this order."

Thomas Greenhalgh, the 13th of Brandlesome, was High Sheriff of the county 1668 and 1669. "He was qualified to be a Knight of the 'Royal Oak' (*i.e.*, indicative of the restoration of King Charles the 2nd to the throne of England, 1660) but persuaded his Majesty to annul the order to prevent jealousies."

Note: The High Sheriff of Lancashire is an ancient officer, now largely ceremonial, granted to Lancashire, a county in North West England. High Shrievalties are the oldest secular titles under the Crown, in England and Wales. The High Sheriff of Lancashire is the representative of the monarch in the county, and is the "Keeper of The Queen's Peace" in the county, executing judgements of the High Court through an Under Sheriff.

In Oliver Heywood's Diary may be read the following: "1668, April 12th. They having no minister at Cockey Chapel, there was a numerous congregation, and God granted us liberty and peace, though the High Sheriff and his Father-in-Law, Dr. Bridgeman, Dean of Chester, were not far off, and the Trumpeter came at noon to an Ale House, near the Chapel." This High Sheriff was Thomas Greenhalgh, the 13th of Brandlesome, his mansion dwelling, Brandlesome Hall, being situated some two miles N.E. from Cockey Moor.

In succeeding time, the shrievalty of this county was conferred on another of the name of our newly-elected chief magistrate, in a direct line of descent with Thomas, the 13th of Brandlesome, in the person of William Greenhalgh, to whom Sir Thomas Tyldsley alluded in his diary, not long since issued by the Chetham Society thus: — "July 14th, 1714. All morning at Lodge (*i.e.*, Myerscough) went in the evening to see neighbour Greenhough ; stayed 2 howers, soe home."

The Editor of the Tyldsley Diary explains in a note that "Myerscough Hall was the seat of William Greenhalgh, Esq., who was High Sheriff of Lancashire, 1729."

In speaking of Greenhalgh-with-Thistleton the Editor goes on to say "the former village gave name to the family of Greenhalgh of Brandlesome, and the manorial rights are now vested in the representatives of the late James Greenhalgh, Esq., of Myerscough.

He rebuilt the Hall, and had issue a daughter and only child, Mary Charlotte, who married at Church Town, 4th Oct., 1831, H. Hall-Joy, Esq., of Hatham Park, Wilts."

There is yet remaining part of a landmark, not far distant from Myerscough Hall, which identifies the name our present chief magistrate was born into the world withal with the district, and which, at all events, is somewhat conclusive evidence that the country thereabouts was a chief birthplace and nursing ground for most of its numerous off shoots, of whatsoever social or other standing.

This landmark, or portion thereof, is "Greenhalgh Castle," "built by Thomas, 1st Earl of Derby, licence dated at August 2nd, in the 5th of Henry VII., about 1590, authorising him to embattle and fortify his house, and make a park.



Camden says that the Earl built this castle while he was under apprehension of danger from certain of the nobility of the country, who had been outlawed, and whose estates had been given him by Henry VII.; for they made several attempts upon him, and many inroads into his grounds.

The castle was surrounded by a circular melt and garrisoned by James the Seventh, Earl of Derby, for the King, 1643. It was dismantled 1649 or 1650, and little of it now remains. This Greenhalgh must be distinguished from another place of the same name in the parish of Bury, which was the original residence of the Greenhalghs; of Brandlesome." - *Vide Notitia, Cestriensis.*

"The Greenhalghs of Brandlesome (says Dr. Whitaker) were hereditary bailiffs of the Manor,

Honor, or Forest of Tottington," where, the learned historian might have added, they owned princely estates, which, united with high characters, seem to have secured for members of the family corresponding consideration, as well in other portions of the county and country, as in the more immediate localities bounding their mansion home.

This is frequently seen, as in their exalted appointments of public trust, or as referees, where, like Masters in Chancery, they have been chosen to settle disputes flowing out of property and the rights it confers. At other times to arbitrate between the obligations and actual practice, of someone high up in official power, as illustrated in preceding case of Sheriff Rausthorne.

Another example of the former kind shall here follow as extracted from "Remains Historical," &c., already quoted, viz, "Mr. P'son, of Bury, Peter Shaw. M.A., rector of Bury to which living he was presented by Henry, Earl of Derby, was appointed by Bishop Chaderton in 1578, one of the six moderators of the public monthly exercise established in Manchester.

He was, like his fellow ministers,'grave, godly, and learned,' and supposed to be able to examine, instruct

and direct the Parsons, Vicars, Curates, Readers, and Schoolmasters, who were summoned before him.

He was also one of the Earl of Derby's Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the north. 'Mr. Peter Shaw, parson of Bury,' was a supervisor of the will and probably a relative of Roger Holte, of Bridge Hall, in Bury, gent., dated 29th Jany., 1593, along with John 'Graynall' (*i.e.*, Greenhalgh) of Brandlesome, and Robert Holte of Ashworth, Esquires.

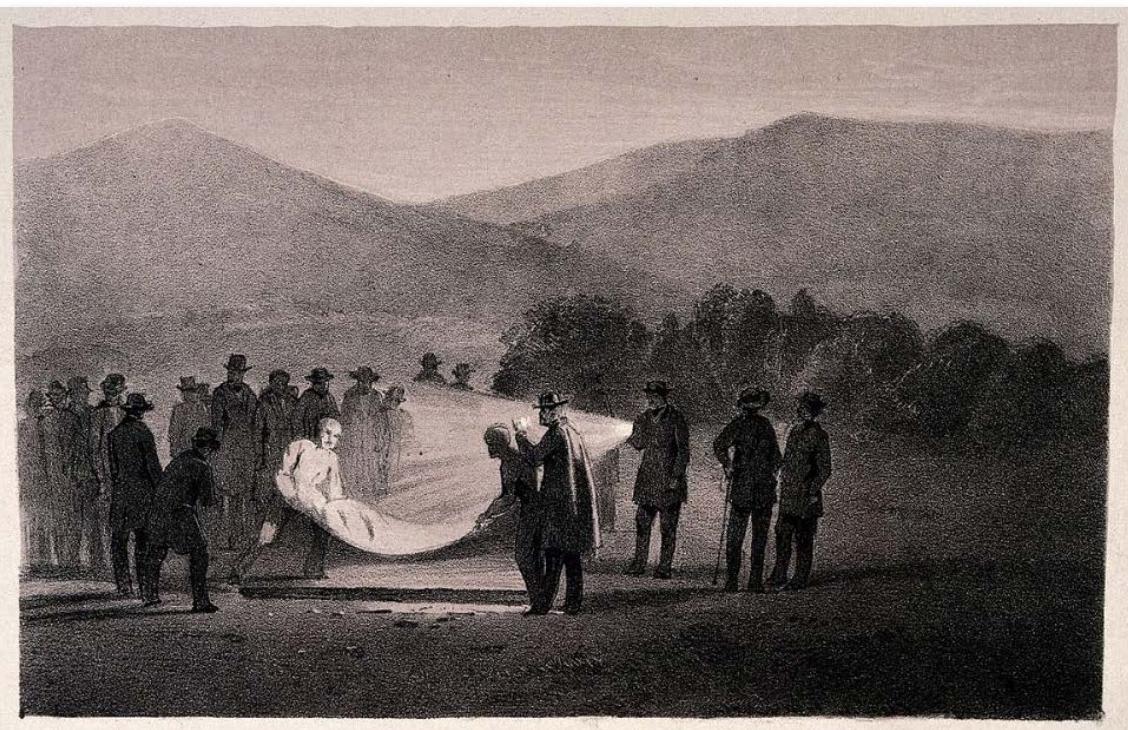
Mr. Shaw appears to have rendered himself memorable by the vigour with which he maintained and prosecuted the claim of the Rectors of Bury and their tenants to grind corn and malt, the Parson's water corn mill against the assumed right of the Earl of Derby as Lord of the Manor.

Being at issue as to the fact and apparently unable to prove it, after a long suit between James Greenhalgh, of Chamber Hall, gent. (the Earl's lessee) and Rector Shaw, it was awarded by John Greenhalgh and Edward Rausthorne, Esquires, on the 6th Dec. 1599, that the Parson should take his corn to the Lord's mill: 'soe us hee were well used and with such libertie as he and his predecessors had form'lie had,' which award did not settle the dispute, as in 1675 Rector Gipps again

opened the question, and notwithstanding Lauyer Lightboune's opinion to the contrary, the Rector both vindicated and established his right to have a corn mill within his parsonage and to receive toll and mulcture.

The annexed points a distinction of a graver and yet even more illustrative order: --- viz., --- "In descriptions of the grand and stately obsequies of Eduard, the third Earl of Derby, 1598, and Sir Ralph Assheton, of Middleton, Knight, in 1617-18, we have minute particulars of the proceedings.

Sir Ralph Assheton was buried on the day after his death and three weeks elapsed before the ordinary solemnity of a torch-light funeral was held ---



Preparations had been made on an extensive scale and precedence of the various social degrees had been scrupulously arranged by the heralds. There was a procession of great extent, varied by bright heraldic colours, but the prevailing costume was '*blacks*.'

There were black cloaks for men, mourning gouns for women, mourning cloth for parsons and vicars, mourning weeds for relatives, and black gouns for household servants. My Ladie, ye widow, the new lorde, the sons and daughters, Mr. Greenhalgh and his wife, and .others all walked in ceremonious procession according to seniority of birth, rank, and relationships.

— *Vide Chatham Miscellany.*

John, otherwise Captain Greenhalgh, the 11th of Brandlesome, governor of the Isle of-Man, and, as set down elsewhere, the "*personal friend*", of James, the seventh Earl of Derby, had a son John, who attended that unfortunate nobleman all through the exciting period connected with the trial at Chester on the 10th, condemnation, mournful journey on the 14th, and execution at Bolton, October 15th, 1651, at the instance of Parliament, in those perilous and unhappy times.

The Rev. Humphrey Baggerley, or Baguley, as it is alternately printed, is by some writers ascribed to have been Lord Derby's private chaplain; by others, John Greenhalgh—more likely the latter, inasmuch, in memoirs of the Earl by Canon Raines, and published by the Chetham Society, it is said that one of the first acts of the widowed Countess (succeeding the restoration) was to secure the Bishopric of Man for Rutter, the Deanery of Chester for Bridgeman, and the important Rectory of Bury, in her own gift, for Greenhalgh. Baguley was probably a layman, as his name does not occur in any of the papers as a clergyman, nor has it been found in the registers of the Bishop of Chester.

To strengthen the assumption on the side of the Captain's offspring are the facts that he is declared to have administered sacrament to his lordship at Leigh, on their passage through that town on the 14th Oct., whilst halting at an inn, the King's Head, in the Market-place. Again, Baguley, in what is called his "Faithful account of the Christian behaviour of James, Earl of Derby, from his trial at Chester to his execution at Bolton," bears testimony to Mr. Greenhalgh reading the Decalogue, by the command of Lord Derby, on the scaffold, preceding death; and in Harrop's Memoirs may be read, viz., a copy of the "Earl of Derby's speech

upon the scaffold, and of some remarkable passages in his lordship's going to it, and his being upon it, as in his lordship's paper, and as it was taken by Mr. Greenhalgh," &c.

Canon Raines has or had (1872) in his possession the original nomination of John Greenhalgh to the rectory of Bury, signed by the great Countess, to whom he was domestic chaplain.

"In an old and voluminous work, called "Catalogus Libroum," the captain's son, rector of Bury, is registered as an author in the following form: — Jo Greenhalgh to Mr. Crompton respecting the mode of worship used by the Jews in England — London, April 22nd, 1662. "Again," John Greenhalgh to Mr. Thomas Crompton, giving an account of the city of Dunkirk — London, June 20th, 1662 — (*vide* Lansdowne Manuscript in British Museum).

Speculation points out Thomas Crompton, to whom Rector Greenhalgh dedicated the above, as identical with a Thomas Crompton, churchwarden, of Bury, as the fact appears from the copy of an original document accidentally having found its way into your correspondent's temporary possession through the kindness of an antiquarian friend, bearing the

somewhat singular title "*A Terrier*," addressed by Rector Gipps, John Greenhalgh's successor, 1674—and endorsed with the name of his own warden, Thomas Crompton, and five more, signing for their respective townships within the rectory in the following order:—

Thos. Gipps, the Rector.

Thos. Crompton, churchwarden of Bury.

Oliver Lomax, „ of Heap.

Michael Bentley, „ of Elton.

Join Howarth, churchwarden of Walmsley.

Robt. Kay, „ of Lower Tottington.

Peter Warburton, „ of Upper Tottington.

Date, Nov. 5th, 1696.

This same "Terrier" being a titheing, &c., of the Bury parish—wherein is inserted the following:—"Mr. Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, pleads prescription for tithe corn in his demense at 40s. per ann; payable at Martimas—but for no other kind of tithe. This prescription is pleaded only for that part of the demense which is within Elton, the other part in Tottington pays tithe in kind." Further on the "Terrier" pronounces it a "great question whether Mr. Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome's prescription is good, especially as to that part of the demense which is my Lord Derby's land.

Note. — That Cisley-Hough-Close and Scholefield ground being three little closes, in all about 6 acres and a half after 7 roods to the acre, and acknowledged not to be within the pretended prescription of Brandlesome, but have paid me (*i.e.* Rector Gipps) "Tithe in kind as also all Mr. Greenhalgh's lands within Tottington have paid tithe in kind and ought to do."

Sufficient has been now adduced in these lengthy notes to establish a claim our present worshipful the Mayor may reasonably setup as belonging to a family name locally distinguished in former times --- whose sun rose high 'in the social hemisphere, yet like a many such earthly orbits, afterwards set in clouds which proved fatal, and eclipsed so many of our ancient and more primitive ancestors.'

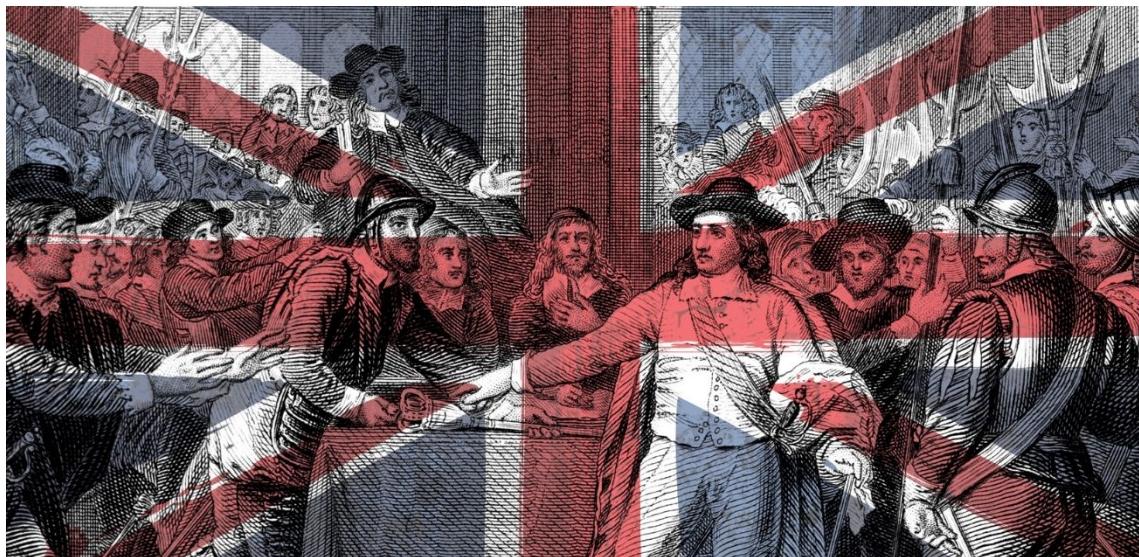
Following Sir William Dugdale's visitation, dated Manchester, Sept. 10th, 1664, the tide in the fortunes of the "great house of Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome" seems to have ebbed; their line of descent to have been irregular, lost, dispersed, or much obscured; their broad ancestral lands to have been diminished also divided, nothing being now to be seen or heard of but wreck, ruin, and an empty name, "the last heir male of the family being Henry Greenhalgh, Esq., who died about the middle of the last century."

Canon Raines, in a private communication to the writer says the "Greenhalghs continued to reside at Brandlesome Hall until 1728, when they fell into difficulties, and the estate was afterwards sold. That it is clear that Assheton Richard Greenhalgh held the estates in 1728."

Sir Bernard Burk, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," says "Few, very few, of those old historic names that once held paramount sway, and adorned by their brilliancy a particular locality, still exist in a male descendant. Historically considered (adds Sir Bernard) the decay and extinction of great houses may be mainly attributed to the civil wars from Hastings to Culloden."

About civil war having been a main cause to the loss and breaking up of the estates, once the patrimony of the Greenhalgh's of Brandlesome, pungent evidence in that direction has been kindly furnished just recently by Canon Baines, whose highly prized and interesting communication to the writer on this point, shall here be given, trusting for the liberty taken to the genial qualities of that rev.gentleman—distinguished author and antiquarian—

"I have lately met," says he, "with some exceedingly interesting particulars of his" (*i.e.*, Captain Greenhalgh, John, the 11th of Brandlesome and governor of the Isle of Man) "embarrassments and impecuniosity, during the Civil War, and of his obligations to his friend



Humphrey Chetham, 'the founder,' a rich and prudent man, and greatly attached to Mr. Greenhalgh and his son-in-law, Mr. Holt, of Ashworth Hall — and who often rescued them and other Royalists when oppressed by 'fines,' sequestrations, and compositions.

In fact, at one time, Brandlesome was in the hands of Humphrey Chetham, owing to Mr. Greenhalgh's heavy fines.

It was afterwards recovered, but there is sufficient evidence to prove that loyalty to the king and devotion to the Church involved the family in difficulties which

were never surmounted, and their estates passed from them."

Dr. Whitaker, writing 1818, or thereabouts, said of the Greenhalghs of Brandlesome "that the name became extinct about 80 years before; that the estate was sold by the Earl of Llandaff about the year 1770 for £25,000."

Information is not to hand as to who the Earl of Llandaff was, even much less how he became the seller, nor who was the buyer at the sale 1770; which took place at the Old Red Lion, Fleet-street, Bury.



The premises was taken down 1872, to make more room for the new Parish Church.



But this is certain, that the estate (or a remnant of it) became by purchase at some period to belong to the late Henry Folliott Powell, Esq., of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, a captain in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, whose family, executors, or otherwise again sold it, or the aforesaid remnant, in allotments, July 16th and 17th, 1873, at the Derby Hotel, Bury.

The whole, as advertised, consisting of 500 acre in land, with other buildings, which brought by the hammer, £50,000, more or less, the kernel of the old demense, viz., Brandlesome Hall, or what remained, including 51 acres of land, selling for £5390.

Brandlesome Hall is situated a field's breadth to the left, off the main road north-west from Bury to Holcombe Brook. Baines says of it "that it is the ancient seat of the Greenhalghs, with its gabled front; the older portions of the time of Henry VIII., was built in the usual ornamental style of wood, stone and brick. It was partially taken down in 1852, and rebuilt by B. S. Kay, Esq._



Brandlesome Hall

Something has been said in preceding extracts about the village of Greenhalgh, near Kirkham, in the Fylde, not to be confounded with "another place of that name in the parish of Bury, which was the original residence of the Greenhalghs of Brandlesome."

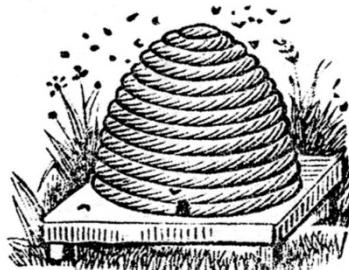
Vide tradition, this original residence is a farm teneraent, known at this time as "Greenhalgh Moss"—situated somewhat in the interior, half-a-mile away from the "ancient hall" nearer Bury—a relic of the far distant past. "Your correspondent made a flying visit to it a few days ago, but which he found to consist more in name than anymore tangible thing remaining—an "old thatch" being well-nigh all which survives to tell of the great House of all the Greenhalghs, where, alas, the "light of other days (has long since) faded."

In bringing these notes to a conclusion, your correspondent will repeat what he substantively set out withal. First, that he has been a volunteer in the service, pure and simple; secondly, that it was no part of his programme to point out any link in the great Brandlesome chain, attaching specially to our newly-elected chief magistrate, nor to feign any blood descent (direct) either for his worship, or any other single individual of his name—at least not more than may be thrashed out of the sayings of a profound antiquarian scholar, already made free with inthese notes—who some few years since to the writer, observed, viz., "The name of Greenhalgh is very common in all parts of South Lancashire, and it may be assumed that a common ancestor was located at Brandlesome Hall, in

the parish of Bury. The proof, however, is quite another question."

At all events our present worthy Mayor, by means of this modest effort, will find reflected others of his name, who have been in the front ranks of active, official, and distinguished life; therefore emulation may fairly become a motto and a watchword unto him, with the proud reflection that although he has not yet attained unto the Shrievalty of a county, or the governorship of an island, notwithstanding, the office he fills, together with the vast population over which he is chosen as supreme head, transcend a hundred fold (in practical importance) the former two, accepting the difference of time into account, and with it the naked fact that Bolton far outnumbers the entire county population of 1668-9, at which period England proper did not contain six millions of inhabitants, *i.e.*, when Thomas Greenhalgh, the 13th of Brandlesome, was High Sheriff — nor the Isle of Man not more (probably) than our present borough police force, or a minor fraction of the burgesses in any one of its municipal wards when John Greenhalgh, the 11th of Brandlesome was governor, 1648-1651.

But finally, an even course, attempered by wisdom, truth, and justice, is better than kingly robes, or at last, to obtain a resting place in the "*Tombs of all the Capulets.*"



FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

MEMORANDA

OF THE

GREENHALGH FAMILY,

BY

JOSEPH DODSON GREENHALGH.

1869.

Bolton:

PRINTED AT T. ABBATT'S MACHINE PRINTING WORKS,
MARKET STREET.



Faithfully yours,
J. D. Greenhalge.

D E D I C A T E D

TO MY

**NUMEROUS NEPHEWS
AND NIECES,**

AND

THEIR OFFSPRING,

BY

THEIR AFFECTIONATE UNCLE,

JOSEPH DODSON GREENHALGH.

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P R E F A C E

The following pages are written and placed in printed form for no other purpose than to preserve to my immediate family, as represented by my numerous nephews and nieces, and their offspring, the birth, parentage, and humble career of their direct progenitors, my late father and mother, and their children.

The characters and sublunary passage of my parents and their issue have not posessed anything prominently marked suggestive to the labour. The design has its origin from personal observation, where individuals have been as unable to trace their ancestors and details connected therewith as obscurely as though hidden in a mist, or o'ershadowed in "Egyptian darkness."

I don't claim for my little effort any distinctive title or appellative; it is neither pure Biography nor History, lacking the reliable lines of one, the method and precision of the other, and the amplitude or fulness of both.

I have not adopted a special plan, nor adhered to any fixity of routine in the execution.

I have not studied conciseness, regularity, or adaptation required for the public reader, for whom it can have no interest, but have carelessly strung together a few facts bearing upon my family, interspersed with small incidents, mingled with my own peculiar bent of thought and expression, the whole of which I choose to name as "**MEMORANDA, OR DOTTING'S DOWN,**" for the especial use and edification of my junior kith and kin, and don't court the carping critic, the crimping pedagogue, nor the scholastic pedant.

In committing it to the printer, I trust my motives will be clearly interpreted and respected, and venture to hope that those nephews and neices, or offspring yet unborn, into whose hands it may finally be distributed, will preserve each copy as sacred and inviolate, that it may descend to their children's children as a sort of text book and heirloom, to free them from that dilemma in which I remember seeing a young girl some years ago, who, on being asked if "ever she had a grandsire," replied "she did not know, but would ask her mother."

Whatever weakness, conceit, or irregularity, my be contained herein, I am singly responsible, and will cheerfully bear the burden. Whatever imperfections my bantling may have upon its head, I alone am its sponsor.

Gladstone Cottage, Bolton, Nov., 1869.



MEMORANDA, ETC.

CHAPTER FIRST.

ANCESTORS OF THE GREENHALGH'S.



HE name of Greenhalgh is very common in some parts of Lancashire, and especially about Bury, Cockey-moor, and Bolton. In Cockey Church yard, I should think, the name outnumbers any other single name by ten to one; and it is a somewhat current remark, that in a majority of instances, their features have a striking resemblance to each other. I am not a believer in the uniform truth of this remark, for I, myself, have seen and noted all ages, sizes and colour of them, starting in infancy and going to nigh a hundred years; dwarfs and giants, handsome and reverse, vulgar and polite; from sable black up to carrot red, with countenances and aspects as dissimilar as the rough unchiselled boulder stone is to the smooth and polished marble.

The name is of Saxon derivation. They are found generally very demonstrative in thought, word and action, but, as amongst all the sons of Adam, there are, no doubt, good, bad and indifferent; fools, apes and otherwise.

In the reign of Edward III., a family of the name resided at Greenhalgh, near Garstang, a member of which married Richard Brandlesome, Esq., of Brandlesome, near Bury; the two estates ultimately becoming one. This branch afterwards occupied the mansion called Brandlesome Hall, up to about the year 1728. Part of the old building is still standing, the of her part rebuilt and modernised and occupied as a farm house. The country about is picturesque and well-cultivated; the house being adjacent to Holcomb hill, and about mid-way between Bury and the village of Tottington. In the garden's, which have all the appearance, even in their neglected state of having once belonged to a family of distincion, is a kind of Observatory in a state of ruin; over the door-way, cut in stone, are the letters, H.G., 1709. About 20 years ago a diamond ring was turned up by the plough, which is in possession, I have been told, of Messrs. Grant of Ramsbottom.

I have in my possession a portrait in lithograph of Captain John Greenhalgh, distinguished member of the family, once the property of my eldest brother, having come into his possession by gift from Col. Thos. Sutcliffe, the publisher, who claimed kinship to the Brandlesome Greenhalgh's, derived thus: he being descended in a direct line from the Kay's, one of whom, Captain Kay, greatly distinguished himself in the defence of Lathom House, against the parliamentary forces. This Captain was father of John Kay of Bury, the inventor of a mode of throwing the shuttle, in the year 1788, whose son John married a Miss Lonsdale, a co-heiress of the Greenhalgh's, and great, great grandmother to the Colonel.

These Kays did not inherit any portion of the Brandlesome estate, as a provision had long existed in the deeds or testamentary documents, that if any member of the family, direct or indirect, should ever marry any individual connected with trade or commerce, should be excluded from all participation in such estates.

In the chancel of the Parish Church, Bury, near the communion, are the vaults of the Greenhalgh's, in which are interred also one of the Kay's and his wife. I copied the following from the coverings of the said

vaults a short time ago, viz:--"John, son of John Greenhalgh Esq., of Bradlesome, died 1693; Ann, wife of John Greenhalgh Esq., died 1693; Alice, wife of Thomas Greenhalgh Esq., of Brandlesome, died 1698; John Kay, died 1791, aged 51; Elizabeth, wife of John Kay, died 1818."

Captain Greenhalgh married an Irish lady, hence the estate being sold in 1770, by the Earl of Llandaff, an Irish nobleman, as per Dr. Whittaker. This Captain was on intimate terms of friendship with James the 7th Earl of Derby, and according to the Chetham Society's publications administered sacrament to the unfortunate Earl at Leigh, at which place he stayed on his journey from Chester the night preceding his execution at Bolton.

I copy from the portrait the following, viz:--"This" portrait of John Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, who governed and maintained tranquility in the Isle of Man from 1640 to 1651, was saved during the Earthquake that occurred on the Island of Juan Fernandez, and is dedicated to the "Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, by his obedient servant Thomas Sutcliffe. Also the following from Harrop's History of the house of Stanley, and Baines' History of the Palatine of Lancaster:--



This Portrait of JOHN GREENHALGH, of Brandlesome,

The brave and unfortunate James Earl of Derby's character of Governor Greenhalgh and his reasons for his choice of him, first, that he was a gentleman well born and usually scorned a base action. Secondly, that he has a good estate of his own, and therefore, need not borrow of another, which hath been a fault in this country, for when the Governors have wanted and been forced to be beholden to those who may be the greatest offenders against the lord and country, in such case the borrower becomes servant to the lender, to the stoppage, if not the perversion of justice. Next, he was a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for his own county; he governed his own affairs well, and therefore, was the more likely to do mine so, he hath been approved prudent and valiant, and as such, fitter to be trusted in, and he is, that I thank God for him, and charge you to love him as a friend."

Dr. Whittaker in his History of Whalley, gives a copy of an original diary, written by Nicholas Assheton, of Downham hall, near Clitheroe, in the year 1617, in which, the "Roystering Squire dots down an account of a visit made to Brandlesome hall, when he found this Capt. John Greenhalgh gone to Middleton, but I will give it in his own words, with the peculiar spelling &c., of the period, viz:--

"1617, May 19th. Wee all to Brandlesome, Mr. Greenhalgh and his wyffe at Middleton. Sir Richard Assheton had been verie dangerously sicke but somewhat better. Some little unkindness twixt Mr. Watmough and Mr. G. cause Mr. Watmough nor his curate wente to meete ye dead corps of Mr. Green's child at ye church steele or some such matter. In a foot note, Dr. Whittaker adds, these were the Greenhalgh s of Brandlesome hall, near Bury. The name became extinct about 80 years ago, but the estate was sold by the Earl of Llandaff about the year 1770 for £25,000. The large old mansion-house is, I believe yet remaining. Mr. Watmough was Rector of Bury, and seems to have incurred the displeaure of Mr. Greenhalgh by some want of attention at the funeral of his child."

The Greenhalh's of Brandlesome, seem to have held a high position in the county and became connected by marriage with some of the best families, the Assheton's the Bridgemar's, the present Earl of Bradford's line, the Rawstorne's or Rawsthornes, of Penwortham, near Preston, and Newhall, near Edenfield; of their alliance to this latter name, I copy the following from Burke's Directory of landed gentry, viz:--"Edmund Rosthorne, Esq., of Newhall, elder son and heir of Edmund

Rosthorne, married Hellen, daughter of Ratcliffe Assheton, Esq., of Cuerdale, County Lancaster: Secondly, to Mary, daughter of John Greenhalgh, Esq., of Brandlesome, County Lancaster, and by whom he had three daughters, co-heirs at law. 1st, Catherine, wife of William Lever, of Kersal, County Lancaster, 2nd, Mary, 3rd. Jane, married to James Murray, a Scotchman. Lawrence Rosthorne, or Rawsthorne, Esq., their uncle, then succeeded to Newhall, and was High Sheriff of Lancashire, the fifth of Charles the First. He married three times, his first wife being, Elizabeth, daughter of George Murray, Rector of Bury, County Lancaster. He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Richard Bolde, Esq., of Bolde, County Lancaster, and widow of John Atherton, Esq., of Atherton, County Lancaster: as either her jointure or dower, Mr. Rawsthorne removed thither and was resident there when he recorded his pedigree at the law visitation in 1664.

A tradition exists in the neighbourhood, that during the war between the Parliament and the King, in the seventeenth century, that the King's troops, when in the vicinity of Brandlesome, were entertained at the mansion, and their horses given free pasturage, and for this act of loyalty and generosity, the

Greenhalghs had the manorial rights of the district for miles given to them, which assured to them the ownership of even a stray sheep, on Holcomb and the contiguous hills. Whittaker, states, that they were the hereditary Bailiffs of Tottington.

I extract the following from Burke's Armory, viz:-- Greenhow or Greenhaugh, of Greenhaugh Castle, County Lancaster, ar, on a bend sa, three buglehorns, stringed of the Field-Crest, a buglehorn stringed, Motto, '*Vide sed cui vide.*' Have confidence, but be cautious, in whom yo "place it."

To which branch, or to what branch of the name my father belonged I have not been able as yet to establish, although myself and brother Thomas have made some slight efforts to do so. At my mother's death, six years ago, I found an old account book once the property of my father's father, my grandsire: it was apparently a book for general purposes, viz:--- setting-down book, memorandum book, receipt-book, and in one respect, bible, printed in 1767. In one corner of it I found the following:-- "1731, June 27th, then was my father, John Greenhalgh, born, being the only son of Thomas Greenhalgh, 'Turney-at-law,' Preston."

Brother Thomas was staying at my house about this time, having very kindly volunteered to pay me a visit weekly for a short period after my mother's death, in order to float my spirits to high level, and thereby endeavour to lift me as it were above the ruts of old memories, The reading of the said old book and its reference to our pedigree, put Thomas and myself on our mettle, and we reasoned thus, viz:--Col. Sutcliffe told our late brother James, some 20 years before, that we were descended from the Brandlesome branch, and taking the evidence of this said old book, no doubt but that the Colonel was right. First, because the Brandlesome Greenhalgh s were birds with gay plumage, and lived up a tree on a branch or habitation at the top, whereas, any other of the name of whom we had any knowledge, were, in our eyes, only as insects grubbing at the root or at the bottom. Secondly, That there is a castellated ruin, called "Greenhalgh Castle," one mile east from Garstang, which Baines' relates was built by Thomas, first Earl of Derby after the Battle of 'Bosworth Field,' to protect the Lovel estates, awarded to him for his services rendered on that day to the house of Lancaster. In it's original state, Baines continues, the Castle was a rectangular building, with towers at each angle about 15 yards distant from each

other. Only one tower now remains, the other having fallen under the dismantling advances of parliament about the year 1650, in the interval between the decapitation of Charles the First, and James Earl of Derby at Bolton.

This Castle was held for the King in 1643 by the Earl of Derby, aided by a branch of the Brandlesome Greenhalghs, who, on the authority of Col. Sutcliffe, held estates in the neighbourhood the village or township of Greenhalgh being not far away, which said estates, no doubt, continued Thomas and I, would be forfeited to parliament after the fall of the Castle, thereby the Greenhalgh's would reasonably be reduced in substance and in station, and the junior members thereof be compelled to see for position &c., in the Church, Law, or the Army. Preston being the nearest town of importance, and long having been a nursery. of and practising ground for *limbs* of the *law*, or the legal profession, hence, our conclusion that our ancestor John Greenhalgh, "*Turney at law,*" as the old book has it, our great, great, grandsire, might be one of or from this junior stock.

Whether our grand-dad was from the lot or not, our deductions were not very clear after all; many patrimonial estates no doubt have been won and lost

on weaker evidence and assumptions, especially when it be considered that my father's family have no relation or affinity, direct or lateral, in any part of the county; we repudiate the "Cockey Snake," the "Bury Muff," as well as the "Bolton Trotter."

Brother Tom and self, felt considerably relieved at the end of our learned and philosophical conclusions, and our blood streamed more gently in our veins. Tom crammed his pipe, replenished his glass, and looked quite happy.

"I say Joseph," said Thomas, "here is proof of a direct line of descent, which is really very valuable and may be of the uttermost importance; take care and preserve that book, place it where it will not become fly or moth-eaten; it may be wanted. We must proceed further with this matter; how singularly these things sometimes turn up," and then, after a pull at the whiskey, he continued with great emphasis, "Preston Church-yard no doubt contains the interment of our ancestor, the '*Turney at law*'; dispatch a letter at once to the Parish Clerk for information."

Thomas was taken at his bidding, a letter was written to the purpose forthwith, by myself, and sent per that night's mail, sabbath though it was. Next post

or two, brought an answer to the effect, that he, the Clerk, had found one register of the name, the one to which we had referred him, viz:--John, the son of John, "*Turney at law*," born June 27th, 1781, as per old book, and he added further, the important intelligence that he had found some 15 more of the same name.

"How many did we want?" This letter was submitted to brother Thomas for his consideration. What might be the probable cost was the next question ? "why not more than four or five shillings at most" replied Thomas and with a learned twist of the whiskers, a wriggle with his pipe, and a strong pull at the whiskey, he added, "I should dearly like them all Joseph, send for them at once, I will go halves at ex's."

Again Tom was taken at his bidding; being the junior, I was anxious to gratify my senior, and wrote again, ordering the whole batch to be addressed to us. In due course they arrived, sixteen in number, beginning with a Peter, and other christian appendages of men, women and children, bearing evidence that they were all born, baptized, married or buried in the Parish Church, or yard of Preston, from the early part of the seventeenth century to the close of the eighteenth, signed by the said clerk. N.B.--Bill of costs included, viz:--the Christian names &c., of sixteen

veritable Greenhalgh's, male and female, duly born, baptized, married, and buried, for the small charge of 2s. 6d., each !

As to their utility or service in aiding my learned brother and self in our pious, worthy and anxious endeavours to establish a clear line of descent, from Parnassus or Brandlesome heights, they proved as useless as a bag of fleas and quite as interesting.

Thomas screwed his mouth in a unique fashion peculiar unto himself, looked awry, got hold of his whiskers, crammed his pipe, replenished his glass, and after all had been set in motion, with a strikingly picturesque countenance glaring on myself, pealed forth in solemn tones, "Joseph we are regularly done !" Well Thomas replied I, 'Where is thy brass ? let us send it and have done with it; experience as the old saying has it, is generally paid for. But alas I Thomas' zeal had taken it's flight, it had escaped through his breeches pockets, he had dropped from boiling point to zero, from the twenty-fourth of June to the twenty-fourth of December. Thomas had studied the matter as the countryman had done the fiddle, which having purchased he took home, broke it open, then returned it complaining, that he could not find any music in it.

I sent off the whole amount out of my own exchequer, but it was sometime before I was refunded; so here ended our joint researches. Since that time, I have been moved to an increased desire to trace my father's lineage to an altitude and atmosphere above the dwellings of the ordinary branches of his name. I addressed the Rev. Canon Raines upon the subject , in the following terms, viz:--"Dear Sir, I hope you will not regard my thus addressing you, as presumption, or the object I have in doing so as out of place. Like most people, I am anxious to know who I am, or who my forefathers were, and I most respectfully ask your assistance in leading me thereto.

"The Chetham Society, of which you are so distinguished a member, published a short time ago a history or memoir of the house of Stanley. In Harrop's History of that house, mention is made of one of my name, viz:--John Greenhalgh, Governor of the Isle of Man, from 1640 to 1651.

" I have in my possession a portrait in lithograph published some 25 years since, by Thomas Col. Sutcliffe. These Greenhalghs possessed lands between Bury and Tottington, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and resided thereon, in the family mansion called, "Branillesome hall," now held as a Farm house.

"Greenhalgh Castle", now a ruin near Garstang, was defended by the Earl of Derby during the war between the first Charles and his Parliament, aided I believe, by these Brandlesome Greenhalghs, who, according to Col. Sutcliffe, held estates in the neighbourhood, the Village or township of Greenhalgh not being far away.

"Col. Sutcliffe, 25 years ago, when I was a comparative boy, said, we were of this Brandlesome branch. Since then, my family have gone from around me, and as a bachelor left alone, my interest in the matter has grown stronger, and as I am dotting down a few matters belonging to old memories relating to my father, I am wishful to find from whence he sprang.

"The other day I found an old book belonging to his father, my grandsire, in which was entered an account of his father, my great grandsire, to the effect, that he was born, June 27th, 1731, being the only son of John Greenhalgh, attorney- at-law, Preston. Now I want to find if this attorney-at-law was a branch of the Brandlesome family; he was born as per register, in 1704, but the register goes no further, that is, it explains nothing in addition, who he was or whence he came.

"To my mind it is not unlikely he came, or his father, from the neighbourhood of Greenhalgh Castle. Probably the Greenhalgh's who aided the Earl of Derby in its defence, might lose their estates to Parliament, and thus the sons be compelled to take to the towns in search of station or position, and Preston being the nearest town of importance, hence my great, great grandsire being there as an Attorney. Would you suggest how I should attempt the proof ?

"You will no doubt smile at my vanity, and simplicity, but pray excuse my audacity." I at once received an answer from the Rev. Canon, which marks the man of mind, the scholar, aad the gentleman, and which I sincerely hope he will consider as no breach of faith and courtesy, by my copying here.

"Milnow, Rochdale, Sept. 6th, 1868,-Dear Sir,-" The name of Greenhalgh is very common in all parts of south Lancashire, and it may be assumed that a common ancestor was located at Brandlesome hall, in the Parish of Bury. The proof however, is quite another question. I have a pedigree of the great house of Greenhalgh of Brandlesome, from which it appears, that about the time of Edward III, Henry, son and heir of John Greenhalgh, Esq., of Greenhalgh, near Garstang, married Alice, daughter and heiress of

Richard Brandlesome, of Brandlesome, and the Greenhalghs continued to reside there until about the year 1728, when they fell in to difficulties and the estate was afterwards sold.

"Thomas Greenhalgh, Esq., who died in 1691-2, left by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. John Bridgeman, Dean of Chester, several sons and daughters of the sons, John, Orlando, Assheton Richard, James and Thomas might have male issue, but of this I am not certain. It is clear however that Assheton Richard Greenhalgh held the estates in 1728.

"The Captain Greenhalgh of whom you write, was Governor of the Isle of Man, and a personal friend of James, the 7th Earl of Derby. There is a curious letter relating to the family in the memoirs of the earl, printed by the Chatham Society. You would do well to read over the indexes of this society's publications, as the name frequently occurs.

"It is somewhat remarkable that I have just had a communication from a Mr. Greenhalgh, of Massachussets, in America, a wealthy gentleman, who is seeking to connect his family with that of the Greenhalghs of Brandlesome, the tra-dition being that

his forefather migrated in the 17th century from Lancashire.—I am, &c."

I did as the rev. gentleman kindly suggested, namely:—I referred to the Chetham Society's publications. I found the name frequently, but nothing bearing on the purpose I had in view. I have extended my labours in other directions for the same object, but, as hitherto, they have not been rewarded. I may still pursue my researches, and should I discover matter relevant to my desires, will give timely intimation to my anxious kindred, whom I sincerely trust will maintain a hopeful spirit in regard to my endeavours, viz., to plant our family banner on "Brandlesome Towers," and that they will cast their nets far and wide, and thereby render me any assistance within their power, so that we, together, may speedily arrive at so desirable and successful an issue.—“*Nil Desperandum.*”

CHAPTER II.

MY FATHER'S BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND IMMEDIATE ANCESTORS.



Y father, Thomas Greenhalgh, was the second son of Thomas Greenhalgh, of Burnley, in the county of Lancaster, in which town he was born, December, 1783. His mother, whose maiden name was Denison, was a native of Yorkshire, but about any other portion of her early life and parentage I know nothing. Her husband, my grandsire, was brought up as a nurseryman, which business he conducted upon a large scale, combined with that of glass and earthenware dealer, in St. James' street, Burnley. He was the eldest son of John and grandson of Thomas Greenhalgh, attorney, Preston, in which town he was born February, 1757.

My father had three brothers and three sisters; the sons were wholly or partially instructed and trained up in the mixed calling of the parent, my father alone being selected to learn what may be named as a skilled business, trade, or handicraft. He was placed as an

apprentice to Messrs. Peel, calico printers, of his native town, under whom he served the usual term; and be it observed, at a period when the printing trade—I mean as a trade to which it was a custom to bind youth—was one of the most respectable and flourishing. I have heard my father remark, that in its "palmy days" he could earn ten, and at times, twelve pounds per week, and by way of parenthesis I may here observe, that the poor souls who may be unlucky enough to be in the trade as journeymen block printers at this day—1869, earn about ten, and at times, twelve shillings per week, and thankful for that too, as the following incident will in part illustrate, Viz:

Some four months ago a man over fifty years of age presented himself in rage and tatters at my back door; he said he was a native of Clitheroe, at which town he had been taught as a block printer, that he had walked from Oldham, through Middleton, that day, being Sabbath, and intended pursuing his way that night to Chorley, on his way to Carlisle in search of work in his trade, with only fourpence in his pocket. Believing him to have given a faithful account of himself, I regaled him with tea, bread, butter, and roast beef, gave him two shillings in money, a pair of trousers, waistcoat, and hat, oiled his windpipe with a glass of whiskey

eleven above proof, mixed with sugar and boiling hot water, administered a blessing, and sent him on his way. About a week after, he again put in an appearance at my back yard door, and informed me that he had worked his passage,--that is, he had been to Carlisle and back, a distance of two hundred miles, without being able to get a sprint of work, but that in returning through Darwen he had obtained a promise for the following Monday to start operations at the magnificent wages of fifteen shillings per week. I tipped him another shilling, administered another blessing, dismissed him to his sunny expectations, and hoped he would not return quite so soon again.

My father came out of his apprenticeship about the year 1804, and being, as I suppose, an aspiring and gallant young man, and human kind ever progressing, he had the "native hitch," and of course must have a wife. In due time he met with a "charming creature" in her teens, wooed, won, and married her, February, 1805, at Burnley Church. This "charming creature," years afterwards, turned out to be my mother. What she was doing in Burnley, being a native of Yorkshire, at the time my father met her, I never clearly ascertained,--whether she was on a visit or engaged in some occupation. However, there she was, and either

she pushed herself in my father's way, or he throw himself in her way.

No doubt the latter, until both their ways became one. My father was not an educated man, at least, as the word education is accepted in our time. The training of youth was a vastly different matter then from what is experienced by parents now. Instruction, knowledge, or education had to be acquired more on the hammer and anvil principle; by the light, as it were, of the dreary oil lamp, and not beneath the blazing chandelier, to express it still more figuratively. Fruit had to be sought for on the mountain, or in the forest range, and not as now, in cultivated grounds, or brought to the door.

In the old book previously alluded to, and once the property of my grandsire, there are many odds and ends here and there done in but indifferent caligraphy and irregular form, which in some degree indicates the average educational quality of the period, and the loose manner pertainin to business and other matters as practised by the class to which, I may presume, my grandsire belonged,--that is the labouring middle class. I will give some few extracts from the old book by way of example. On the inside of the binding, in a corner, as though selected for especial safety, find the following:-

August 1st, 1758. Then was Barnet, the son of Robert Parker, Ann his wife, born.

On the first fly leaf, as if for greater safety:--

1799, Aug. 13th, bought pigg£1 7 0

Do. Oct. 2nd, bought pig 6 weeks old 0 12 0

1799, April 6th, bought pig, 6 weeks old ..._ 0 19 0

Succeeding close upon the swine are the following lines pricked to music, viz.:--

"Devouring fire shall go before his face, .

A tempest great shall around him trace"

I don't know whether the couplet had any reference to the pigs and to Barnet and parents or not, or whether my grandsire had some sacrificial offering in view which he proposed to keep secret from the vulgar world, I am not prepared to say, or who these Parkers were, that they should have merited such an entry, I am not in a position even to hazard an opinion. After a little more poetry and a little more pricking, my grandsire's brothers, sisters, and kindred come in for notice, viz.:--Birth, baptism, and death. The ordinary place for such records with most people is the Bible, and why the custom is departed from in this instance, I cannot conjecture. The writing is done in different hands, so I conclude the book must have been first in the possession of my great grandsire, which makes it

all the more interesting. First, I suppose, written by my grandsire, is an entry of his own father, two brothers, and a relative, viz.:--" June 27th, 1731. Then was my father, John Greenhalgh, born at Preston, being the only son of Thomas Greenhalgh, "Turney at law," Preston."

"1799, May 6th, James Greenhalgh departing this life, dying at his work in Mr. Hargraves' garden, the son of John Greenhalgh."

"1807, January 17th, Ann, the wife of William Radcliffe, departed this life and interred 20th, in Burnley Churchyard."

"1824, Oct. 20th, Brother William departed this life and interred 24th do. in Burnley Church yard."

The following entries are written in clear average characters, and relate to my great grandsire's immediate family, and as he was the only son of the "Turney-at-law," I assume he might have had some experience on his father's desk, and thus be better educated than his son my grandsire, and having performed these entries, hence the marked superiority of the writing, which is somewhat in an attorney's peculiar style.

"18th Dec., 1753. Then was Ann, the daughter of John Greenhalgh, by Mary, his wife, born and baptised at Preston Church."

"6th Feb., 1757 Then was Thomas, there son, born and baptised 27th at Preston Church."

"19th Feb., 1762. Then was John, there son, born and baptised 22nd March, at Burnley Church."

"4th Nov., 1764. Then was William, there son, born and baptised 18th do. at Burnley Church."

"7th June, 1768. Shee delivered of a son, and hee was privately intered the same day in Burnley Church yard."

"19th Dec., 1771. Then was James, there son, born and baptised 19th Jany., 1772, at Burnley Church."

"26th Jany., 1774. Then was Richard, there son, born and baptised 27th March, at Burnley Church. The seventh son."

I will now give a few items of business, following in the rear of the above a kind of rent roll, viz.:--

"1796, March 121st, receiving rent of Jack Shoemaker.

May 14th. Re'd. /5 in part of /8, remaining /3.'

1796 June 17th. Re'd. /1, remaining /2.

July 11th. Settling rent with Jack.

Oct. 25th. Receiving rent of Jack Shoemaker. ·

Nov. 7th. Settling rent.

1799, March 27th. Receiving 10s. 6d in part of 20 shillings of Jack for rent.

1799, June 12th. Settling rent with Jack.

1797, October 2d. Sitting room back side door mending, 2s. 2d."

My grandsire was evidently not a very apt book-keeper. He places his dates and figures in such jumbling, transverse order, that I really cannot claim for my ancestor this distinct qualification, as requisite to a Chancellor of the Exchequer: as per example, he makes Jack's indebtedness stand at the beginning of the account, at eightpence instead of eight shillings, simply by placing the figure at the right of the down stroke of the pen for that of the left. After his transactions with Jack in 1799, he turns again some two years, namely, to 1797, and bethinks him, that he had his sitting room back side door mended, for which he paid 2s. 2d.

The foregoing extracts convince me that my father's Tutor or schoolmaster was not a man with a college training, that is, he had no single letter from the beginning of the alphabet to its end, pointedly put to the tail of his name.

I am inclined to think he never had a master beyond his own father, or what he met with at the sabbath school, where both reading and writing were taught.

I don't particularly regret that he had not the advantage of being instructed under a B.A or an M.A, I am not so sure in my own mind that these little distinctions are in all, or many cases, a guarantee as to the capabilities of the possessors of them being the best adapted to impart instruction, especially to youths intended for the paths of life such as awaited my father.

Scholarship, as derived at college, is not always a surety for brains, much less is it a warranty for virtue, charity, and other qualities requisite, and all important in an individual taking upon himself the vocation of "*teaching the young idea how to shoot.*" A man may have college learning, but if he have no natural parts,--that is, intellectual acumen, he makes no headway, but sinks down, so to express it, beneath his own weight and inertness, becomes heavy and unwieldy, a burden to himself, and neither use nor ornament, "*a thing of shreds and patches.*" How often do we see it exemplified in the common intercourse of mankind, persons reputed high up in Latin, Greek, &c., never taking any

other degree amongst their every-day fellows but that of a fool or a learned jackass. In the houses of parliament, the pulpit, the bar, and other professions, we see the same, and evidence and examples might be multiplied without end. ·

My father's education consisted of arithmetic, commensurate to his requirements as a block printer, no more being brought into practice than served to measure the breadth of a piece, that is, whether it took four or six blocks to span it, or, as technically termed, whether it was a four or six over piece, and to count how many pieces he had worked of a given width, prior to being paid. As a writer, he was but an indifferent one,--I mean as a penman; a shocking poor speller, and a more miserable grammarian. He chose, and abided by his own orthography and grammar too, and both betimes were rare and amusing. As I have said, he had three brothers and three sisters, who lived into man and womanhood, and most of them into advanced years. The brothers' names were John, William, and Joseph. The sisters' were Lydia, Betty, and Sally, the two latter being baptized thus. I am not acquainted with anything special in their characters, whereby I can place them prominently upon my paper. They were plain, honest men and women, and

industrious in the several walks of life to which they were called. The men followed their father's business as a gardener, &c., just at times, as they seemed inclined, and united other little fragments of commerce to it, as to wit:--John did part as a coal merchant, and not deigning to make use of horse or donkey power, he applied his own to a truck, and in urgent cases, where neatness or trimness were required, he would carry them for delivery on his back, my father giving him sacks for the purpose. This brother John--was the eldest, and I should think the most amiable in temper and true simplicity of heart and understanding. His lot was harder than any of the others,--it was not cast amongst roses, but a good deal where thorns and thistles grew; yet amidst it all he bore it with a meekness, a contentedness, and equanimity which to my mind, more than many vaunted virtues mark the man of God. I was very partial to him as a boy, and when he crossed Pendle Hill, which he made a point of doing two or three times per annum, on a visit to "our old house at home," my mother would intercede with my father to let him have a sack or two to carry back. I remember on these occasions myself and other brothers and sisters helping our good mother in her pleadings,

which were generally successful, and he returned over the hill again with a heart rejoiced.

William added dyeing to his parent's business of gardener. Joseph, the youngest son, combined with it seedsman and earthenware dealer.

The sisters' married men in their own station of life,- Lydia to Thomas Whittaker, for many years head constable of Burnley, and common carrier before railways crossed the country. Sally to Joseph Jackson, tea, coffee, snuff, stocking, tape, and general smallware dealer. Betty to Benjamin Isherwood, joiner and builder. I believe they are all gathered to their Father's, and I hope are resting in peace.

My father had an Uncle John Greenhalgh, who was the only kinsman of his native town I can lay hold of here to introduce, with any hope of being interesting to those of my nephews and nieces and their offspring, for whom these pages are more particularly intended.

As I remember him in my early days, he was a queer little old man; "Curiosity John" he was best known by. He was a bachelor, and firm as a flint to the end; short in stature, say about five feet, spare figure, but square built and straight as a needle; round head, thatched with silvery grey; round face, good frontal,

and gentlemanly deportment. He had been head gardener to some Yorkshire squire, who (according to some old books containing Wesley's sermons, he gave to my father 60 years since) resided at a house or mansion called Norton Place, somewhere in the county. He saved money in service, as all bachelors deserve to do. At what period he settled down in Burnley, I cannot say; at all events, it must have been in the prime of manhood, as he conducted the business of a nurseryman on his own account there for many years, thereby adding still more to his savings. He retired from the business for profit, but continued to rent a large garden, in which he cultivated flowers and other produce for pleasure and fancy, as all bachelors have a right to do. He then started up a "curiosity shop," filling and cramming his residence near the church gates with every conceivable thing his whim struck a fancy for--from a pipe stump to a stuffed crocodile. He had every room shelved from the ceiling to the floor,--not ordinary shelving, but shelving in a conical form, beginning near the centre of the floor and ending at the edge of the ceiling, just as much space remaining in each apartment as sufficed for his big armed chair, a small table, and the accommodation of a friend or two standing, but not sitting. It would be impossible for me

to describe the loads piled together on those shelves, and indeed throughout the house, bed, chairs, drawers, bread flake, bird cage, and even the salt box, were literally covered. He generally sat in his big armed chair, with the door wide open, as people might peep in, but neither enter or touch. He had a favourite dog and cat by his side, but as to any other company he shunned, or rather he courted none. At times, when I have visited Burnley, I usually made a bargain with a female cousin, much older than myself, that she should take me up to old Uncle John's, her brother, nearer my own age, being one of the party. She entered willingly into the engagement, on conditions that we should not annoy the old man by touching his collections. We of course agreed, but I can remember so soon as we got inside, our mischievous spirits set to work, and when my fair cousin has been holding him in conversation, we have been either upstairs or in a back room, when some sudden crash has been heard, which has spun our old kinsman round upon his centre, and he has turned us out, telling our conductress, never to bring us again.

Some few years preceding his death, he engaged my late brother William to cause a huge brass plate to be engraved, bearing the burden of some lines of poetry and passages from Scripture, to be set into his

tombstone after decease, which whim was gratified at a cost of many pounds. I have a pot jug, of singular design and construction which he presented to my father and mother as a marriage offering, sixty-four years ago. It is in the form of a man's head and face, the latter, to my fancy, very like himself; but it may be taken as a fair sample of the style and character of heaps of curious articles crowding his house. He "*shuffled off this mortal coil*" in 1850, at a green old age, which all bachelors ought to do, viz., 88 years, and lies interred in Burnley church-yard.

My father was about five feet nine inches, erect and straight, square-shouldered, high chested, large head, namely, 24 inches in circumference, and well set on. His character of the Saxon type, not very speculative, cool and deliberative in arriving at a conclusion, and steadfast in adherence thereto. He was not given to express himself in very choice and elegant phraseology: much of this was derived from the circumstances of his birth, Burnley being proverbially an uncouth and vulgar town, the people uttering the rudest vernacular. He would clothe his sentiments in strange language sometimes; he never went to a dictionary either for sound or meaning. He never wanted a toy where he looked for a reality, and his words often seemed fitted

to a nicety, as though they had been engrafted to his thoughts. The late Thomas Bentley, formerly a fellow-workman of his, told me some years ago that my father had many singular and characteristic expressions,--that he once was having a dispute with him, politically or otherwise, when my father, in great aggravation at his (Bentley's) remarks, suddenly lifted his spectacles above his eyebrows, looked him in the face, and said, "Be off with thee, thou hast a mind of little things," meaning that Bentley's mind could only grapple with small matters. Although, as I have said, he did not adopt polished words whereby to enforce his meaning, yet, in some measure, he was discriminating in language. I should think from childhood to manhood -- from mid life to green old age, he never indulged in profane and obscene utterance; and I have heard it remarked that whatever unevenness of temper might manifest itself, an oath in its most simple and durable form was never known to have escaped his lips. Like all the children of our first parents since the fall, he had his failings; he was neither mantled in robes of unfading virtue, nor possessed of qualities uncommon to the rest of mankind; yet he had virtues which were not inherited by all human creatures, and which are worthy of being recorded here. His language

and bearing, in reference to the higher duties and obligations towards religion and morality, were circumspect, undeviating, and unaffected.

My Mother was a native of Knaresborough, in the county of York, where she was born Nov. 1789, being the eldest living child of Daniel Dodson, who was a native of Boroughbridge of the same county, where he was brought up as a flax dresser, then toll-bar keeper at Plumpton near Harrogate, afterwards a schoolmaster at Knaresborough. He was a man of eccentric character, with abilities above the average; and of a kind and genial nature. He was said to have written the life of John Metcalfe, otherwise, "blind Jack" of Knaresborough. I have frequently heard my mother say, that when a girl, Jack was nightly at her father's house, furnishing or dictating the necessary information.

I have heard him relate, that, when he was a boy, he had to pass over Knaresborough Forest where Eugene Aram was gibbeted in 1758, for the murder of Daniel Clarke in 1744, and how his blood did course through his veins as he saw the gibbet from which hung the bones years after, bleached white with time, and heard them rattle in the winter's wind. I have known him walk the distance, namely, forty-two miles

between Knaresborough and Clitheroe, and back again up to his 71st year. He died from fever about 1885, aged 78, and lies in the Parish Church-yard, Knaresorough.

My mother was a somewhat remarkable woman; her personal will be best described as handsome, tall, perpendicular, complexion fair, limbs round, full, and well proportioned; features soft and regular, a Grecian cast of countenance, good forehead and commanding presence. I don't know what she might have been in her teens and sentimental years, only from my father's account, which is that *never such a fairy was looked upon*; but remember in my youth, and the vision is now more compact in mid-life, that she was one of nature's best patterns, and called the handsomest woman of my nativetown and neighbourhood. Her spirit was high, and to strangers would pass as somewhat haughty. Upon acquaintance this would wear away, her natural disposition be seen and be admired. She was kind to a fault, and, as Burns said of his father--

"Her failings leaned to virtue's side."

She was ever a peace-maker, and her constant habit was to defend the absent. She was mistress of her tongue when mischisf was ahead, and at all times and

places she was charitable, well and kindly spoken. She was no gossip, free from *tittle tattle*, and many other sickly foibles her sex is heir to. She was generally absorbed in her family, her business and her religious and social duties. She was the eldest living of numerous family,--two sons and six daughters. The sons were Joseph and Daniel; the sisters were Ann (my mother), Jane, Maria, Sarah, Hannah, and Sophia Joseph, the eldest son, born, May, 1792, was instructed as a flax dresser in Kneresborough. Near sixty years since he left his native town to seek his fortune in the Metropolis, engaging himself to an eminent firm of flax and sugar shippers or brokers. His character, &c., proving exemplary, in course of time he was given an interest in the establishment. The partners dying off, he succeeded to the entire business. He married some wealthy lady, who brought him a family of children, all sons, I believe, one of whom studied as a barrister. His wife dying some years ago, he married a second time, a wealthy widow. His town house, or place of business, according to Baines' Directory for 1822, was then Gloucester Terrace, Cannon Street Road, London. He has now a house in Kent as his country seat. I remember him being at my father's house when I was a very small boy, and we looked upon him then as a very

big man, and an almighty fine gentleman. He had come down to Lancaster concerning a ship belonging to him, which had got out of her course, laden with flax or sugar, and being within 20 miles of Clitheroe, he called on his way back through Yorkshire to see his eldest sister--my mother, they not having met for many years previous. Of course, a great fuss was made of him; all we children were soundly scrubbed in soap and water, and put into our best bibs and tuckers. Guests, the most distinguished of my father's and elder brother's acquaintance, were invited to meet and do honour to *his grace*. Extra beef was ordered, copper cans came from the wine merchant, containing something more palatable than vinegar; dishes, platters, &c., were put upon the table in the best room upstairs, and all got up in the best style of fashion, considering my father's means. The company assembled and did duty to the good things provided. After the "feast," came the decanters, conversation went ahead, bumpers were drunk to each other, and "*all went merry as a marriage bell.*"

The banqueting was continued until an early hour next morning, when his grace took his leave, having arranged for sleeping at a neighbouring hotel, the Brownlow's Arms, then kept by the late William West.

He distributed one pound each to the elder of my brothers and sisters, and two shillings each to the wee youngsters. I recollect, in giving me my portion, he addressed me as his namesake. I was proud of this distinction, returned my acknowledgments, and long retained a pleasant memory of him: perhaps the two shillings had good deal to do with this. Early next morning, a chaise and pair drove up to my father's door from his hotel, with John Green, block cutter, for coachman; the "great gun" thus went off, booming in the direction of Yorkshire, and I have never seen him since.

Daniel, the second and youngest son, born, March, 1799, was given by Joseph, as I have been told, £800, in order that he might endeavour to raise the condition of himself and a numerous family by emigration; he left England for the United States of America about the year 1850, where he rented or purchased land for farming purposes, in the State of Massachussets, and died there some ten years ago.

Maria, second daughter, born, March 1794; married one Temple, a builder, I believe in Hartlepool.

Jane, third daughter, born Nov. 1795; married to one Brown, of Ripon.

Sarah, fourth daughter, born Aug. 1797; married to one Wessell, a native of Germany.

Hannah, fifth daughter, born April 1800; married to one John Lomax; secondly to one Mitchell, of the United States. Sophia, sixth daughter, born-1802; married to one Carnie.

Anything in detail, pertaining to the above, I am not able to furnish, without I go a little out of my way to observe, that Joseph, the eldest son, in the course of fifty years past has performed many generous acts to most members of his family, which has born evidence that he had a kind and benevolent heart and understanding: first, he maintained his father and step-mother in a condition of ease and independence years prior to death, and disbursed all costs attending final sickness and burial--in full, I may add, that he has been pulled at by all nearly, except my mother, his eldest sister, her husband, my father and their offspring; this has resulted I suppose from the fact of their circumstances not requiring the obligation, or being too high spirited and proud to receive it. ·

I will conclude this reference to the "London Nabob," as I once heard one of his sisters call him by way of sneer, in saying that, in most instances where he had showered "honey dew," he got nothing in return

but "hailstones," or to be less figurative, he was delivered a great weight of foul words and ingratitude. If these remarks should ever come under his notice, I can assure him he is not the only Joseph who has given his substance and marked his better nature towards relatives more needy than himself, and got back ingratitude in exchange. Some, or most people, who become the recipient of other's bounties, accept the gifts, first, as an obligation, and if continued, as a right; as a rule, these needy individuals are the authors of their own improvidence, and in general are persons who never knew what it was to give alms or assistance to the less fortunate; they destroy and fritter away their own substance and chances on the world's stage, and like "yawning gulph's," are ever ready and willing too, to swallow up anybody else's.

In the month of June last, I received the "New York Herald," in which I found in the Obituary, the death of Hannah, the fifth daughter, and in passing, I may as well relate that she emigrated with her husband, John Lomax, a native of Bolton, in the year 1880. Lomax had served his apprenticeship as a letterpress printer, stationer, and book binder, to Henry Whalley, Clitheroe. In 1882, they were preparing to leave the United States for father-land, the Cholera prevailing to

such a height they were resolved to flee its presence; they had got on board the ship for the purpose, when Lomax was seized with the fearful malady, and died almost instantaneously. The widow remained in America, and ultimately married a Mr. Charles Mitchell, a native of Scotland, her first husband's manager, to whom they had sold the business. There were children by the first marriage and also by the second; one by the latter, a girl, took to the stage, and is known in the States as, Maggie Mitchell; she has become one of the most popular actresses there, earning I have been told, at times during the season, £50 per night. The mother and her acting daughter, were in this, country two years since; they called upon me, but unfortunately I was away from home--a very interesting young lady I believe, dwarfish in stature, age somewhere under 30, slight figure, fair complexion and pleasing manners. I should think her success on the stage must have been a great hit, I mean in a monetary point of view, judging by some little incidental facts told me by some female gossip either inside or outside the family--that is, she keeps a carriage and servants to match, both black and white, in livery and out of livery, and secondly, she spent £1000 in jewellery or trinkets whilst in Paris, before landing in

England. No doubt these facts, I mean the carriage, the servants black and white, in and out of livery, together with the £1000 paid for ornamental gear, are regarded as a kind of barometer to many minds in measuring both rank and quality, but, they are only so-so quality of mind which is in every ease, influenced by, such barometer. "It is not all gold that glitters," and "The gow'd is but the guinea stamp," &c. We see and hear of this being daily exemplified. but however this may be, as not being intended for application to my fair Coz, I hope she has got the wealth of the Indies, and that her qualities are rare, of great price, and exceed the value of rubies. She was offered an engagenient in London two seasons since, but declined it in consequence of the money offer being too small, being the same as accepted by Miss Bateman, the well known American actress, the preceding season.

In connection with aunt Hannah and her first husband, I will make another digression, in order to mention a curious circumstance to my mind, going back some 40 years. My uncle Lomax when out of his apprenticeship, commenced business on his own account in Clitheroe, first in Wellgate, afterwards removing to a shop next to the Brownlow's Arms. I passed a great portion of my time in his printing office,

as a small boy, himself being very partial to me, buying my first suit, in other words, he put me in my first jacket and trousers. Another little fact has always stuck fast in my mind, namely, I tasted the first bit of celery I ever did taste, in his printing office, I spat it out then, as not approving of it, but since, have become immensely fond of it. My uncle left Clitheroe for Acerington, to which village he removed his business; a short time after he was settled there, myself and brother Thomas being very young, were packed off one bright summer's morn, at the sound of the "Chanticleer's shrill voice," in the stagecoach which passed through Acerington to Manchester daily, starting to the bugle horn as the clock struck six. We arrived about seven o'clock am. at our uncle's, and were duly received with that welcome which belongs to, and ought to be reciprocated between truly kith and kin. After breakfast our uncle exuberant in his affection and disposition to please us as children, invited us to see the little wonders of the then little Accrington; child like, we were delighted at the offering, and taking his hands, my brother his right, myself his left, we started down the main or principal street, which I have since known as Abbey street; about mid-way as I now think, we met a wee, wee, little, little man, with

singular proportions, as all dwarf's or deformities invariably are found to possess, viz:--large head, big body and short legs. Myself, cynical I am told, from a child, and which has grown, I suppose, into greater bulk as a man: gave a sudden trip, whirled mine uncle and elder brother as it were from their centres, and cried out, "Ah! what a queer little man." The dwarf turned, as if smitten with reproof, and in the indignation of his nature shouted in return, "I am as big as thee at all events." Mine uncle tripped me back again, and laughingly said, "let him alone Joedy, he has not touched thee." Dating from my earliest recollection, this circumstance has held a niche into manhood's prime: as per instance, when I have been called upon to visit Accrington on business or otherwise, this dwarfish meeting was in memory's front; when perchance I have met with individuals who may have had an inkling for conversation towards that season of life, when the buttercup, the cowslip, the daisy, and primrose were the sweetest flowers to them, I may sometimes have told of this dwarfish meeting.

On Wednesday, the 18th of August, I was on my usual journey to Clitheroe, Whalley, &c. and at the latter place, was seated in a private room at the the Dog Inn, about 7 o'clock in the evening, in company

with Mr, John Brewer, of Portfield, the worthy proprietor's brother, when the door opened in a direct line to where I was seated, and a male human, yet inhuman looking figure passed through the portal, filling its width, and advanced towards myself, with eyes fixed as though his optics had pierced the timbers and seen the occupants within: "Give us thee hondt," screamed he, "know thee mon, give us thee hondt I say, I hev sin thee before, what art thou doing here?"

I sat still, or rather felt myself screwed to the chair, immovable in all save thought or imagination; the mind, as it were, threw her mid-life coverings off, bounded from her holdings, and dipped back into childhood again.

Now Jack, said Mr. Brewer, thou must not stop here. But I'll hev hold of his hondt, I say, I know him. I extended him my hand, he took and buried it in his own, buried it I say, for I never saw such a hand, my own was literally hidden from sight; his paws were like the hindermost quarters of a bullock, his head was like a gorgon's, his body as though it had once been the stump of some gigantic tree without form and void, his legs about a foot long, and bent outwards seemed as they had been picked up and screwed in; his countenance of acid, cankered and vicious aspect; in a

word, he appeared as just come up from the palace of all the devils, having been shut therein near 40 years.

It has been said that in olden time, some people were gifted with the power of "raising the devil:" whether my presence in the ancient village of Whalley had such an effect or not, I am not prepared to say; although at various crises of my life, I have been reputed to have unmoored his Satanic majesty and to have lifted him above the surface.

I have seen you before said I, where do you come from ? "I come fro Accrington, I wur born there i' 1809," shouted he. I saw him when I was a child whispered I to my friend, and never since until this moment; take him into the kitchen, waitress, and give him a glass of grog.

My father, born, 1783, bound apprentice in 1797, to Messrs. Peel, calico printers, Burnley, as per grandsire's old book, and from which I take the following, viz:--

"Tom, prentice, to serve seven years, from July 17th, 1797. 4 shillings first year, 5 shillings second year, 6 shillings third year, and seven shillings 4 last years."

I will also here transcribe from the said book, an entry of his four sons as freemen, on the Guild roll of

Preston, which goes to illustrate in some kind, the interest he had for his family; no doubt the privileges and dignity of a freeman would hold a higher repute in those days than we are wont to award them now; thanks to an enlightened political progress.

"1782, Sept. 12th, entering John, son of Thomas Greenhalgh, in the Guild book of Preston." .

"1802, Sept. 2nd, Thomas, William, and Joseph Greenhalgh, in the Guild book of Preston, paying 9 shillings each and one shilling renewing, for them that has been in before."

My grandsire places and omits letters in a somewhat unique fashion, and gives his words a singular turn of expression; for this I crave indulgence, as representing in part the difference between now and ninety years.

My father would thus be 14 years of age when his indentures were signed, and 19 when his father sealed his final love for him, by attaching him to the ancient Guild of Preston. His term of servitude would be fulfilled July 17th, 1804, and the succeeding year, Feb. 1805, he was married, being then in his twenty-second or twenty-one years of age. My mother, born 1789, would be in her sixteenth, or fifteen years of age, therefore her husband's junior by six years, added

together, making a grand total of thirty-six between them.

Here is a picture for contemplation, especially applicable to youthful aspirants to conjugal life. Here is a couple of children merely, just launching with their frail bark on the waters of practical existence, without chart or compass to guide them over its unknown and surly depths, and comparatively destitute of the wherewithal to aid them 'in breasting' its tempestuous waves.

Philosophy and wisdom will sometimes induce individuals on perilous adventures, and enable them to accomplish great and striking feats. The astronomer may ascend in his balloon, adjust his instruments, count the stars, and tell how many moons it might take to make one sun, with tolerable certainty. The warrior may number the forces and estimate the enemy's position with comparative exactness, but the knowledge and speculation of one, or the courage and genius of the other, are "trifles light as air," as compared to the daring, the foresight, and multitudinous other qualifications necessary for success to a youthful married pair, in making their entry upon the world's arena or battle-field. I am not inferring that all who wed, at a maiden or other age,

possess such qualifications, far from that. I assert it as my opinion, gleaned from experienced observation, that seventy-five percent of unions by marriage have their origin in their total absence; ten per cent from pure incentive and well-adjusted plans, the remaining fifteen from necessity or convenience.

Whether my father and mother belonged to the motley seventy-five, the glorious fifteen, or the famous ten, I will leave for judgment, when at the end of my book. However it might be, there they were in February, 1805, with a marriage diploma, and, I suppose, nothing more material to, mark their new adoption. In using the word "material;" I mean they had no pecuniary foundation,--no account at the bankers', no property or states, either inherited or given to them by their parents. Dowries at that day no doubt would be little understood, compared to our understandings in these money-making, and pounds-shillings-and-pence grubbing times. Rank, wealth, and fashion have entered so largely into the marriage contract now-a-days, that it is rapidly assuming more the form of a "*Treaty of Commerce*," and the arrangements for this solemn compact are oftener settled at the *desk* or in the counting-house than in the minds and hearts of the parties more immediately

interested. *Pa and Ma* have at times really more to do with it than either Miss or Master; and how often do we hear of some pretty chit in her teens being lashed as it were to some ambling, decrepit old- stager, whose years may range from sixty to ninety; sold into bondage for name or filthy lucre – To my thinking, this is perverting God's appointments to further man's ends.

The precise period my father and mother remained in Burnley after marriage, I have no means of proving, beyond the birth of the first child, born in Burnley, December, 1805, died May, 1807, and interred in Burnley Church yard. I conclude from this, and the fact of the seoond child being born January, 1808, at Sawley, near Clitheroe, that they resided after marriage in Burnley, from one to two years, my father being employed as a journeyman block printer, by the same firm under whom he had been taught the art and mystery of calico printing, namely, Messrs. Peel. My father then, with his young wife, would remove to Sawley about the latter part of the year 1807.

It is impossible now to correctly appraise my father's means, but of this I feel tolerably certain, they could not be excessive; the gross amount paid to him as an apprentice, as per grandsire's account, would be

£111 16s., being little more than maintaining him with plain food and clothing under his father's roof. He became a full-blown and full-grown man and workman, July 17th, 1804, and between this period and February, 1805, the date of his marriage, there are only seven months he could have been paid as a journeyman, and the amount upon the average he would thus receive, I will not place, even at a guess. Probably, his savings and substance would not much exceed the amouut required for paying the cost of the ring, "putting up the askings," as vulgarly called, or publishing the banns, (marriage, by the modern style of licence, would be little practised at that day), discharging the parson's fee, &c., perhaps bran span new coat for himself, of blue cloth, decorated with large shiny metal buttons, lapels reaching to his ankles, knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes, bearing buckles of huge dimensions, together with the purchase of a fine bonnet for his bride, providing plain, needy household furniture, and throwing away a few coins at the church gates.

CHAPTER III.

SAWLEY AND THE PEELS.



AWLEY, or better known as "Sawley Abbey," is situated on the banks of the Ribble, four miles north-east of the ancient borough of Clitheroe, was founded by William de Percy, in 1147, and flourished as a cistercian community, until the reign of that monster in human shape, the execrable Harry the Eighth, when, like most similar institutions, it was plundered, and eventually demolished.

A printworks was established here, by the Messrs. Peel, somewhere about the year 1790. The question might be asked, --why the site at Sawley was selected for such an establishment, what could have pointed to such a spot and induced shrewd-headed people like the Peels to invest their gold, and take up quarters amid ivy-covered walls, dead men's bones, and where the owlet built her nest, or--

"Where, on flowers that languished around,
In silence response the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf being at rest, and beaming no a

sound,
But the woodpecker tapping at the hollow
beach tree."

Markets, coals, labourers, &c., all being far away, the Monks, five hundred years before, saw its advantages. perhaps from another point of view, outwardly, but in substance, from a similar stand point, which was its adaptation to their peculiar requirements, derived from its isolated position its solitary aspect, secure within themselves from the intrusions of the world around, its green slopes and undulating meadows and pastures covered with luxuriant herbage; the woods fostering and filled with game; the bounding Ribble, with its fresh and living waters teeming with the rich and silvery trout and delicious salmon.

The canny printer was not behind the solitary, devout, and luxurious Monk in the conception and appropriation of his plan. If he did not look for solitude, devotion, fattened kine, delicious fish, and savoury game; still his vision and calculations were as ripe and concentrated in a direction possibly regarded as solemn and important to himself. He ken'd the abundant and pellucid stream, the green fields, the pure untainted atmosphere, and other capabilities for calico printing.

The Peels were not the owners of the place, but tenants, under Lord Grantham, who afterwards became Lord de Grey and immediate ancestor of Earl de Grey and Ripon. It is now in possession of the Dowager Countess Cowper. No doubt the site was well chosen, and yielded to the Peels all they sought, namely, good work and large profits.

Sawley, in my memory, was never anything more than a hamlet, consisting of scattered hand-loom weavers' cottages, and small farm tenements, mostly built from material taken from the ruins of the once flourishing abbey. The Abbey, or ruins of Sawley Abbey, was, in some measure, but a name, in comparison to what we generally understand by its application. I recollect, as a boy, a piece of rubble wall, about ten or fifteen yards high, standing out of a huge mound, or grass-covered hillock, to the right of the village entering from Clitheroe, and this was regarded as "the ruins of Sawley Abbey." There were no transepts, or finely turned arches, as at Furness, Tintern, and elsewhere. Dr. Whittaker conjectured, "*that no stone or brass remained to tell where the founders lie.*" If there were ruins, they were hidden beneath the surface, which was proved a dozen or fifteen years since, when in digging or ploughing in a neighbouring field,

material was turned up of an interesting character. This was prosecuted still further by the orders and at the cost of the owner. The Archaeological Society made a visit to the district, and under their suggestions, extensive excavations were made, which included within their boundary, the "mound or grass-covered hillock," where was the rubble wall shooting out like an obelisk. This wall was found to be part, or the end, or side of the Abbey kitchen, tessellated pavement, Tombstones, and other relics of ancient date, were discovered and laid bare, thus were opened out the ruins of Sawley Abbey, as now seen. I conjecture the principal occupancy or site for the print works, was a pile of buildings three windows high to the left, as approaching from Clitheroe, about the centre of the village and abutting almost down to the Ribble; here, is still the old goit, or wheel race, but a great portion of this pile was consumed by fire some 40 years ago; what remains bears evidence of workshops, &c., and seem to have been raised upon the foundations of some portion of the Abbey.

The Peels are of Saxon origin, and early settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire, but as the family were so extended, and so indentified with the printing business in Lancashire, in its early history, and with Burnley

where my father was instructed, and at Sawley where he was afterwards employed; I will extract an account of the name, and of their branch in particular, as it appears in "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage," viz:--

The family of Peel, Peele or de Pele as the name was originally written; though long settled in Craven, county York, was as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century seized of lands in Salesbury and Wilpshire districts, in the lower division of the hundred of Blackburn; county Lancaster.

About the end of the sixteenth century, Robert Peele left the parish of East Marton in Craven, and settled at the Hole house, in the hundred of Blackburn, with which his descendants have ever since been connected; he died in 1608, leaving, with other issue, a son, William Peele, of Hole House, father of William Peele, of Hole House, whose two sons, the younger the Rev. Nicholas Peele, who was curate of Blackburn, the elder, Robert Peele, of Peele Fold, Oswaltwistle, near Blackburn, married, in 1681, Anne Ward, and died 1783, leaving four daughters and one son.

William Peele, of Peele Fold, Oswaltwistle, County Lancaster, married, Aug. 9th, 1712, Anne, daughter of Laurence Walmsley, Esq., of Upper Darwent, (Darwen no doubt), in the same County, and had four sons and two daughters; the eldest son,

Robert Peel, of Peele Fold, Lancashire, married, Aug. 28th, 1744, Mary, daughter of Edmund Haworth, Esq., Blackburn, and had issue, viz., William, of Church Bank and Peele Fold, County Lancaster, born 1745, married Mary, daughter of Thomas Hawort, M.D., of Blackburn, and had a large family.

Edmund, married Miss Wright, and had issue, Robert, born April, 1750, created a Baronet, Nov. 1800, married, July 1783, Ellen, daughter of William Yates, Esq., Spring Side, near Bury, and had issue.

Sir Robert married secondly, Oct. 1805, Susanna, daughter of Francis Clerk, Esq., and aunt of the present Sir "William Henry Clerk, Bart., of Hitcham, Bucks, but by that lady, who died Sept., 1824, had no issue. Sir Robert sat for Tamworth from 1790 to 1818, and died, May, 1830.

Jonathan, of Accrington, in Lancashire, died 1845, leaving issue. His eldest son, by his first wife, Robert, of Accrington, was father of the present Jonathan Peel, Esq., of Accrington, County Lancaster, and Knowlmere, County "York, and his eldest son by his second wife, was Jonathan Peel, of Culham, County Oxford.

Lawrence married and had issue.

Joseph died and had issue.

Anne married, first to the Rev. Borlase, Horwood, (Har- wood no doubt, in Lancashire,) and secondly

to the Rev. George Park, of Hawkhead, and died in 1826.

Robert Peel, of Peele fold, the father of the first Baronet, married 1744, seems to have located himself in Blackburn, Fish Lane, in a cottage or small farm tenement, in which his third son, Sir Robert, was born. Here he tilled the soil on a small scale, employing his leisure hours in mechanical and chemical experiments, and from this may be traced the mighty results to the family in after years.

Calico printing was introduced into Lancashire in 1764, by Messrs. Clayton, of Bamber Bridge, near Preston.

Robert Peel, of Peele Fold and Fish Lane, Blackburn, had, previous to the above date, engaged in a small scale as cotton manufacturer, and about this period, tried his hand at printing, it is said, in his own house, Fish Lane, and that the cloth, was smoothed or ironed by his own children, and the first pattern was a parsley leaf, which caused him afterwards to be called "Parsley Peel." Shortly, succeeding this, he became propnetor of a small works at Brookside, two miles distant from the town of Blackburn. The works being considered too small for his numerous family, the third son, afterwards Sir Robert, through the interest of the Haworths' maternal relations, was introduced to Mr

Yates, of Bury, who about that period had commenced calico printing, on the banks of the Irwell, and he ultimately married Mr. Yates' daughter. The latter gentleman was brought up to the bar; in other words, he had originally kept the Black Bull public-house, Blackburn. The Peels became extensive employers of labour in various branches of industry, viz., cotton spinning, weaving, bleaching, calico printing, and dyeing. At the close of the eighteenth century, the establishments for these various departments, of which they were proprietors, or had some interest, seem to have intersected, as it were, a great part of Lancashire. It was remarked to me a short time ago, by a gentleman well known as a land agent, or other-wise, whose experience has been mixed up with land and law for more than sixty years past, that in making out deeds, copying transfers, &c., that the Peels seemed to own, or have the right by purchase, lease, rent, or prescription, all the water applicable to manufacturing purposes throughout the county.

They had works in Bury, Church Bank, Burnley, and other places, severally occupied as I previously stated. Printing seems to have been their staple business, and that by which they were best known; and although they don't appear to have added many or any discoveries of

their own by way of improvement to the art and science of calico printing, the wealth realised by the united branches of the family must have been somewhat fabulous, if we may judge from the amount devised by the head of one branch alone, viz., the first Sir Robert, which, to more clearly set down, I will copy an abstract of his will, dated July 27th, 1820, as printed by one of his biographers,

"After entailing Drayton Park and other large estates in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, it proceeds to recite sums- to the amount of nearly a quarter of a million, previously advanced to, or settled upon, his several children (not including 9,000 per annum settled on his eldest son), and then bequeaths £600.000 more, making the portions of his five-younger sons £106,000 each, and those of his daughters £53,000 each. By a codicil, of Feb. 11th, 1825, the portions of his younger sons are increased to £185,000, and of the residue, which is said to have exceeded half a million, four-ninths are bequeathed to his eldest son, and one-ninth to each of his five younger sons. The personal property was sworn at what is technically called 'upper value,' which means that it exceeded £900,000, and was the first instance of the scale of duties extending to such a sum. The probate stamp was £15,000, and the legacy duties amounted to about ten thousand pounds."

William, the eldest, Robert, the third, and Jonathan, the fourth sons, appear to have been best known in the printing departments, and whose names in connection therewith are more distinctly remembered by aged workmen now living.

The firm at Sawley was carried on under the style of Peel, Yates, & Co., the more prominent manager being Thomae Peel, eldest son of William Peel, the eldest son of Robert Peel, of Peele Fold and Fish Lane, Blackburn, and father of the first baronet, who was third son.

In Burke's Dictionary of Landed Gentry, I find-viz: Thomas Peel, of Peel Fold, county of Lancaster, also of Sawley, and finally of Penzance and Trenant Park, county of Cornwall, married daughter of-- Bolton, of Bolton, Esq. and left issue. 1st, Robert, in holy orders; 2nd, Thomas; 3rd, William, of Trenant Park and Peele Fold; 4th, Edward, died in 1884 ; 5th, John, of Swinton, late M.P. for Tamworth. Also several daughters,--one Ann, married to Jonathan Peel, of Knowlmere, near Clitheroe."

Although I have no evidence of the precise year the works were opened at Sawley, there is proof that the Peels were printing there 75 years ago, and reasons for dating their commencing at an earlier period, though not long.

By the kindness of a superior officer of excise in Clitheroe, I have been favoured with a perusal of the entry books of that station, at a time when regular surveys were taken over print works, with as much or more exactness than is still made of the brewing and other trades. The books go back into the last century, and in many respects are curious and interesting; and I here take the opportunity of marking my appreciation of the genial and generous spirit which lead to the transfer of these books into my possession for my present purpose, the more to be valued, as we are entire strangers to each other. I extract from the said Excise Entry Book the following, viz.:--

"We do hereby cancel all our former entries and make entry at the Excise Office in Gisburn, of one dye-house, one wash-house, one dye-house, four stove rooms, twenty store rooms, and four bleaching crofts, viz.--Court's meadow and Pastor Croft, St. Mary, and Comming Orchard. The above are all the rooms and bleaching crofts we intend to make use of for printing, dyeing, and bleaching or staining calico goods in and for sale till further entry is made, situated at Sawley, in the parish of Sawley, and county of York.--As witness our hands, this 7th day of March, 1796.--For Peel,

Yates, & Co., Thomas Peel.--Received March 7th, 1796,
Stephen Carr."

From the evidence of an aged individual formerly in the trade, now resident at Sabden, the works were given up at Sawley more than 60 years ago. He states that William, Robert, Jonathan, and other brothers, the names of whom he did not remember, were members of the firm, and worked Burnley, Church Bank, Sawley, and Bury, jointly with Mr. Yates, and that Robert and Mr. Yates drew from the first three and confined themselves to the last,---that the latter purchased the estate at Tamworth, and presented it to Robert, who had become his son-in-law,-that they, together, established works for spinning, weaving, and printing there, eventually abandoning the works at Bury and other parts of Lancashire.

How far my Sabden friend may be correct in these little details, I cannot guarantee, beyond stating him to be a very trustworthy man, and reputed to be well up in matters bearing upon the printing trade, in the days of its local, pristine glory. The Peels at that period exercised a privilege or privileges which I suppose now would be denied to the Queen of *these realms*, with *Sawley included*, namely, that of turning the polluted water and other refuse into the river Ribble. This is as

it ought to be, thanks to the Ribble Preservation Society, and a wise legislation now affecting all the rivers of the United Kingdom.

No doubt, peculiar style of work would be performed at Sawley, only such as could be depended on from a plentiful supply of pure water and other local resources. A short time ago, I was told by a friend, a native and resident of Clitheroe, that he remembered large vans, with three or more horses yoked to them, passing to and fro from Sawley to Church Bank, through Clitheroe, more than sixty years since, laden with pieces to be finished at the latter place, inferring that the former was inferior, for giving the "*final touch*."

I was on my way in a gig between Chatburn and Sawley, on the 23rd instant, and I met a man advanced in years, with whom I entered into conversation about the old works. His name, he told me, was Gabriel Carter, and had been a tear-boy there more than sixty years before. I alluded to the van travelling through Clitheroe, as my other friend had acquainted me, when he first bent his head down, then raised it, as though smarting with indignation, and said, "Aye, but th' van did'nt carry pieces to be finished at Church Bank, but were browght fro' theere to be finished at Sawley.

Pieces were sent here to be *rinsed* and have their colours *breetened*." I enquired about the Peels, and he said "They had some sharp young fellows thay sent from Burnley to Sawley. There were Peter Starkie, Ormerod Stout, Thomas Greenhalgh, and others. He remembered it *weel*. Greenhalgh and Stout left, and started printmg *maisters at th' owd Brewery.*"

Sawley must have been a stirring little place when the works were--as block printers call being at "full swing," and would be a rival to its neighbour-Clitheroe, in prosperity.

The family of the Peels had for their residence, Bank Hall, across the Ribble from Sawley, on the lane leading to the villages of Grindleton and Waddington. This house is large and commodious, with extensive grounds and outbuildings, formerly occupied by a branch of the Radcliffes, of Radcliffe, and the property of William Tipping, Esq., M.P. for Stockport, and is now to let, rent £100 per annum. I am more tenacious in my opinion about the aforesaid pile of buildings being the heart or chisf seat of the works, through an incident which occurred in my boyhood, alas I a long, long time ago, and as partly illustrating my father's early associations with Sawley, I will relate in the following chapter, or division of my little narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY YOUTH IN CLITHEHOE AND SAWLEY.



HERE once lived a Rev._____, a preacher in the Wesleyan body, who was stationed in Clitheroe over half a century since. He was a man of considerable talent as an expounder of the Gospel, earnest in the faith, yet withal "a man of sin;" and, although he has been dead for many years, members of his family are still living. I will, therefore, avoid name and initials, as being less pointed, and thereby less offensive, assuming that these sheets might, perchance, at some future period find their way into their hands, for as my task or labour can only be called "Dottings Down" in regard to my father more particularly, I cannot resist including this reference attaching to his friend and an incident occurring at the most interesting time of youth, namely, ten years of age or thereabouts, when observation becomes somewhat acute in ordinary lads: and the memory so to speak has been wrought into a fixture.

The Rev._____, as I have told above, owned or was endowed with considerable qualifications as a preacher of the Gospel, and was in possession of other abilities which necessity "the mother of invention," brought into practical use and profit in the subsequent, and more untoward crises of his ministerial experience.

In giving the matter a place here, I desire it should be impressed upon the mind upon whoever may be the reader, that my object is free from anything approaching to a wish or intention to hold up these damaging allusions to the character of my father's rev. friend, for the purpose of assailing religion through one of its professors upon a single or any of her weakest and most vulnerable points. Much less does my disposition lead me to mark out my father's friend from a motive of ridicule or rancorous and ill-conceived spirit personally towards himself, for, I may add, his memory is sweet unto me.

To be explicit, he was charged with being too fond of the softer sex; but previous to alluding to this his chisf sin, I will premise, that, notwithstanding it is a sin, to my mind it is not the "chisfest of sins."

If we could cast our thoughts abroad on the earth and dip deep into the hearts of its people, we should

have strange sights presented to us, and be appalled at the created system of which we are a part. Evil and wrong-doing are written in such legible characters upon our common nature, that I assume the man or woman either is yet unborn who could muster courage and whisper to the conscience, viz.:--"I am spotless before God and the world." Education and civilization may be called in some degree, and under many conditions, the handmaids to sin and iniquity, and the higher we mount the social scale, and more huge and multiplied we sometimes find its transgressions.

The devil, we are taught to look upon, as one big lump of sin; that he spurns division or cutting up into minor parts, esteeming himself as the royal representative of all sins combined; but whatever his sable majesty may think of himself, amongst mankind, as at present constituted, there is and ever will be a difference in sin, or sins by comparison. The sacred book has it "He who lusteth after a woman, sins in his heart." Upon this I offer no comment, further than giving it as my faith and doctrine, that there is a hundred-fold difference between theory and practice,--between the mind desiring a thing and possessing it; in other words, between shadow and substance; and therefore, I should class him as a very tight-laced

reader who would interpret the Bible passage in question as severely against my father's reverend friend as he would against a practical debauchee. I am aware the kind of reply that might be given here; that is, "bigger the sinner, bigger the sin, or let his sin be measured according to his knowledge thereof." However these reflections may tend, I will repeat that my father's reverend friend was charged with being too fond of the "softer sex." His first delinquency took place, I believe, in Bolton,--I mean the first with which he was openly charged, of course, many years after he left Clitheroe. Being a resident minister in the former town, it was his duty, I suppose, to meet the young ladies of the society at prayer meeting, band meeting, class meeting, love feasts, and the like; and in administering religious consolations in the form of bread, wine, tickets, and water, betimes his godly nature forsook him, and he took on man's in lieu thereof, by the simple and child-like method of addressing the spiritually-trained as his "pretty little dears," &c. I believe this was about "the head and front of his offending." I am not aware that it extended nearer to criminality, still it cannot, and ought not to be justified, if we look for true deliverance from this world of "*flesh and the devil.*" He was put upon his trial

before the Conference, and visited with the righteous punishment of expulsion from the body calling themselves Wesleyan Methodists. Being a man of private means, he retired to his native town in this county, where he remained for some time, undergoing, no doubt, a more cruel punishment than any spiritual or judicial court could inflict,--the bitterness of his own reflections. He had many admirers and sympathisers in the little town of Clitheroe, my father amongst the most ardent, for "*he was unto him as the apple of his eye.*" Many of these met at my father's house to talk matters over, and to dwell upon his future prospects, for although I have stated he had private resources, I don't mean it to be inferred that he had a competency, or that which would support himself and family in the form to which they had been habituated. Sometime after this, he published a book of recipes, price two shillings and sixpence. Whether it was the birth of his own brain--that is, whether the recipes were originally his own, or compiled, I am not in a position to aver; I should think that most of them were, for I have previously said, he had other abilities in addition to those of a preacher, and a practical knowledge of many things; for instance, he was given to star-gazing, and knew something of practical astronomy. He was acquainted with the

geography of a pair of *shoes*, and could discourse upon their strongest and weakest points, having served his apprenticeship to this most ingenious and useful "profession," prior to his being admitted, as some sneering people would say, a "pulpit cobbler." A scheme was, in time, hit upon, namely, his beginning as a tea and coffee merchant, which was put into practice at once. He purchased the article, weighed it out into lbs. and half-lbs., parcelled it up, and packed the whole in a large chest, and despatched it per carrier, being no rail then, addressed to my father, to whom it was delivered at his shop, Market Place, Clitheroe. The night of its arrival was Friday in every week, about eight o'clock. This night generally went under the cognomen of the "tea and coffee night." Friends who had ordered their lb. or half-lb. would sometimes previous to its arrival pop their heads over the half-door of my father's shop, and bawl out, "Has that box come, Mrs. Greenhalgh?" The more familiar friends of my father and the reverend tea merchant, would assemble in the kitchen two or three hours before the usual hour of its arrival, numbering six or eight of them, and my father, if not a large-handed, was at least a large-hearted man, and on these nights be generally provided pipes, tobacco, and *home-brewed*.

The parties forming these weekly meetings, amongst others, might be Peter Starkie, Ormerod Stout, John Lofthouse, Henry Robinson, Joseph Petty, my father, and "*Little Tommy*," all Wesleyans, devoted and true, class leaders, class meeters, Sunday school teachers, &c.; one of them, Ormerod Stout, Sunday school superintendent; Joseph Petty, a local preacher; John Lofthouse and Henry Robinson, sincere, general helpers and worthy shepherds over their individual appointments; my father, I think at this period chapel steward, and "*Little Tommy*" good for all work. I call him "*Little Tommy*" because he was known amongst his immediate friends best by this curt *soubriquet*; besides, he really was a little man, and the rest of them big men, ranging from five feet nine inches to six feet, and corpulent to boot, three of them paunchant, Stout, Lofthouse, and Petty, whilst *Tommy* was under five feet considerably, slim, and diminutively built, but not partaking of the appearance of most dwarfs, nothing repulsive about him in person, rather prominent nose, oval face and bald head, save two or three wisps of hair, carefully combed and laid at equal distances upon his cranium; generally draped in lapelled coat, the tails almost reaching to the ground, with vest to match, namely, black cloth, and white choker, trimly put on,

which, together with the smooth and *oily* manner he spoke or conversed with his friends and all conditions of men, forcibly reminds me of "Aminadab Sleek."

When I named pipes, tobacco, and beer, I did not include snuff, for this reason,-- that wherever "Little Tommy" was, there was his snuff also, his invariable practice being to carry a large wood box , which might hold two ounces; this was at times seen Peering out of his vest pocket, but quite as often in his hand. You might meet him in cold, frost, Wet or sunshine, morning, noon, or evening tide, in joy or sorrow' mirth or mourning; his first salutation was his box, pressing you to have a smell. Notwithstanding his smallness of figure, he was a very useful little man, and his size had something to do with his usefulness, for he was sharp and handy to his friends. If it were required to find out the name of some person and his whereabouts, set "Little Tommy" to work. If a shelf gave way, or a door would not lock, send for "Little Tommy," who would quickly be on the spot, hammer and pincers in hand, for, by-the-bye, he was of the same calling as Joseph, the carpenter, on his own account. If any friend wanted to purchase a dead pig, send for "Little Tommy," who would soon hunt one out, and attend to see it salted too. To illustrate his native bias in these small activities

more fully, I may say here, that I was in Clitheroe about ten or a dozen years since, just prior to his death, and I met him at the Brownlow's Arms door, the night I arrived there from Yorkshire. I had brought some game with me in the gig, and as the horse was being taken out to rest for the night, the game was removed into the house for safety. "Little Tommy" was present watching the proceedings. When the horse was duly stabled, I invited him inside, where he partook of a little hospitality, and following, a trifle of chit-chat about by-gones, &c., I bade him good night.

The next morning, the horse and gig were brought to the front door about nine o'clock, for a start homewards. As I presented myself to take my seat, there stood "Little Tommy," my game in hand. He said he had risen earlier than usual, to see it replaced in the gig, lest otherwise the ostler might forget it. He was a man of all-work at the chapel--door-keeper, chapel-keeper, and I know not what; a hander round of the begging-box, a counter of the money, a cutter-up of "love-feast bread," and caterer-general to the entire Clitheroe Methodist establishment, including purveyor-in-chisf for the ministers' houses.

The feast-bread at one period was sent to my father's house, and "Little Tommy" always attended to

see it sliced properly, that there might be no one slice larger than another, and no rough edges. The crusts were not need at the feast.

I suppose to suit the aged, and to render it more easy of mastication to all; of course we children came in for the refuse, that is, crusts and crumbs; so that this peculiar custom amongst the Wesleyans was of mighty interest and anxiety to myself, as a boy, and I should have gone in for them every Sabbath. "Little Tommy" also looked to the bread being safely carried down to the chapel, half a mile away from my father's house, which took place the night preceding the feast.

I have heard my late brother William relate, that himself and "Tommy" sometimes joined hands in carrying a basket full--a kind of clothes basket, with a handle at each end-- and at intervals, between my father's house and the chapel, beginning in the middle of Castle Street, then top of Parson's Lane, next opposite Billy Bullock's, and lastly at the chapel gates, when Little Tommy would say, "Stop, William, let us rest a little; have a pinch, and a little bread, for the love of God." William then being a biggish lad was only too willing to second Tommy's motion, which made poor Will greatly delighted, as this feast came round.

I have heard it often remarked, that if the parson had no body to preach to, he was sure to have "Little Tommy," and on a dreary, cold, and wet winter's night, "when the winds blew and the waters flowed and beat upon that house," amidst a sparse population, I can well imagine him being there together with only a trusty few.

There used also to be another remark, namely, that never a preacher preached, or a Sunday came again, but that Tommy was certain, "in season or out of season," previous to the sermon, to ascend the pulpit stairs with stealthy tread, and *knowingly* slip a paper into the preacher's hands containing somethmg to announce. It was further said, but as a joke, I trust, that Tommy was sometimes the bearer of blank paper, and that it was only an excuse for the purpose of shewing that he was in his place, and that his zeal for the cause was as hot as ever.

As I have said, these tea and coffee meetings took place every Friday night, and they were meetings to myself, as a boy, of pleasureable weekly expectancy, and stand out in the mind or fancy's memory like gilded globules in my more advanced and matured life. When the box arrived, all became bustle and eager pleasure. Each was expected to bear a hand, with "Little Tommy" as chisf

operator, who, with his hammer and pincers in hand, first untied the heavy ropes with which the chest was outwardly or finally secured, then off went the boards or lid, which flew like chips from Tommy's dexterous blows. The parcels were lifted out one by one, with names written on for whom belonging, and being called out aloud, were arranged for delivery. If the parties did not call for them personally, the delivery was performed by myself, and for which I was paid at the rate of one penny per parcel.

I will here mention, that, in connection with the Recipe Book, it was my duty to attend upon the reverend gentleman when he was canvassing for the work, which, by-the-bye, was done by himself, a labour to which few authors bend; but then, as I have aforesaid, he was a practical man. As the copies to order were sent up, I usually delivered them, so I was placed upon a literary staff at a precocious age. I am not intending to say the burden of my life had its birth at this era, or that my proclivities have directed me to the walks of literary labour. I trust the word "literary" will be accepted with its innocent intention. The tea and coffee thus sent won a great name amongst the Wesleyan circles,—at least, amongst those who might be regarded as the reverend tea merchant's friends. They

seemed to have a charmed and a charming influence with all who drank thereof, in their liquid form; so delicious in flavour so soft--so cheering and bewitching in their effects--that an enchanter's wand could not have attracted more attention, and have been more spellbinding than the mere mention of this tea and coffee.

I remember "Little Tommy" coming to my father's house one evening to have his usual gossip, and in alluding to the coffee, he first treated his proboscis to a favourite pinch, then solemnly assured the company they had found the coffee so good that morning that his only daughter, "Mary Ann, resolved to take three cups," and that he had come to the conclusion that the "reverend gentleman must be in secret communication with the emperor of the celestial empire."

I am not precisely certain how long this tea and coffee correspondence continued, nor am I in a position to say whether it was a paying business or not; "but sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I suppose it fulfilled the intended purpose--that of occupying the reverend gentleman's idle hours, until something more congenial might turn up, which afterwards did, and which shall be related as I advance.

Now to my incident, namely, through my father's zeal in the cause, and to affirm more decisively his belief in the innate truth, goodness, and innocence of his rev. friend, arrangements were made that he should deliver a sermon to the villagers of Sawley Abbey, which result was brought about, no doubt, partly in consideration of my father's early association with its people, and the rev. gentleman's popularity some score of years preceding.

The invitation was given and accepted. The sabbath came, a horse and gig were engaged from the late William West, of the Brownlow's Arms, Clitheroe, which were duly at my father's door, a little after noon tide. Myself as a youngster must accompany them; I was got ready for the journey, but before starting I resolved to try the whip, so I took it to the back door, gave it two or three cracks, and being satisfied as to its quality, gave it into my father's hands, and off we went and arrived at Sawley about two o'clock. I remember it was a glorious day, the sun shone out--as, I have sometimes observed, he *only* can shine in the vale of the Ribble. We drove on, or rather my father drove, he being a tolerable hand at the ribbons, to a farm house, at the foot of a steep ascent., being a cross road, leading into Gisburn lane, and we were received with a

welcome approaching to joy. The horse and gig were put up and cared for. Refreshments were soon upon the table, and after a thanksgiving, they received our best attention.

A kind of miniature procession was formed at the door; our host, with his friends leading, and my father and the parson, with myself in the centre, bringing up the rear.

It is very soul-stirring to myself when I revive the scene and event to my mind, through its juvenile visions, namely, the interest and importance that, sabbath-day seemed to have for those earnest and guileless villagers.

The Abbot, the Prior, or any other spiritual and temporal superior, could not have looked more imperial, nor have had more genuine honour observed towards them by their flocks and dependents in the zenith of their power and influence on the same ground, ages before, than my father and his rev. friend received from those humble people.

Religious devotion appears to sit more earnestly and serenely on the countenances of its professors in these simple and unpretending places; and a sermon or discourse stands out in bolder relief when the preacher

or lecturer is surrounded by the beauties of nature, where the Great Almighty may be adored and worshipped, as it were, on the threshold of his own works.

We made a final halt about mid-way down the village at a row of dilapidated looking buildings. The rev. gentleman was conducted to an elevated position, formed by a kind of stone buttress, projecting a considerable distance into the road, and which I have since noticed has been raised for the purpose of the tenants' ingress and egress to their several habitations, constructed out of the pile of buildings previously alluded to, which, as aforesaid, have originally formed a detachment of the Abbey, but ultimately becoming a main point of Sawley Printworks.

The congregation was numerous and composed of both sexes, young and old. The sermon, I suppose, was one of the rev. gentleman's best, earnestly and forcibly delivered, and well and attentively listened to. My father stood to the right of the preacher, and myself in close quarters. About one hour was occupied with the sermon, when the proceedings were brought to a conclusion by singing and prayer.

I should think, according to my boyish observations, at this distance of time, that the preacher's efforts had a profitable result, judging from the "amens" and other ejaculations and external manifestations during the ceremony. All seemed rejoiced, and, at peace with themselves which was displayed by outward signs, such as lifting up and alternately bending the head, the face lit up with a smile, and the two hands joined in each other, or locked in a kind of loving embrace, in a manner I cannot precisely describe here, but peculiar alone to zealous Wesleyans.

A start was made backwards, and it was at this point my father directed me to a window, and informed me he worked there, years prior to my birth. This interested me much, but I think, just at this same point, I was deeply interested in another matter, touching the preparations I saw going on in our host's kitchen, before the preaching, spying a large currant loaf being taken out of the oven, which I concluded was for *tea*, following close upon the sermon, and that I was in for a "love feast."

The same order was observed in returning, that is, the miniature procession, &c. When we arrived at our host's, a cheerful conversation was got up, enlivened

by tobacco and pipes, my father ever being fond of his weed, whether sabbath or ordinary day, and his rev, friend did not object to a whiff.

I divided my anxiety between the horse, gig, and currant bread, a little leaning towards the latter, I think.

In due course tea was on the table. A good spread was made, plain, but substantial. I was not mistaken; there was the currant loaf, only we were short of "Little Tommy," to slice and board it in thorough "love-feast" form. However, we managed without him, and pulled through with a downright good tea

A motion was made by the rev. gentleman, which brought us all upon our knees, when prayer was offered for the gifts and favours of the day, and a safe deliverance throughout the night.

I will now close my reference to my father's friend, by observing that a schism was going on about this time in the Wesleyan body, headed by Dr. Warren, father to the well known author, Samuel Warren, on one side, and the Conference on the other. In course of time, a division took place; my father and most of his immediate friends went against Conference, save and except "Little Tommy." The dissentients became in due

course organised under the name of the "Wesleyan Association." My father's friend accepted a ministerial appointment in the same cause, preached and laboured successfully for some time, when his old enemy crossed his path again, "against his better knowledge not deceived, but fondly overcome with female charms," and was visited with expulsion No. 2. He retired into private life finally, when death laid hold and passed him away some twenty years ago, but I hope to where rest and forgiveness, awaited him and sin "entereth not."

CHAPTER V.

THE RIBBLE ABOUT SAWLEY, ETC.

A WORD ABOUT LORD BYRON.



HE scene and event at Sawley had a very remarkable and picturesque effect upon my youthful imagination that day. They struck an acquaintance with her at once, and have been very faithful ever since. There was the river, broad but not deep, travelling downwards from her maiden source, looking under the sun's reflections like one great sheet of liquid gold. This most famed and interesting of Lancashire rivers rises, or has its beginning some twenty miles higher than Sawley, and tracks its way through some of the most beautiful scenery of wood, meadow, and pasture land to be seen in the Queen's dominions. Narrow and rivulet-like, for some miles below its source at Sawley, its width, in ordinary rainy seasons is river-like, but of shallow depth. Its banks, from its starting point to its conclusion, are fringed at intervals with wild shrubs, the nut bush, and hawthorn. The trout and salmon, which at seasons are caught here and vicinity, lend a

pleasing feature at times, as they may be seen leaping above the surface of the waters on a sunny day, to entrap the unwary fly and other native feed.

I have not travelled extensively, or even at all, as understood by the word "travel," in these pleasure-seeking times. I have not seen the gushing beauties of the Rhine, where are the "*Castled crags of Drachenfels.*" Or, as in other lands, "*The horrid crags by toppling convent crowned.*" I have not entered Italy, and stood within "the ruins of Almighty Rome," or penetrated the mountain passes of Switzerland, the land of Tell. I have not ascended the Alps, nor advanced on Waterloo, and "*trod upon an empire's dust.*". I have had no intercourse with Germany, with the Low Countries, the land of embankments, canals, swamps, and many waters; nor "stood in Venice, on the bridge of sighs," listening to the song of the Gondolier; or, in

*"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."*

To sum up, I never was in Paris or even in London.

Without doubt, this will be appraised as gross ignorance and absence of taste. Well, I cannot help such opinion, only I assure whoever may entertain this estimate, that my vanity whispers otherwise, and that

my convictions run in the direction of a strong belief that both taste and intelligence bear a very minor percentage amongst the multitudes of both sexes, who travel by land or water, either at home or abroad.

Some people travel from a desire to see things as they are, and to store their minds with knowledge and practical experience. Some from a love of change, and to shake off the monotony of their usual routine. Some to restore health and invigorate the material system; others because it is fashionable to travel and do as their neighbours do. This class generally regards it as one of the highest attainments to have visited such and such a town, country, or city; to have spent an evening in this, or that famous saloon, to have met with, and been introduced amid some "gay and festive scene," to Mr. Mrs. Miss and Master so, and, so, all glowing in kids, scent, and moire-antique; to be approached by a large amount of scraping, bowing, shaking, and mee-moing, and seen to perfection only, through a gold encircled eye-glass. This class I call the frivolous travellers, who like buzzards, exist in flickering sunshine. Some travel to exhibit their fine proportions, some to conceal the want of them. Others again, to spend money and form alliances, matrimonial and otherwise; the matrimonial backed for choice, in this case it may be some young

gentleman or bachelor whose ambition is often greater than his fortune, not very portly in intellectual growth, and in order so to express it, carries his body away to other markets, and throws for a chance amongst multitude and numbers, where his "smallnesses" may be less criticised, as being less liable to detection. Or it may be some young lady, a long way beyond her teens, who may have been pampered at home by Pa and Ma, and taught to erect "Castle's in the air," and to dream about altitudes of grandeur which are rarely realized; nurtured like a hot, or greenhouse plant, with its delicate fibres, which, when subjected to the familiar touch, its artificial colours and perfume fade and die away. She is put into the balance and poised, by her more intimate friends and neighbours, found wanting, as it were, and not to be bought, by them, at least, at the price she puts upon herself. Consequently, band-boxes, trunks, and other packages, containing matter and material for use or ornament are got in readiness, and Miss is sent away to the sea-side, fashionable watering place, or elsewhere, and thus the fair desponding creature casts her lot like the bachelor amidst an ocean of strangers, and throws her line, trusting some unwary fish may take the bait. I premised these observations by saying "I had not

travelled much."I don't mean from this that I have not been from home beyond the boundaries of business. I wish to infer that I am not, or ever was, tempted away by fashion or mere sight-seeing. I am no lion hunter. I should not be led out at the sound of every penny trumpet or halfpenny whistle to see a "talking fish," or witness a volunteer review or any other live frivolity. I have seen the modern Athens, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and other towns and cities; but as these remarks are intended to have reference more in particular to the river Ribble and Sawley, I may here say that I have been down the Wye, down the Clyde, on the Doon, up the Dargle, and about the Dee, and I admit they all possess beauties rare and matchless. Notwithstanding, I did not see anything to diminish my opinions of the Ribble, take it from its source to its conclusion. If its banks had given birth to a Burns; if the genius of his country had found him as Elijah found Elisha at the plough tail, and thrown her inspiring mantle over him; in the valley of Ribblesdale, the Ribble would have been looked upon and visited as a river of inspiration, and the vale would have echoed with sweet and delightful song.

If Scotland's Shakespeare and nation's poet in early youth--the suntide of his chequered career, had been

basking in some favourite retreat on the Ribble's banks, and in his own words-

*"Dreamed he lay where flowers were springing
Gaily, in the sunny beam;
Listening to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream."*

And if perchance some sweet and polished lassie-- the "flower of the vale"-- had been passing, gently pressing the daisy or buttercup beneath her "fairy feet," and Burns had added--

*"Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the las of Ribblesdale," &c.,*

instead of Ballochmyle; or if he had been betrothed to some artless village beauty, frequently to be seen on its banks, and they had met at points of the Ribble I have in my mind's eye, such as Gisburn Temple, or Mitton Bridge, and laved their hands in the stream, plighting mutual love, while Pendle stood or the waters ran, then the beauties of the river might have been as famous as--

*"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That loves to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day,
When Mary from my soul was torn."*

*"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Ribble,
How can ye smile sae fresh and fair ?"*

*would have sounded as harmonious as--
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,"*

and quite as poetical, but whether they have given birth to a poet or not, they were the banks of bonnie Ribble then, and still are to me, which time, distance, and absence have not impaired, but live in memory as fresh as ever.

*"Oh. thou exulting and abounding river,
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow:
Through banks that wold endure for ever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so."*

But stay! whither is my favourite stream leading me, to what putrid and envenomed waters, to what sink of rebellious sin? Alas! the above are Byron's words, as addressed to the great German river_____. How profane! my mind must be under the influence of some pestiferous atmosphere, some dark and hideous spell. The great poet's bones have been raked up, after being covered in the earth during the past forty-five years, in the shape of rude attacks in a portion of the public press on his name and fame; all arising out of a "storm in a teapot," caused by a volume recently having been written and published by the Countess Guiccioli, purporting to be a "Life and Recollections of Lord Byron," in which the Italian Countess takes upon her to write in high terms of praise of his lordship, from her

own personal experience. This has produced a sort of "cock-and-bull" story, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the American authoress, to the effect that Byron, after marriage, had an improper intercourse with his half-sister, the Honble. Mrs Leigh, the fact, she states, being confided to her by Lady Byron herself, some years preceding death. This has brought out a good deal of foam and rant from writers of various calibre and degree, and has served as a capital opportunity for the narrow-minded, the uncharitable and ungenerous to display their venom and peculiar forte.

I should belie my own notions of virtue and morality, were I to put anything down in defence of Byron's line of conduct anterior to and following marriage, yet I would endeavour to find some palliating reason, and not send him down to pandemonium with all his sins upon his head, unshriven and uncared for.

Lord Macauley finds this palliation which others would do well to imitate, in the following words:--

"He, Lord Byron, had been worshipped with irrational idolatry, he was persecuted with irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life; yet

nothing is, nothing ever was positively known to the public but this, that he quarrelled with his lady and that she refused to live with him. There have been hints in abundance, and shrugs and shakings of the head, and 'well, well, we know' and we 'could an if we would,' and 'if we list to speak' and 'there be that might list,' but we are not aware that there is before the world, substantiated by credible or tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife."

It may suit saints to believe the story disclosed by Mrs. Stowe, but what man or woman either would credit it, who may have better hopes and faith in fallen humanity. What good can come from its revival after a lapse of almost half a century if the truth of such story could not be established nearer the events and life of those concerned? it is worse than idle to attempt to do so now,--a delectable piece of scandal to resuscitate and place before the minds of the youth of both sexes of the present generation, for whose sake alone it ought to have been permitted to slumber in the grave and the bosom of time. Saints and sinners are moving about in such shoals, that decent people are being snubbed, and find but little room; "but out, ye scribes and pharisees,

hypocrites; for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward; but within are full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness." It appears it was money price which induced Mrs. Stowe to send the scandal forth; she having received £500 for her article in Macmillan's and another Magazine. So much for female purity and Yankee authorship.

CHAPTER VI.

"BRICK MEADOWS," AND LITTLE INCIDENTS RELATING THERETO, INCLUDING A SHORT ACCOUNT OR EPITOME OF CALICO PRINTING.



T is time to return to my father and mother, who, as before stated would first become residents of Sawley in some portion of the year 1807, and the former be employed as a full fledged block printer. They occupied a cottage amongst others, about ten in number, called "Brick Meadows," near the lane or road leading from Sawley to Grindleton, Waddington, and the northern border villages of Clitheroe, and in immediate proximity to "Bank House," then the mansion residence of the Peels.

In one of these cottages, was my late eldest brother James, born, January, 1808. They stood, or were built upon a piece of elevated land overlooking the vale of the Ribble, Sawley as the centre, with Bolton Hall, the ancient seat of the Littledales, and the village of Bolton, stretching away beyond Gisburn to the left, Pendle Hill, Downham, Chatburn, Clitheroe, &c., to the right.

The situation was a most pituresque and interesting one, and at the period and the purpose for which the cottages were erected, no doubt they would then be looked upon as of elegible construction.

My father and mother, like most youthful married people, without question, would assimilate this their premier move as the rising tide of future life and prospects. The suspicion would have crossed their minds that the world was a reality, and they would be on the tiptoe of buoyancy to see more in advance; if cares and trouble were in store, they would lie in the distant future, or exist only in scenic obscurity. A nation's history is not alone to be read in title, rank, wealth, or in the high noblesse, where patrimonial heritage gives a kind of fixture of tenure to patronage and power; in other language, where, in the absence of necesssity, there is alongside the absence of native vigour, character, and rigid industry; but it is written also legibly in the career and unsophisticated quality of its rank and file. One may be as burnished gold, but the other--the toiling multitude--stands out as jewels in a monarch's crown.

Although my father could not be said to have possessed faculty and activities in a marked degree above the average of his order, nor ever advanced to

that position which sometimes secures name and distinction ahead of the ordinary run of mankind; yet I must claim for him a due proportion of the former, if but a small share of the latter.

I will assume, then, that my parents would be settled, to all appearance, sixty-two summers gone past in a cottage, situated in "Brick Meadows," Sawley, by the Ribble, in Craven, Yorkshire, my father occupying a position under the Messrs. Peel, calico pinters, whereby he supported himself, his wife, and one child, by manual daily labour. Ten years would have elapsed since he became first initiated into the trade as an apprentice by indenture, and three of which he had been a "true and accepted" printer. I cannot furnish any account as to his skill as a workman, only from the testimony of his fellow-workmen, in the subsequent period of his connection with the business, as per instance:--One great desideratum to ability in the craft, is speed. My father was considered one of the swiftest known to many,--that is, he could lay more blocks and execute more printed cloth, in a given time, than many two men, and consequently his earnings would be commensurate therewith; he was also a *bona fide* printer, and not a blocker, a distinction well understood to the initiated, but will be best explained

to the uninitiated, simply by describing the former as the putter-on or stamper of the original or foundation pattern; the latter is the man who follows the printer, or takes up the work after him, and will be better comprehended by naming him as the filler-up, which means he stamps on other colours in the spaces or interstices left in the first impression, which is generally performed by inferior adult workmen, else by what are termed the "lads or apprentices." To be more minute, and to set out my father's calling at this time more fully, I will transcribe the following, from the "Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines," by Dr. Ure, 1858.

He says:-

"There are four different ways for imprinting figures upon calicoes. The first is by small wooden blocks, on whose face the design is cut, which are worked by hand; the second is by larger wood-cut blocks, placed in either two or three planes standing at angles to each other, called a Perrotine,' from the name of its inventor; the third is by flat copper plates; the fourth is by a system of copper cylinders, mounted in a frame of great elegance, but no little perplexity, by which two, three, or four, or even five colours may be printed on in rapid succession, by the mere rotation of the machine, driven by steam or water. The productive power of this printing automaton is very great, amounting for some styles to a piece in the minute, or a mile of cloth in the hour.

"The hand blocks are made of sycamore or pear-tree wood, or of deal, faced with these woods, and are from two to three inches thick, nine or ten inches long,

and five broad, with a strong box handle on the back for seizing them by. The colouring matter, properly thickened, is spread with a flat brush, by a child, called the 'tearer,' or 'tear boy,' upon fine woollen cloth stretched in a frame over the wax cloth head of a wooden drum or sieve, which floats inverted in a tub full of old paste, to give it elastic buoyancy. The inverted sieve drum should fit the paste tub pretty closely.

"The printer presses the face of the block on the drum head, so as to take up the requisite quantity of colour, applies it to the surface of the calico, extended upon a flat table covered with a blanket, and then strikes the back of the block with an iron mallet, in order to transfer the impression fully to the cloth. This is a delicate operation, requiring equal dexterity and diligence.

"To print a piece of cloth, two yards long and thirty inches broad, no less than 672 applications of a block 9 inches long and 5 inches broad are requisite for each colour; so that if there are 3 colours or 3 hands as the French term it, "no less than 2016 applications will be necessary.

"The printing shop is an oblong apartment, lighted with windows at each side, and having a solid table opposite to each window. The table is of stone, or a strong plank of "wood, mahogany or marble, with a surface truly plane."

Dr. Ure has entered into details of the process of calico printing with such minuteness, and upon the whole, I dare say, with average correctness and ludicity for a writer of mere theory; but how he could arrive at the result, viz:-that 672 applications would have to be made with a block 9 inches long,

and 5 inches broad, upon a piece of cloth 2 yards long, and 30 inches broad, would puzzle the shrewdest mathematician. By my inexperient method and practice in figures, assisted by two friends of ability in the science of geometry, 2 yards of cloth with a block of the dimensions given by Dr. Ure, 48 applications would cover the surface of such a piece of cloth, which on being multiplied upon a piece 20 yards long, the ordinary length as printed, shows 480 applications.

My father, it will thus be seen, would have to carry the block or perform 480 movements from the tub containing the drum head or sieve, to the table or printing plane, made from stone, wood, or marble, before he arrived at the end of one piece; the number of pieces thus printed per diem, would in a great measure depend on the size of the block, which varied considerably, and likewise upon the expertness of the operator; but calculated as per Dr. Ure, with a quick hand, such as my father's was known to be, 6 pieces, 20 yards long might be executed ; which on being again multiplied into 480, will yield 2880 applications; then there would be the weight of the block, which taken at an average, I will put down at 2 lbs., and on being carried from the colour tub to the table and back again, I will place at 4 lbs. in the two lifts, or a single application producing a solid weight or gravity of more than 4 tons, besides the iron mallet, to be borne by a single workman from the rising, nigh to the setting sun.

The style of work practised by the Peels I am at a loss to describe; no doubt it wohld partake of the general sort and quality iis performed at the time, the bulk of which, would be intended then for the Manchester market. Printing like all, or most branches of manufacturing industry, seems to have had its rise, zenith, and its decline or fall; and as most skilled businesses, it has been more uneven, shifting and precarious than others needing less ingenuity, yet massive fortunes may be gained in one and lost in the other.

The Peels may be said to have been indentified with the trade from its beginning, that is, dating from its introduction into Lancashire, as aforesaid, about 1764. About the period my father entered their service, commencing with the branch in Burnley in 1797, to his engaging to them at Sawley in 1807, the art and science of calico printing would have emerged through its "maiden throes" so to speak, and be established upon steady and somewhat fixed principles.

Dr. Ure observes that:--

"Calico printing has been established for several hundred years by the oriental methods in Asia Minor and the Levant; but it was unknown as an English art until 1696; when a small print-ground was formed on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, by a Frenchman. Some time after, a considerable printing works

'was established at Bromaley Hall, Essex, and several sprang up successfully in Surrey, to supply the London shops with Chintzes; their import from India having been prohibited by Act of Parliament in 1700.

In 1750, says the same writer:--No more than 50,000 pieces of mixed stuffs were printed in Great Britain, and that, chisfly in the neighbourhood of London; whereas a single manufacturer, Mr. Coates, of Manchester, now-a-days will tum off nearly twenty times that quantity. It was only after 1774 that it began to be founded upon right principles in consequence of the repeal of that part of the act of 1780, which required the warp to be made of linen yarn; henceforth the printer though saddled with a heavy duty of 3d. per square yard, was allowed to apply his colors to a homogeneous web, instead of the mixed fabric of linen and cotton substances which differ in their affinities for dyes. In the year 1680, the silk and woollen weavers mobbed the India House for the importations of the chintzes of Malabar. In 1720, all printed calicoes were prohibited from being worn, whatever."

"In 1881," continues Dr. Ure, the consolidated duty of Std. per square yard was repealed. Through the rapid strides of chemistry and mechanics, the trade became so vast as to yield in 1880, a revenue of £2,280,000, levied upon 8,596,000 pieces, out of which, 2,281,512 pieces were consumed at home. When the expenses of collection were deducted, only £850,000 found their way into the Exchequer. This reduction of Duty enables the consumer to get printed goods from 50 to 80 per cent less. Printed goods which were sold in 1795 for 2s. 8d. the yard, may be bought at present for 8d."

Although to the Peels may be ascribed a prominent activity in promoting the spread, general advance, and success of calico printing in Lancashire, as aforesaid, they don't appear to have contributed much or anything towards lifting the business to the eminence as an industrial art, to which it has since been raised by

the inventive minds and scientific applications of master printers who have succeeded them.

A biographer of the first and second baronets observes:--

"That while tradition ascribes to the first of the Peels some important discovery in calico printing, it has not preserved any indication of its nature. Two have been mentioned as probable, of which the first is a mordant, and the second an engraving. The acetated aluminous mordant, first employed by the English calico printers, is the most valuable known; but it was discovered by no induction of reasoning from experiment, but was the gradual result of a series of tentative processes, tried empirically and by guess work. Alum was the only mordant used by the first English calico printers, and is still the one known in India. Several ingredients were tried at hazard to increase its efficacy, but it was found that none was of avail, save the acetate of lead, commonly called sugar of lead. It has been supposed that this mode of acetating the alum may have been found out by Peel, and the secrecy used in the calendering is guessed as "proof of the hypothesis. On the other hand, the mention of the pewter plate is by some imagined to indicate the substitution of engraved metal for wooden blocks in printing the patterns, but we believe that this improvement was first effected in London."

Notwithstanding, my father, no doubt, would have all the advantages derived from being engaged on as good a class of work as would then be executed in the county, and his taste for design and colour would be correspondingly improving thereby; his experience would be multiplying, his confidence in himself be increasing, and his mind engaging itself, laying down

plans for his future course, resulting as will be presently seen.

The cottage at "Brick Meadows," I fancy, would be an unpretending scene of quiet contentment; innocent, and exquisitely rural; its occupants free from contact with a more subtle world, possessing all or otherwise within reach of the requirements adapted to their sphere of life. Their social company would consist of families like themselves, being part and parcel of the Sawley printing establishment. There would be Ormerod Stout, Richard Eastham, Peter Starkie, and others of the "sharp young fellows," that friend Gabriel spoke about, as being brought to the neighbourhood by the Peels from Burnley. On the female side there would be "*Kitty and Bella*," two names registered deeply into my memory from boyhood, they being two "particulars" of my late dear mother until far into after years, and whose mutual regard for each other seemed to be formed more from kinship than that of simple friends, drawn together through a common interest and circumstances.

I can picture to myself what "Brick Meadows" would look like sixty years and more gone past to those young and married people,--days in which they would feel more as emigrants from their distant homes

beyond the hills, and would cling to each other with a constancy and sincerity, as though in a foreign clime, little understood, of course, by the unimaginative, but invariably to be found in both sexes, who are given to the "softer mood."

At "Brick Meadows" was my father and mother's second child born, which reminds me here of a little circumstance connected with that child. When it had grown into a man, some 35 years after birth, namely, in the year 1848, my late brother James was on a visit to Clitheroe from Bolton, and by a singular coincidence, an old school-fellow and companion of youth, named John Taylor, was there too, having just arrived from America, to which country he had emigrated some ten years before, and they had not met nor had any communication during that period. Taylor had established himself as a printing master, in the United States, and undoubtedly returned as an "almighty big fellow," and his pockets crammed with almighty big dollars. An engagement was entered into that they would walk to Sawley, James being anxious to see the cottage in which he had first seen light, 35 years before, that being his natal day; I was invited to accompany them. I remember it was a damp and murky January afternoon, drizzling rain betimes, and in other respects

unpleasant. James and his Yankee friend were tall--half-a-dozen feet each, or thereabouts, consequently long-stridden pedestrians; whilst I, quite a foot beneath that measurement, paddled or trotted behind. Their conversation and remarks, especially referring to each other, were entertaining to myself. James would say to Taylor, "I say, Jack, thou art a finer chap than thou were ten years since, before thou left this country; but thou took no sense with thee, and thou hast brought none back."

Taylor would retort on James, "Well, Jim, I am certainly not shewing up much sense, trudging over these miry roads on this drizzling day, to see a *bit un a* cottage, because thou wert born there."

"I tou'd thee thou hed no sense," replied James, "and thou hes no taste, either. I tell thee again, I was born there, 35 years since this very day, and I'll go if I'm weet through."

The rain increased until it almost fell in torrents. By the time we reached Sawley, we were literally wet through. We called at the village "public," known then as "Sewley Brig," since pulled down; the house being situated at the end of the bridge spanning the Ribble, and kept by a well-remembered and strangely-marked

character, a true specimen of a "village boniface" of the olden time, named Robert Calverley, but better recognised as "Owd Bob-o-Co-vlo." We liquored up, and were regaled with a large dish of toasted cheese, *et cetera* James enquired about "Brick Meadows,"--which was the way to them, what sort of condition were the cottages in, &c. "Mine host" said "sum wur pooed down, sum hed th' slates off, ready fur th' operation, and two or three wur stonnin."

"Now, Jim, for thy sense," shouted Taylor, delighted at James's prospects.

Bob thought four at the north end were remaining, and amongst them, happily, the one James had undertaken his pilgrimage to, as per directions given at starting by our mother.

We then set out, and mounted the steep ascent, on which stood what were left of the cottages of "Brick meadows." James leading the way, we entered one without ceremony, passed right through the front apartment into a back one, where a man was seated hard at work upon his loom. James stamped the end of his stick upon the floor and said, "In this room I was born, 35 years since this day."

The weaver rose from his loom, his wife and children clustered around us and gazed with bewildered astonishment. James enquired the reason for a part of the cottages being pulled down. "Assheton, of Downham Hall," they replied, "had bought th' estate and wur fottin' th' stones, as he wanted um."

"Assheton be--," vociferated James; "could he not get stones plenty from the quarries in the neighbourhood, without demolishing these old cottages ? " Here poor James was speaking for himself, not for Assheton; no doubt the owner prized the land more upon which they stood.

We descended the hill, Taylor chuckled and jeered James about his birth place until we arrived at home. "Assheton ought to be hung," muttered he. So ended the day's adventure. What my father's earnings might be at Sawley, I have no figures from which to form a correct estimate, but from a frequently expressed assurance from old block printers, that printing in "auld lang syne," was like clipping and coining, and, as I, at the beginning of my task have said, viz., that I have heard my father say, that at times he could earn £10 or £12 per week, taking the half of the larger sum, his income would be good for himself, wife and one

child ; and concluding their method and mode of living would be plain and economical, they would be in that desireable position of "saving money," and be husbanding their resources for future time and events.

What portion of the year 1807 they removed to Sawley, I have no evidence to guide me with certainty, and must therefore content myself by assuming that it took place following close upon the death of the first child, in Burnley, May 1807.

I am in like uncertainty also, about the precise time they remained there, but will be ruled by a deduction of equal value, which is, the birth of the second child, January 1808, or shortly after, as my narrative will manifest.

CHAPTER VII.

MY FATHER AS A PRINTING MASTER.

STYLE OF WORK. ORIGINAL FIRM.

THE OLD BREWERY AND STANDSTILL FACTORY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CLITHROE SPA, ETC.



HE opening then of the year 1808, I will mark by inference, would be an all important epoch of my parents' lives; birth of the second, but first male child; and other schemes just about then coming out of embryo, my father's mind would be turning upon matters materially affecting his own future prospects and those of his offspring then unborn. Some of his familiar friends, Richard Eastham and others, had left Sawley the preceding year, and joined themselves into a partnership as master calico printers, at Clitheroe. My father did not long remain behind, for in May 1808, his name along with Ormerod Stout's, appeared in the firm, and he would take his farewell of Sawley between the months of January and May in the same year.

I am destitute of any data as to the reasons or circumstances which pioneered this seemingly bold and serious change both with respect to himself and his friends; and as I have in the early portion of these papers expressed, namely, that my father was not very "speculative," the fact of his becoming a master printer in some measure proves the contrary. He would be 25 years of age, and would have been out of his apprenticeship two months under 4 years; his connection with, and experience of the business, extending over a period less than eleven.

It is something for a young man of 25, to find spirit and pluck enough to enter into manufacturing enterprise of any kind, but it is something more to embark into calico printing, which consists not alone of one, two, three, or four branches, but of a many, or a multitude of branches, each depending upon the nicest skill, taste, and manipulation; very different from engagements of the present day, where young men are put forward, and ultimately become proprietors of large establishments through some lucky accident perhaps, attaching to a rude and blundering Pa, a deceased uncle, a collateral relative, or generous friend. The said young man, if turned out to throw for a chance amongst the crowd, without the aid of the

"money bag" or a voucher from a kinsman or some kind stranger, probably would not be able to gather as much "salt as might cover a robin's tail," or as many "thistles as would entertain a Jerusalem pony," but would drop down and be lost in the insignificance of himself,

There is a wide gulf between a cotton factory and a print works; the former may be conducted to a tolerably successful issue with little brain, joined with plenty of brass and bully; the latter can only succeed by a deal of brain, some brass but "no bully." There is or used to be, as wide a difference between the workman in one line of industry, and that of the other, as there is between the north and south pole; one is or was, obliged necessarily to be a thinker, the other is more akin to the machine by which he stands; and a corresponding disparity holds between the masters as the men. A distinguished printer, the late Mr. Thomson, had a kind of contempt for master cotton spinners, he called them "cotton grinders."

My father's pluck and spirit might be good enough, but where was the "brass," and what about the brains ? I have said he inherited none of the first, and what little he might have laid up between July, 1804, when he had fulfilled his term of servitude to Peels, to February, 1805, when he took unto himself a wife,

would be invested in the wedding and household furniture. He had a fair share of the latter, *i.e.* brains, or sufficient thereof without danger of surfeit; they might not be of a very high and refined order, but they were of that quality which stamp the man, and place him, so to word it, within a ring fence of solid purpose and integrity, and beyond the reach of pettifoging, under-current thought, action, or sneaking cowardice. I suppose at this time, he would have opened an account at the bankers: his savings must have acculated between Feb. 1805, and May 1808, the year he first appears as a printing master; the demands upon him could not have been very great, two children had been born, but had not counted two living at one time, therefore his family as yet, had not taken any other form than triangular; his habits would be simple, as I remember them ever to have been so, and his household the same.

Three years and three months would have elapsed from Feb. 1805, to May 1808; his earnings estimated by the half of the higher sum of twelve pounds per week, would have amounted in the gross to something over one thousand pounds, and deducting three hundred therefrom for maintaining himself and family, he would have over seven hundred pounds to invest as a

member of a firm of calico printers, under the style of, Richard Eastham, Marsden, and Co., a capital small in sound, as compared with our notions of capital now-a-days, but to which, no doubt it had then a comparative value.

I will now copy from the Excise Books of the Clitheroe Station, as before alluded to, the first entry made affecting the firm in which my father was afterwards a partner, viz.:--

"Preston Collection, Burnley district,-Clitheroe,.1st ride, Entry Book, Sept. 19th, 1807.--We, Richard Eastham, Richard Marsden, William Wilkinson, and John Chatburn, all of Clitheroe, within the parish of Whalley, in the county of Lancaster, do make entry at the Excise Office, Clitberoe, aforesaid, of two buildings, situate in Clitheroe, containing twelve rooms,--the higher, a padding room, stove, cutting room, print room, dye house, packing room. The lower building containing a colour shop, dye house, grey room, packing room, white room, and counting house, along with three fields for the purpose of staining, printing, and dyeing silks, muslins, calicoes, and stuffs in, and for sale.

Witness our hands, this 19th day of October, 1807.- Richard Eastham, Richard Marsden, William Wilkinson, John Chatburn.- John Bateson, officer.

The following are marginal notes, as a supplementary description, written by the Excise officer, viz. --

The first building is the late Brewery, situate at the bottom of the High Moor, containing in all six rooms; the other is part of William Wilkinson's malt rooms, in Mr. Hayhurst's row, over Shaw Bridge, two low rooms, and four rooms above, one on

entrance upstairs, one facing you on entrance, and the other two to the left band, One field is at the east end of the Methodist Chapel, where Mr. Marsden now dwells; the other is Mr. Hayburst's meadow, opposite the Printworks; and the other is a small grass plot, betwixt the Brewery and Mrs. Baldwin's palisades."

Eastham was a block cutter, Wilkinson a malster originally, and some part of the buildings appear to have been used for the purpose. In fact, there is some evidence for believing that he at one time carried on the brewing trade at the principal block of buildings, hence the name of "Old Brewery" to this day.

Marsden and Chatburn I have no account of, most probably, they were from Burnley and Sawley, and made their advent perhaps at the same time as my father, Ormerod Stout, and Peter Starkie, and would be numbered amongst the 'sharp young fellows' spoken to by friend Gabriel.

There is, or used to be, a Marsden Row, down Parson's Lane, Clitheroe, which is explanatory of the one field, being at the east end of the Methodist Chapel, near where Marsden resided, as per marginal notes.

The "Old Brewery" is situated near the ancient mountain road crossing Pendle Hill, through Sabden, Padiham, and to Burnley. It occupies a high position,

on a kind of ridge, sloping down to a running water, called Spa Brook, the distance from the town of Clitheroe being about half a mile.

The site would be selected both as for a brewery and afterwards as a print-works, from reasons bounding and deciding all selections for manufacturing purposes, and especially calico printing, namely, its water, its green fields, and salubrious air. There would be no river, as at Sawley, washing its walls, in which the salmon could sport and have its home, but there was the mountain stream, tracking its way from Pendle source o'er a pebbly bed, where the trout, the minnow, and other lesser fry rejoiced and languished in an element as pure and free.

There would be advantages at the brewery site, at least, to unproficient observers like myself of such requirements, which the site at Sawley did not possess. The coal field would be some four miles nearer, labourers more abundant, and the Manchester market a trifle closer. The works, as per marginal notes from the Excise books, will be seen, were in two parts, the first and more important being the "old brewery," the second standing at a distance of about one thousand yards below on the same brook, and nearer Clitheroe, at a point called, Shaw Bridge; this division of the

works was formed out of a portion of a row of houses belonging to one Henry Hayhurst, better known and remembered in the district as "Owd Harry Hayhurst," who had erected them at a period of the enclosure of waste lands, in the year 1780.

The part of the row of cottages thus used, had been previously occupied by Wilkinson, as malt kilns, or malt rooms, and perhaps this circumstance together with his former undoubted interest in the "Old Brewery," might be the main spoke in the wheel, turning to the transformation of both premises to printing purposes, and consequent partnership. Close by the "Old Brewery," is a medicinal mineral spring, called, "Spa Well." In my memory it was situate down a hole, or deep descent some twenty yards in diameter, and which favoured having been made by some huge earth gouge, leaving high embankments all round, covered with "bushes wild," of various descriptions, the hawthorn, the hep, or dog rose and honey-suckle prevailing. This well, used to be free to the public for ages, I suppose until the plot of land which it was, fell into the possession of an old grey headed money-grub, more than 20 years ago, who clutched his gold more than he loved the healing powers or recreative and refreshing qualities of the people's old Spa, by turning

it into a mercantile speculation and enclosing it within stone walls, iron palisades, "locks, bolts, and bars;" and a coin is demanded before even a smell can be obtained of it. As it deserved, the scheme has to the present proved a failure; useless alike, to its owners and the public, and remains as a dreary example and memorial of an illiberal and avaricious spirit. Before the enclosure, the well was much frequented for bathing purposes by the youth of Clitheroe, and by the "*lame, the halt, and infirm,*" from a distance; but its charms seem to have disappeared with its freedom, and its waters to have lost their unction, since the golden sun and silvery moon-beam were forbidden to shine upon them; and stone walls, iron bars, paint, glass, and putty, seem to have been held as but a sorry substitute for the wild herb, the wild rose, the primrose, and honeysuckle.

On a burning summer's day, it was a luxury thus to bathe; the water from its natural character was cold and frigid to the touch, and seemed to draw or contract animal substances into closer quarters so soon as the immersion took place. It was amusing sometimes to witness its effects, especially upon the lean, the marrow-boned, and thin-blooded. I have in my mind at the moment an individual, alas, now no more, who

some 20 years ago made a visit with myself to Clitheroe, and he was most anxious to embrace the opportunity, whilst there, of bathing in its famous Spa. He was lean, marrow-boned, and thin-blooded, and a tailor, withal. A lady friend, at whose house we were invited guests, cautioned him at breakfast to take his coffee previous to starting for the Spa, boiling hot, and treble his usual quantity, but "Snip" despised the fear of any evil effects to be derived from the encounter, and advanced to the post like a brave and valiant "knight of the thimble," resolved to conquer or to drown. I accompanied him, and stood by the side of the well, rendering him any trifling aid he needed; but by the time he had half unrobed himself, his framework was one complete totter, and he was quickly resolving not to perform the ablution. I encouraged him, as a true knight, not to falter on the way, but duck in it at once, and thereby uphold the dignity of himself and the honourable board. He took courage again; planted his right foot on the first step descending the well; being about half-a-dozen in all, the water rising thereto, and as the foot touched the water at the same instant, was sent forth a scream like a jay. He stipulated to have hold of my hand and to retain it, until he should arrive at the bottom. About mid-way, he shrieked out for me

to pull him up. When I did so, he had lost all apparent animation, and seemed to have become one piece of petrifaction. My hand was so clenched by his own that with difficulty I set it free. There he stood, his hide drawn and twisted in all directions, his eye-balls set, his visage contracted to the shape and dimensions of a moderate-sized pig's ear, his mouth closed, and voice silent. To me, he had a striking resemblance to the ninth part of an Egyptian mummy. I got him dressed, and eventually to our friend's house, by which time he had just found his voice. I think the tailor remembered Clitheroe Spa ever after.

I come now to the year my father and his friend Ormerod Stout were members of the Old Brewery Printing Company, and again copy from the Excise Entry Book, viz.:--

"We, Richard Eastham, Richard Marsden, William Wilkinson, John Chatburn, Ormerod Stout; and Thomas Greenhalgh, do make entry at the Excise Office, in Clitheroe, of one colour shop, one grey room, and counting-house, near Shaw Bridge, in Clitheroe; one field opposite, over the way, and one small croft, adjoining Mrs. Baldwin's front; also the building called 'Standstill Factory,' situate in th fields, about a mile from Clitheroe, containing one dry room, printing shop, and ground floor, together with the 'field containing the same mill, all in the parish of Whalley, in the county of Lancaster, for the purpose of printing, staining, painting, and dyeing muslins and calicoes, and storing the same in for sale, declaring all other entries null and void.

As witness our hands, thia 17th day of May, 1808;--
Richard Eastham, Richard Marsden, William Wilkinson, John
Chatburn, Ormerod Stout; Thomas Greenhalgh.-John Bateson,
officer.

*Marginal Notes, viz.:-*The first building is the row, the third door from Mrs. Baldwin's front, one room on entrance, and the other above; one field opposite, and the other a little waste land, adjoining Mrs. Baldwin's front. The other building is the 'Standstill Factory,' in the fields going from Shaw Bridge, towards Worston; one room-the low room, one over it, and the other over that; the field containing the same building.

Additional Entry.-We do hereby make entry at the Excise Office, Clitheroe, of 'Old Brewery,' situate at Clitheroe, in the parish of Whalley and county of Lancaster, consisting of five rooms, for the purpose of dyeing, staining, or printing muslins, calicoes, and storing the same in for sale, along with small fields adjoining to the above place, in addition to the former entry.-- Clitheroe, March 21st, 1809.-Eaetham, Marsden, & Co."

Two additional partners, it thus appears, were added to the firm, my father and Ormerod Stout making six in the whole; a lengthy firm, judging each member by the standard by which we are accustomed to measure masters of manufacturing establishments, that is, as superiors simply moving about, issuing directions and receiving orders and communications from customers. Or as others, who ignore all active interference with their workshops and workmen, but delegate the entire management to some individual or individuals betimes called manager, overseer, foreman, or "head jos," whilst he or they--the master or masters--may, at intervals, put in an appearance, to shew himself or

themselves in all the advantages of pride and power, strut about the premises in gaudy habiliments, esteeming it the height of magnificence, to gracefully bear some gay flowret in the place where may sometimes be seen the cutty pipe or cigar, *i. e.*, the mouth; costly rings on the fingers, and a gold-headed stick dangling by the hand. Ultimately, a splendid equipage arrives, which conveys these "mock imperials" out of dust, grease, and rattle, into an atmosphere of luxury, scent, and fashion, where they remain oblivious for some time to come.

My father and his fellow-partners would be fellow-workmen as well, in the real meaning of the word; they would not be paraders of flowers, rings, nor golden-tipped sticks, but work, work, work.

There would be not alone the investment of money capital, but likewise a clear and substantial investment of labour capital, both employed upon a common or general stock, and each member of the company would look for interest on capital, profits on stock, and wages for labour.

Eastham, a block cutter ; my father and Stout, printers 1 Chatburn, or Marsden, colour maker or mixer; the

other a dyer; Wilkinson, no doubt, bookkeeper, and a useful partner at many points.

As the firm became multiplied, the premises seem to have kept pace therewith. It is now a matter of simple conjecture whether the partnership was strengthened to meet the increased demands consequent upon extended premises, or that the extension was undertaken to meet the addition of the paitnership. Whichever might be the true reason, it is now evidence to induce the conclusion that the general business was in a tolerably healthy condition, and that the prospective pointed in advance.

"Standstill Factory," the new premises; appears in the Excise Entry Books for the first time in the same year my my father and Stout's names are written therein, and is situate about one mile and a half to the east of Clithroe, and is approached by a way, the character of which, is indicated by its local name, "Up Brooks," being a passage of water formed of many little rills, descending from the higher grounds, breasting Worsa Hill and Pendle. The chisf or main starting point from Clitheroe, being, down "Duck Street, and up Donkey," the latter, a name given to the largest accumalation of water between thence and "Standstill Factory."

I have no account of the history of the place anterior to its being conducted as a print works; it seems to have been as well adapted as most localities are; where printing is established; no stint of water and bleaching and drying grounds laying all around.

Most likely there were facilities at this detachment of the works not existing at the "Old Brewery," or at Shaw Bridge. The present joint owner of the Brewery, stated to me a short time ago, that the water supply is very uncertain, more especially in the summer season; this disadvantage they might be seeking to remove, in adding "Standstill Factory" to their responsibilities; an item. giving this more consistency, is derived from my aged Sabden friend, who in a note to myself, dated Sep. 25th, 1869, says, that he remembered going to the "Old Brewery" when my father was master there, he himself being a boy, and that my father's blue dyer had two sons with whom he was acquainted. The sons led a stout pony, laden with pieces to be finished, he continues at a place called "Up Brooks."

The works thus divided into three divisions, and standing at distances extending to one quarter, and one mile and a half, would entail considerable active labour on the partners in their several departments. Of the exact size or measurement of the entire works

combined, and the number of people employed, I am unable to write down, but a proximate calculation may be arrived at in lineal measure, if the "Old Brewery" be accepted as a base.

The present joint owner and occupier, Mr. Smith, states, that the main, or No. 1 building was 62 feet long by 21 feet wide, and three windows high; No. 2 building was 44 feet long by 21 feet wide, and two windows high; No. 3 building one window high, used as a colour shop, dimensions he is unable to furnish.

There was one other building lower down the stream, between the "Brewery" and Shaw Bridge division of the works, where was also a water wheel to drive a calender; one small water wheel about one horse power connected with No. 1 building, a wash wheel driven by the lower lodge, and another water wheel from the higher lodge.

According to the entry in the Excise Book, there were eleven different rooms in all, reckoning three divisions or the works but the book in this respect does not seem to be depended upon, as per instance, it gives the rooms at the "Old Brewery" as five, whereas, Mr. Smith makes the number seven, and even this is not correct, as I myself remember one other building remaining 30 years ago upon the stream, which my father told me, he and his partners used as a block shop, or The room in which the blocks were stored. I suppose the Exciseman's duty would be to simply take an account of the rooms set apart more in particular, for the actual execution of the goods, finish, and final storing,

previous to being sent to market; the *minutiæ* belonging to the establishment would not be entered in the Excise Book; such as calendering room, where a cloth piece would be obliged to pass through, before it could be counted as of finished goods, and would not be noticed by the said Exciseman as a room for actual manufacturing process. Taking the number at eleven, as entered in the Excise Book, and calculate that these eleven rooms furnished working space for printers, dyers, block cutters, colour makers, designers, white room men, grey room men, washers, crofters, and a host of minor workmen required about a printing establishment, and place 5 men, or men and lads in each room, would give in the gross, 55, or in round numbers, 60 hands employed by the firm; a number no doubt, which bore a respectable degree of comparison with other establishments of the age, and also with those of the present time, taking into consideration the distance and difference between the two periods. The class, or style of work performed, would be very interesting to myself to relate, were I in a position to add it to my humble narrative, with anything like correctness and precision of detail.

Dr. Ure describes eight different styles of calico printing, each requiring different methods of manipulation and peculiar process.

1st.-"The madder style, to which the best chintzes belong, in which the mordants are applied to the white cloth, with many precautions, and the colours are afterwards brought up in dye bath : these constitute permanent prints.

2nd.-The padding or plaque style, in which the whole surface of the calico is imbued with a mordant, upon which different coloured figures, may be raised by the application of other mordants joined to the action of the dye bath.

3rd.- The reserve style, where the white cloth is impressed with figures to resist paste, and is afterwards subjected-- first to a cold dye, as the indigo vat, and then to a hot dye bath, with the effect of producing white or coloured spots upon a blue ground."

Sufficient for my purpose to stay at No. 3, which I have reasons in part for referring to, as indicating my father and his partners' style. As a short proof of this, I will again adopt the evidence of my Sabden friend, who says in his note I have previously alluded to, viz: "Their style was dark-blue bottoms, with white spots (balls or sprigs)."

Mr. Smith says :--"The blue vats were in the cellar of No. 1 building, and still remain there, about seven feet deep, but that in consequence of a gentleman walking into them in the year 1826, they were filled up,--that there is still indigo at the bottom, and they frequently pick pieces up."

Mr. Smith says, in addition, that he assisted in taking down two printing machines in 1826, which were fixed and had been worked in No. 1 building, --

that they had rollers constructed of wood, with brass pins driven in, to form the pattern.

I may here observe, that in no branch of calico printing is there so marked a change between that period and this, as in the practice of machine work, or in the manner by which the pattern is put upon the roller. The roller, as seen in use by my father and his partners, being of wood, the pattern would be drawn upon it--first in line, and afterwards filled up with brass pins, something in the way an ordinary hand block is made by the cutter. Whereas, the system now is to use a copper cylindrical roller, upon which the pattern was formerly engraved, following an impression taken in a waxy composition from the designer or drawer's proof. This method was again improved upon, by steel dies of cylindrical shape upon which the pattern was traced and engraved, then raised by a chemical process, then *hardened*, and finally placed in a machine, and by rotatory motion the pattern impressed upon the copper roller. This method also was in various ways improved upon and amended, until the entire system has become, as it were, metamorphosed, and is now performed by a machine called the Pentagraph.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLITHEROE.



HE works at the Brewery, Shaw Bridge, and Standstill Factory, would jointly exercise a trading influence upon the little town of Clitheroe and vicinity, which it is impossible to estimate at this distance of time. The population of Clitheroe proper in 1801, was only 1868, and with the entire parliamentary borough at the same period, probably a few hundreds more. There would be but little manufacturing employment at the time, and a limited number of people to perform it.

In an old book, entitled "The Traveller's Guide, or English Itinerary," published by W. C. Oulton, in 1805, I find the following, viz.:--

"The cotton manufacture has extended itself from Blackburn to this town, three very considerable "factories for spinning cotton having been established here within these few years, which afford employment to a great number of persons. By the late inland navigation, it has communication with the rivers Mersey, Dee, Ribble, Ouse, Trent, Derwent, Severn, Humber, Thames, Avon, &c., which navigation, including its windings, extends over 500 miles.

A stranger reading the above flaming account would conclude that Clitheroe, 64 years ago, was a busy, thrutching, bustling town, with "*three very considerable factories,*" and in direct communication with ten important rivers, and more in the back ground, being hinted at in the *et cetera*

Wonderful description, Master Oulton; you make an old Clitheroeite open his optics wide and hearken out for old memories. A stranger might logically suppose that the commerce of the place, even at so early a manufacturing era as 1805, would be extensive, and the little trumpery burgh somewhat resemble the ancient cities of Venice and Genoa, its streets and market place intersected with trade and water, flowing in and out, with bales of merchandise heaped for furlongs on the river's banks, and mountains high.

Not so, Mr. Itinerant; you should have informed your readers of your own and future generations, that in 1805, there would be no very "considerable factories" giving employment to "great numbers of persons." In all probability, there would be a little factory at Shaw Bridge, and that about the compass of one of Wombwell's caravans, in which the elephant rides up and down the country. This small place was formerly worked by Messrs. Addy and Taylor, There was a water race, I remember, at the back, which gave motive power to a wheel about the size of a big kettle drum, and although the water was no broader than a decent

draining sluice, yet it was dignified with the presence of a pleasure boat, in which I have had many a tiny sail.

Low Moor cotton works would not then be in operation, if so, they would be in their rocking days. Most likely "Standstill Factory" might be in use for cotton spinning in 1805, but this could not be classed as considerable. The Salford cotton mill, belonging originally to Messrs. Taylor, and built by them, dates much more recently. This place was contracted for by William Arkwright, with whom my late brother James was apprenticed, previous to his being taught as an architect; in fact, he was employed in the erection, which would be about the year 1826. Cotton was either spun or made into cloth at Primrose, prior to 1811, the year printing was begun there, but how long before, or to what extent, I am not prepared to verify, further than expressing my belief, guided by circumstances, that it was of small extent, and not so early as 1805.

The nearest communication with the multitude of rivers alluded to, would be Burnley or Blackburn, where canals had been cut in 1771 or thereabouts; each at a distance of 10 miles from Clitheroe town, and approached by the common carrier, perhaps once a week, or might be, once a month. Clitheroe was

certainly a market town and had borne the character and privileges from the time of William the Conqueror.

Dr. Whittaker relates, viz:--

"That Henry de Lacy, who died sometime after the year 1147, granted the first charter to the Burgesses of Clitheroe; and from a *quo warranto* brought against Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the 20th of Edward I.; it appears that he prescribed for a market at Clitheroe, from the Conquest, and claimed a fair at Mandlin day, by grant of the fourth of John.

The same learned author says also:--That in the archives of the town, are letters patent of Henry IV. annulling a fair held in the churchyard at Whalley, a practice continues he, hardly abolished after the Reformation, which gave offence to the Abbot and Convent, and it was transferred to Clitheroe."

All this sounds very fine and has the effect of impressing the reader with no mean idea of the trading value and importance of Clitheroe. I cannot write in detail the fruitfulness or limits of its markets and fairs in those early times, but I will hazard the opinion, that even in 1808, the year my father first took up his residence there, that they would be of minor estimate, and much below the stirring aspect presented in these days at a rushbearing or country wakes.

In my recollection, many, many years succeeding my father becoming a tradesman in Clitheroe, two one-horse carts, the proprietors being two, and distinct, were sufficient to supply the wants of the ancient market town, with green grocers wares, including fish

and other edibles. As the business of the place and district magnified itself, another spirited individual named "Billy Wo-na," as we lads were used to call him, entered into this department of commerce, and the trio, namely, the two "Bills" and a "Buck Rat," elegant cognomens, by which they were often advertised to public notice, kept up a lively contest for some years. The three were occasionally met with an opponent standing higher up in the same line of business, or so much so as regarded fish, named Thomas Rudders, or better known as "Colne Tommy," he travelled just as weather and circumstances suited ; on Tuesday from Colne through Clitheroe to Lancaster, returning on the Friday laden with choice specimens, especially shrimps and shell fish, the cockles and mussels being from "Dudden Sands, long famous for yeilding what used to be called in Clitheroe, "regular pummers;" hazel nuts betimes, formed part of his burden, if the quality were super-excellent, for in whatever he traded, the article was considered nonpareil, and consequently he was looked upon with little favour by the Clitheroe trio, and commanded much higher prices. He generally arrived about noon, and planted his cart at the gable of the Brownlow Arms, but more to bait himself and horse than for merchandise; his arrival was watched for with

much eagerness by a few choice specimens of Clitheroe "nabobs" as they were termed, comprising a better class of shopkeepers, such as druggists, ironmongers, grocers, &c., lawyers, surgeons, builders, brewers, and the like, who were then in the habit of forming gossiping and lounging parties in the main street or thoroughfare, sometimes at their respective shop doors, much to the annoyance of the more modest and retiring citizens. I have seen these pattern counter men, &c., standing in circles of ten or twelve, with their portly figures, cracking nuts, and picking shrimps for an entire autumnal afternoon succeeding Tommy's visit. The wholesale markets attended by the Clitheroe greengrocers and fish men for these wares, were Preston and Blackburn, where the three carts went weekly, Saturdays and Wednesdays. The former town had the preference for "crack quality," especially as regarded fish. Blackburn was more confined to second hand dealers, and was resorted to by the three Clitheroe merchant more as a supplementary market. Saturday was the great day for display, or rather Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, at which hour, the huxter's trinity was expected to manifest itself. The arrival was esteemed of great interest to the inhabitants generally, many of which crowded the streets, or

formed themselves into groups, eagerly discussing the probable price and quality. So soon as it became known in the lower regions of the little town, that the three had turned the Castle, or Red Lion corner, the excitement grew in intensity, following which, the carts on being relieved of their cargoes, a general inspection took place, resulting in banter and purchase. In other respects, Clitheroe had been insignificant as a trading community until years after the opening of the present century. The town and outlying districts for miles, had been so firmly fast within the iron grasp, descending from Norman serfdom, that like some animal body having no blood circulation, had no free and active elements, and so to speak, had become sinew grown.

The learned historian of Whalley, in his allusions to Clitheroe and its surrounding villages, gives but a faint idea of what they were in a trading point of view, or of the character and habits of the people. His object seems to have been to glorify, trace, and describe everything of a noble and feudal source, where there was a long line of wealth, power and title; but is indifferent to recording as long a heritage of bondage and corruption. He is careful in telling us that there was a church there from an early date, and furnishes a list of the parsons doing duty there, from the reign of Henry

II. to the year 1818, one of the said parsons having done duty at Flodden Field, that "there is evidence" says he --

"The most direct" and incontrovertible to prove, the castle and chapel of Saint Michael within it of much higher antiquity than that which is usually assigned to it, namely, in the time of Robert de Lacy the Second, in the year 1179. He also assures us, the ancient family of de Cliderhow, resided at the Alleys, in a strong tower built house, surrounded by a deep moat; that the demense consisted of 64 Lancashire acres, including a small park of 14 acres, called, Salthill hey Park. That they resided there from the earliest times, as principal burgesses, and seem to have fled for independence to the opposite extremity of the borough from the Castle, He continues that the Radcliffes, of Wimersley, likewise resided there in 1832, and inherited the estate by marriage with the de Cliderhows."

He likewise relates that a bishop was actually born in Clitheroe, in a house now profanely held as a public hostlery. This was a late Bishop of Rochester, whose father was the Rev. James King, incumbent of Ulitheroe, in 1748, and afterwards chaplain to the House of Commons. He occupied the house now the Brownlow's Arms, in which also was born another son, namely, Captain King, the companion of Captain Cook, the circumnavigator. No doubt a well-known lane, called King Lane, leading from the main street, past the end of the Brownlow's Arms to the lower parts of the town, has its name from this family.

Another knightly name, he includes in his notice of the ancient borough, that of Sir John Dineley, whose manor house, he continues, "together with the site, are alike unknown and forgotten."

Baines says this house, which bore the name of "*Le Wyverres*," was under the Castle, and is recognised at the present time as the "Old Hall," having a date somewhere about it, 1454.

It would have served as a matter of considerable interest to the natives and others of the old borough of Clitheroe, if they had had preserved to them by the pen of a Whittaker the aspect and condition of the place at the different periods, or at any period from the date it received its charter as an incorporated town of the realm, down to eighty or a hundred years ago; how many streets, lanes, or alleys; the number and quality of the dwellings, public buildings or offices for the transaction of public business, &c.; the trades, callings, and professions of its inhabitants, their customs, tastes, and peculiar mode of expression, sayings, and language.

Of all these we know nothing, save what may exist from traditionary source, and known and remembered,

as derived from father to son, of the present generation.

The only or chisf items really furnished by Whittaker to prove it to have been a town, in more than a name, at an early date, are-first, "That by inquisition taken 1240, after the death of Edmund de Lacy, the last earl but one, it was found that there were 66 free burgesses, a very considerable number, continues Whittaker, in those days of slender population. "Secondly, That there was one of those necessary individuals seated and practising there, namely, a medical man, 800 years ago, producing a very natural conclusion, that where there be physic to sell, there must be sick to heal and people to buy.

Clitheroe and its "slender population" would for centuries remain in that dependent condition, imposed at the conquest, and be enveloped in ages of darkness. The de Lacys were lords of the soil, and what few privileges might be exercised by the townspeople or burghers, were niggardly and jealously granted by them, unless the monarch stepped between, as in the case of King John, who granted a fair at Clitheroe on Mandlin Day.

Dr. Adam Smith, writing on the "Rise and progress of towns and cities," says:--

"The burghers naturally hated and feared the lords, and the king hated and feared them too, but though perhaps he might despise, he had no reason either to hate or fear the burghers. Mutual interest, therefore, disposed them to support the king, and the king to support them against the lords. They were the enemies of his enemies, and it was his interest to render them as secure and independent of those enemies as he could, by granting them magistrates of their own, the privilege of making bye-laws for their own government, &c. The princes, who lived upon the worst terms with their barons, seem accordingly to have been the most liberal in grants to their burghs. King John of England, for example, appears to have been a most munificent benefactor to his towns."

I suppose Dr. Whittaker, when he was recording the history of the de Lacs, the de Cliderhows the Radcliffes, the Castle and the Church, that he was delivering all unto posterity worth knowing of Clitheroe; that its people were only slaves, serfs, or so many cattle, and the dwellings and other roofed buildings as so many sheds to herd, clip, singe and raddle them in.

Clitheroe has always been a queer place during my memory, and I think the folks there have been queerer still. Some of them have been studies of humanity in by-gone days, and some are studies even to this day. Many of them seem indigenous to the soil, and their outgoings and ingsoings circumscribed within the old

feudal boundary, their facial attributes --I mean of some of the aged, and more truly of the Clitheroe born, whose pedigree has reached, or may reach, generations back--have been, and are, marked and similar, especially in reference to that ducal and all important piece of furniture, namely, the nose, which has and does predominate to a huge excess, together with high cheek bones, wide mouth, large head, and deep-set eyes. Probably this results from many of the plebeian names and families intermarrying into each other, such as the Swales, the Drivers, the Nowells, the Smiths, and others, too numerous to mention.

If a question be sometimes put, namely, "Who is he ?" Answer: "He is a Swales, out of a Driver," or *vice versa*

I have said that many of the inhabitants of the olden time seemed "indigenous to the soil." The word "indigenous" does not fairly convey my meaning. "Spontaneous" serves me better, that is, they appear almost to have sprung (as Gibbon alludes to the ancient Germans) from the bosom of the earth, --not as per Mosaic account, but as the wild gorse and other green bushes on the hill sides and mountain top. Being situated at a remote distance from the larger cities and towns, the real natives of Clitheroe were, at an earlier

period, far removed from the civilising influences which railways and other communications have since opened out.

A portion of the old customs, badges, and subservient spirit, the Norman possessors bred and fostered, remained to the end of the last, and far into the present century, and the germs thereof are still apparent.

Amongst other customs in my recollection, and worthy of no better classification than as a relic of barbarism, was the practice on the occasion of what was termed "the choosing of bailiff's," when a procession was formed, composed of a number of idle sycophantic men, cobblers, "bum-bailiffs," and such like, who were draped in capacious cloaks, of dimensions ample enough to enfold a ship's crew, wearing a cap or covering for the head of spittoon shape, and in diameter like a coach-wheel, both constructed from common blue cloth or felt; each carrying what was called a javelin, being a piece of ordinary metal cast or worked into the form of a spear head, attached to a long timber shaft, favouring a pitch fork handle. These men were known as "blue caps," and the dignity I have heard say, had been inherited by some of them for generations: they headed the

procession, followed by a sort of captain of the host, namely, John Harris, or more familiarly recognized as "Owd Jacky Harris," who was also mace bearer, an instrument of some value, presented to the Corporation by the Duke of Albermarle, or General Monk, who was presented with the honour of the old borough by Charles II. for his services in the restoration of the Stuarts. It was in figure much resembling a big policeman's truncheon, with a crown of silver stuck on the nob or thick end. Owd Jacky bore this with much solemnity across his shoulder, together with a large silver vessel from the same donor, in the front; the bailiffs elect, came behind, and a troop of blood suckers, turkey eaters, and wine bibbers bringing up the rear. The large silver vessel was filled with "grog" at the "public," where dinner was served, and as many as could get a pull, drank "prosperation to the Corporation."

This meaningless farce is still kept up, omitting the "blue cape," and brings together a motley combination of speechmakers, toadies, toasters, and others, which after some good feeding, and better grape sucking, the whole concluding with, "Britons never, never, shall be slaves," and "God save the Queen." On the same day as the bailiffs were chosen, "Owd Jacky" was the

embodiment of a custom, the origin for which I never clearly knew, namely, that of presenting himself at every school door, the mommg of the choosing, and what was called, "begging the lad's holiday;" they afterwards assembled opposite the "Moot Hall " and cheered lustily, and then started with "Owd Jacky" to walk the borough boundary, which was indicated by upright stones sunk in the earth, within a radius perhaps of one mile round the town. The custom used to be in high favour with the boys, and "Owd Jacky" unto them, was a great personage, and a mighty favourite. He opened the door, took his hat off, and generally shouted, "now you must let these lads out." No lessons were learned that morning in anticipation of his appearance .

In a commumty where such idle customs can exist for so lengthy a period, ignorance, bigotry, and superstition must keep pace, and this is pointedly correct in regard to Clitheroe and a large number of its "indigenous residents;" the consequence is, legends of all sorts prevail, and boggart or ghost stories used to abound in the district, and found ready credence with most classes.

Clitheroe, in some measure, used to be one of the last places where any new mode of fashion or invention

penetrated and became generally known and adopted, and this backwardness in some degree, lingers there still, with some of the natives. I am here reminded of a small incident which for its illustrative character and simplicity I will pen down. I was in company with a well-known builder or contractor, at the Brownlow's Arms, over a dozen years since. We were about to enjoy a complimentary cigar together, and I introduced a box of phosphoric lights or matches, with club head, about which time or some short period previous, they had first been offered to the public. I drew one across the rough end of the box, which produced the usual blast and flame, when he ran to the door, and I had some difficulty in inducing him to return, and only succeeded by assuring him that I would not repeat it.

In the year 1778, a murder took place, which for its violent, cold-blooded character and other curious details enshrouding it, left an impress in the town and locality not likely yet to be effaced. I have frequently heard a very old friend of my father's, the late Mr. Hartley, solicitor, relate that for fifty years after it took place, when he has been in Manchester and seated at his hotel, so soon as it became known that he was from Clitheroe, the company in the commercial room or elsewhere, have shrunk from him, as though he were to

be avoided as a person of "blood and crime." Such was the effect the murder had created throughout the county.

The facts were, that one "Old George Battersby," a native and resident of the village of Slaidburn, ten miles north, across the hills from Clitheroe, was in the habit of killing beasts and carrying the carcasses to the latter place for sale, and sold at a less price than the Clitheroe butchers, which so exasperated them that a plan was concocted amongst a portion of them for putting an end to the competition by murdering the competitor. Opportunity was taken for the purpose, when Battersby was attending the fair of the 24th and 25th of March, 1778, and waylaying him at midnight, on his way home, down a dark, dingy, dirty lane, called "Black Lane," which lead, after two or three dreary windings, upon Ribble Lane, in which, about mid distance from hence to a corner known as "Dule up o' Dun," another point of horrors, (the devil once having ridden away from thence upon a dun horse), was a flat stone or flag, spanning a small brook, in which the minnow delighted and the water-cress grew. On this stone or flag the old man was placed, like an ox upon the stock for slaughter, and the knife driven to his heart.

Old George was missing, and from circumstances which came out at the trial, suspicion soon fell upon four men, named Doctor Herd, Nicholas Wilkinson, Edward Dewhurst, and James Worswick. They were apprehended and brought before a justice of the peace, but the evidence not being sufficient to put them upon their trial at the assizes, they were set at liberty.

Time went on until 1778, when a heap of rubbish belonging to one Mr. Edleston was required to be removed, and was let by tender, Doctor Herd, one of the accused in 1773, being the lowest taker.

The situation of the rubbish was near to the seen of the murder, and between thence and the Church, in the yard of the Church was the Grammar School, and attaching to the church was a charnel or bone house. The boys of the school, as was their custom, were recreating themselves, and on the morning in question, included the charnel or bone house in their play ground, when they observed the trunk of a dead body, as if put recently there. The intelligence soon spread that it was the remains of old George Battersby. Examination was made by Dr. Sinclair, then a medical practitioner in the town, who gave it as his opinion that it was the trunk of a male human being, and that it had been buried some period in lime. This evidence at once

pointed to Herd, and the rubbish, which was found to contain spent lime and likewise box leaves, found on the remains, together with a leather apron string, corresponding to what was generally worn by the missing man.

The four accused were again taken into custody and placed upon trial at the ensuing assizes, holden at Lancaster. The evidence, as given before a justice of the peace in 1773, was reproduced, which was then given by two brothers Nowell, who had kept watch and followed the four accused into different public houses and other places, the whole of the night of the 24th and into the morning of the 25th of March, 1773, Battersby being in company of the accused on each occasion. They testified to having secreted themselves near a thorn hedge below the church, and close to the scene of the murder. They declared that they heard the man who did the actual deed say, in reply to an appeal from another of his partners in the crime, namely, to "*desist*," that he was "*too lat, the whittle was at his heart;*" and further, that they saw them drag the bleeding body over a fence, across a field, and then throw it into a lodge of water for concealment, until such times as an opportunity served for removal,--that the following night they were again on the watch, at the same place,

namely, the thorn hedge, below the church, the moon shining out brightly, as though to track the guilty to their evil path. They saw the four again, at the water side, but that in consequence of the foot of one of the brothers slipping, the decayed thorns crackled, and were heard by the accused, who gave the watchers chase. From this lodge it was assumed the body was afterwards taken and buried in the heap of rubbish, hence Doctor Herd being the lowest taker for removal in 1778.

Judge Gould presided at the trial, and told the jury that the brothers Nowell were the chief witnesses upon whom the case substantially depended,--that their evidence was conflicting, and finally charged them to bear in mind that although it had been proved that "Old George" had not been seen in the body since March 24th, 1773, yet he might be there still, notwithstanding. The trial lasted the whole of one day and far into the night, when they were acquitted, amidst great excitement in court.

Many things were said at the period about the ruling of the judge, and the verdict of the jury; amongst others, that he, the judge, had stained the ermine by accepting a bribe in the shape of a "golden orange, which was rolled over to him on the seat of justice,"--

that this was done by some person or persons largely interested in the rights and privileges of the ancient town, whereas, if conviction had been recorded, those rights and privileges would have been sacrificed, and the borough have lost its charter.

Two of the accused, Doctor Herd and Nicholas Wilkinson, lived some time in Clitheroe afterwards, the former as a butcher, the latter butcher and publican, occupying the house then called the "White Bull," now the "Brownlow's Arms." It will be remembered that this is the house in which Dr. Whittaker tells us a bishop first saw daylight, 28 years prior to 1773. What a strange transition, from a bishop's cradle to a murderer's den.

*"To what base uses we may return, Horatio,
Why may not imagination trace the noble dust
Of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole."*

The doctor might have told us something about this in his notes on Clitheroe, if only just a short hint to remind his readers what a little span there is--I mean in a worldly sense--between "Old Harry" and a better fellow, and to prove that out of the same dung-hill where a bishop may be bred and born, a malefactor may be fed and reared. It would have been quite as precious a tit bit to myself, and I doubt not too many

others; but then, the doctor was not in quest of murderers, he was only hunting big wigs, titled nobility, and landed gentry. He is very exact in directing attention to a marble memorial inside the church belonging to Aspinalls, of Standing Hall, who, I suppose, paid for it, on which is chiselled an account relating to Sergeant John Aspinall, who died 1784. The doctor informs us that he was an "amiable and upright man and lawyer. I don't here wish to dispute but that he might be both, and I trust there are many so, although not likely to be so distinguished by an antiquarian's notice. I am not aware of anything this virtuous lawyer has left behind to mark his virtues, and I don't know a family in the town and district, that is less indebted to than his descendants, unless it be for the many acres of land they own in the vicinity, and for which they derive a large rent charge. The serjeant was the justice of the peace before whom Herd, Wilkinson, &c., were first taken in 1773.

It has been said that he, Herd, confessed to the crime in his last moments, to the present respected incumbent of Clitheroe, the Rev. J. H. Anderton, with the solemn proviso that it should be with him as a secret whilst living, and depart with him at death. How far this may be uniform with truth and probability, I

leave with the reverend gentleman. There was no doubt existing between the people of Clitheroe as to the guilt of the parties, and I myself should say there was not the shade of a shadow of doubt, and this belief is universal with the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood at the present time.

I remember Herd when I was a boy, he resided in a cottage by himself, about ten yards from the church, right opposite the communion window in back church brow, and within 50 yards from the bone house, where the supposed part of his victim's body was found, and not more than 2000 yards from the flat stone upon which the dark deed was perpetrated. The cottage was regarded by children as a "chamber of horrors," and it might well inspire the fear and feelings of the young attaching to tales of blood, namely, its peculiarly lone some and dreary situation, being at the end of two, three, or or more mean looking dwellings like itself, on the ridge of a hill, and within a whisper of the church yard, where the dead had slumbered in their graves for ages. There was no window to the cottage as fronting the road, nothing but doorway and blank wall, which added still more to its frightful identity. There were large trees near, and I can speak pretty clearly to the dread myself and boys of my own age had in passing

even in the open day, but more especially on a black November night, with no street lights, save, a surly oil lamp, hanging at the churchyard gates twenty paces away, the wind rustling amongst the trees and filling the crevices in the old church and steeple, returning again in moaning, sighing, whistling sounds. We generally ran past, and sometimes when we may have failed to do so, the door might gently open and the murderer's head be seen as we thought, like the eagle peering from his eyry for other prey.

A trifling incident now very fresh to my mind, as it occur-red, one warm autumnal afternoon, as myself and a boyish companion, a little my senior, were returning from a neighbouring hayfield, my senior being less fearless and having more of the romping mischisvous spirit about him than I laid claim to, proposed that we should storm Herd's garden, as he knew there were some gooseberry bushes laden with fruit, which he had had intelligence were ripe and ready to gather. I became a very unwilling party to the plot. I don't say this to put myself higher up in the moral scale than my then youthful friend, for I may say, that the disposition to the fear of trespass was with me in early age, and remains into manhood. I would rather go ten acres round than unlawfully cross one. We advanced to the

attack from York Street side, having to scale stone walls, and push our way through thicket hedges, and over other obstacles before we gained the ground: when we did so, the onslaught soon commenced, and our pockets began to fill, when from some crackle in the thorn fence, Herd was again disturbed from his lair, the door opened, and horror of horrors, there he stood, with only the gooseberry bushes between us; he screamed as I thought, like a fiend, and said "he would hev howd on us." I made a quick retreat the way we had advanced, and left my companion rolled up and concealed amongst some tall *cabbages*, there being a goodly number, I remember, in the society of which, even then, he no doubt felt a close relationship, being at this present time, a fat and distinguished "*knight of the thimble*," within the compass of the old borough. I never visited the gooseberry bushes after.

Herd died about 34 years ago. It was said that he committed the actual deed, and that on every succeeding 24th or 25th of March, his finger which received an incision during the struggle in the bloody business, invariably bled; and I have heard many old stagers, "indigenous" of course, say, that they had noticed he always on one, or other of the dates, had the same finger wrapped in rag. Unlike most of the

"indigenous" he had a small head, small weasel looking eyes, not deep set, but rather prominent, with eyebrows to match. In his advanced days he stood about five feet and as many inches, wore leather knee breeches, grey, and sometimes blue worsted knitted stockings, brown coat, with long skirts and shining buttons, and a hat if it could be so called, as per our notions now, in shape of a sixpenny pie, six times multiplied, a brim about one inch broad, the whole made up of material so adamantine to the touch, that they had the name of "Hard Heads," a name which clung to the maker, the hat being indigenous" too, and sticks to his descendants now, one of whom is still living, and may be easily found by the address of "Neddy Hard Head." If I were required to supply *a bona fide* sample, without adulteration, extenuation or diminution of a real Clitheroe "indigenous," I should select "Neddy" as my text, bred, born, fed, and reared, but never "taught." Within the ancient boundary, he lives as a sorry type of what once existed, and might have been unfortunately propagated unto ages yet to come, but for the progressive spirit which has developed itself during the past forty years. Neddy might well sit for his portrait, and if truly manipulated upon, would faithfully represent the quality of the

burgess, I should venture to say, of which Whittaker assures us, there were just sixty-six in Clitheroe, as per inquisition in 1240.

Figuratively, Neddy remains as a small stone, in a small corner of a bridge, girding past and present time. Years gone by, there were many more of his type, and as the great antiquarian disdained to notice them in his researches, I will endeavour to preserve to posterity, so far as may be represented by my own family, a few of the names or distinctive and elegant modes of address by which they were best known. The following were specimens, viz:--Old Robin Gill, *alias* "Golden Noble;" Harry Townson, *alias* "Turi Buck Rat;" Harry Robinson, *alias*, "Old Chig-Chew;" Old Ben Swales, Old Jem Pilling, Old Jem Driver, Old Joan Driver, and others.

Neddy, as the living representative, in some measure of the above choice and well-remembered characters, may be described as a thick-set piece of clay, about five feet nine inches long, upon which nature had devoted little labour, as broad at bottom as at top, with very few curves or indentations, all straight pieces, big head, large nose, and face deeply marked with small-pox, so much so that each hole might have been drilled; eyes apple pippin-like, and almost imbedded from sight, and which, when seen,

used to remind me of Wombwell's elephant's as he turned them round, on being presented by some one of the audience with a bit of gingerbread, with heavy, leaden countenance, and other peculiarities betokening lack of soul and spirit. If he spoke, he must be spoken to, his motions all slow and involuntary, and in his best days would have made but a very indifferent member of a storming party or even a fire brigade; covered alike from the cold of winter and the heat of summer, with a strong corduroy or fustian jacket, dipping down to his hip bone, trousers same material, feet encased in a pair of timber shoes, regular Lancashire tommys; a brat or apron, of sack cloth, tied round his body, the whole tipped with a hat or figure of felt, pyramidal shape, "home-made," and having been in wear, I should guess, since the time of Cromwell. Neddy may yet be seen betimes crossing the streets of the old "burgh," moving at a snail's pace, his hands shoved down the farthermost depth of trousers pockets, seldom looking up for the bright sun, but generally regarding the scavengers' department. He and his family had been brought up, as it were, under the wings of the residents of Clitheroe Castle, and I hesitate not to say that, to them, the Castle and its occupants were as the bulwarks of old England.

Neddy and his kindred were not alone in respect to this "spirit worship," for this vestige of feudal times; numbers of the "indigenous" had been fostered under its protecting shade. The patronage of the "Castle people" was looked upon by them as possessing a safe and unerring unction, and an unfailing passport to most things desirable. The dim light shed from this once Norman stronghold, would be as a guiding star to the "free burgess," as spoken to by the historian of Whalley, and was the twinkling flame which illuminated the old Boroughmonger up to 1832, and remains as a small taper, which illuminates many of their "indigenous" descendants in 1869.

The Rev. Thomas Wilson, incumbent of Clitheroe Church, in 1775, and also head master of the Grammar School, and who bore testimony to Wilkinson's character at the trial for the murder of Battersby, says of Clitheroe, that eighty years ago, it was--

*"A town of no commerce, but well represented;
A place of much bustle, but little frequented:
A place of no riches, but very much pride;
A place of ill-fame, but no means belied:
A place full of tailors, without e'er a coat;
And burgeeses many, without e'er a vote:
A pretty large town, but without a good street;
A pretty good shambles, but very poor meat:*

*A poor-looking church, with a musical steeple;
Very poor-looking houses, but fat-fooking people:
All saints upon Sundays, but all the week sinners;
Excesslve keen stomachs, bu very poor dinners:
The aldermen boast of their judgment in jellies,
And are all very great in their heads and their bellies:
A quick-sighted people, but dull in discerning;
A very good school, with a small share of learning:
A nest of attorneys, without any law;
And parsons that practice much more than they know:
A place where the number of doctors increases,
Which seems the most dreadful of all their diseasee."*

An interesting and able writer, who quotes the above descriptive lines, says, "If ever applicable to Clitheroe, are not so now." I beg most respectfully to differ from him, inasmuch, save a few changes which have occurred, such as a part of a new church for part of an old one, and passing over some of the reverend author's jocular allusions, the town and its inhabitants wear much the same aspect as described.

Yesterday, being the 9th of November--the election of mayor--I will engage to say that the major part of the old farce would be enacted almost as fully to spirit and practice as it would be 80 years ago, minus one bailiff not to choose instead of two, and the absence of the "blue caps;" but, by-the-bye, I am not so sure about the latter, for inasmuch, three years ago, I happened to be

in Clitheroe on my business journey, when they were choosing their mayor, and at the outside of the door of one of the two hotels where what is called the "mayor's dinner" is alternately spread, there was a real "indigenous," named Nowell, at one side, with a blue-cap's javelin crossing the doorway, and on the other side, one other "indigenous," named Whittaker, to match the former, a descendant direct of the two brothers Nowell, who tendered their testimony at Lancaster. He lived up to about 72 years of age, as occasional cobbler or shoemaker, fisherman, a mender of nets, maker of "flies," greyhound trainer, pedestrian huntsman, master of other odds and ends, and general hanger-on; then a living specimen of a genuine ancient Clitheroe burgess, who annually drank "Prosperation to the Corporation." There was a deal of bustle, and as much pride. About riches, I cannot speak. A many tailors and burgesses without e'er a vote; good shambles, but I cannot vouch for the meat; fat-looking people, and aldermen who boasted of their judgment in jellies; keen stomachs, but very good dinners; no doubt all saints on Sundays, and oftener sinners; lots of attorneys with and without law; and parsons that practiced more than they know.

The town proper, is of singular form: poor houses, no regular constructed street, as to be found in large towns; to the stranger on entrance, at each end it has the appearance of one main thoroughfare, with here and there a ramification right and left, in the character of a narrow lane, alley, or ginnel, as they are so called. Its market place is in shape somewhat like a smoothing iron, and the entire town as often suggested to my mind, might not inaptly be compared to a lobster, with the Castle and its limestone surroundings as the head. Public buildings there are none, save the Town or Moot Hall, and the various churches and chapels; the former is small but proportionate to the amount of business transacted in it; built by the lords of the soil in 1822. I once heard my late brother James say, speaking as an architect, that the design was a little bit of purity so far as it went. I have heard my father say that when he first became a resident, that all or most of the houses, &c., were thatched or had straw-covered roofs, and of very low and mean appearance. On the site of one in which myself and most of my brothers and sisters were born, the corner of what formerly was called "Arkwright's timber yard," and from thence, the entire length including the Brownlow's Arms, were all thatched.

The great and most important public works as far as street improvement is concerned, were the lowering of Castle Street some two or three yards, and the construction of York Street about 40 years ago.

Before the cutting of York Street on the Market Place end next Wm. Bailey's premises, the head constable of the Borough lived, the late Jonathan Farrar, who likewise was Overseer, and united with the offices, the feudal one of "Bailiff to the Duchess of Buccleuch;" adjoining were the post office and stationer's shop, occupied by the late Henry Whalley; next again, being the "Dun Horse" public house. My uncle John Lomax included in a foregoing notice, served his apprenticeship in the premises held by Whalley.

Of course when the road was opened out these buildings disappeared, and York Street remains as the best and most uniform street in the town.

Since then a Gas and Water Works have been established, which must have proved great boons to the inhabitants and have contributed to some extent, to the appearance and condition of the place.

Other minor changes have been made, such as a new shop here and there, and removing antique shop

windows with panes of glass which might be eight inches broad, by as many long, and imitating the modern fashion by substituting large plate sheets.

All these small changes have the effect as it were from plastering old holes and crevices over, or tinkering the blear eyed, but as for having lifted the old town in its appearance much above its pristine insignificance, they have failed to do so.

Of the political condition of Clitheroe I shall have a little to say in a future sheet, when I may have brought my father a little nearer the stirring period of the first Reform Bill.

He and his partners would be a sort of new element in the old town, and they would present somewhat of a comparison with the "indigenous." I cannot say what their political creeds might be at the time, 1808; opinion not being established on such decisive platforms as we have since had manifested. To this matter I will revert by and by, and in the meantime proceed to trace the six master printers to a further issue.

CHAPTER IX.

MY FATHER AND DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

FURTHER ITEMS ABOUT THE BUSINESS.

DIFFICULTIES AND FAILURE.

VISIT TO THE OLD BREWERY: REFLECTIONS THEREON.



Y father joined the firm May 17th, 1808. July 10th, 1809, there is evidence in the afore-mentioned Excise Entry Book, proving a dissolution of partnership to have taken place. From what cause this had been brought about, I am unable to say: most likely the common one, incidental to most partnerships, especially in so lengthy a one as this,--that is, disagreement resulting from a variety of causes. The following is the entry, viz.:--

"We, William Wilkinson, and Thomas Greenhalgh, both of Clitheroe, in the parish of Whalley, in the county of Lancaster, do make entry at the Excise Office, in Clitheroe aforesaid, of two buildings, situate in Clitheroe; higher building containing five rooms-a padding room, printing room, store room, dye house, and lower room for blue vats. Lower building containing four-cellars, shop, a grey room, and white room; along with three fields, for the purpose of staining, printing, and dyeing silks, muslins, calicoes, and stuffs in, and for sale.

As witness our hands, this 10th day of July, 1809.-- William Wilkinson, Thomas Greenhalgh,--John Bateson, officer.

*Marginal Notes, by Excise Officer, viz.:--*The first buildings is the late Brewery, situate at bottom of High Moor, containing in all five rooms; the other is part of Mr. Wilkinson's malt kiln, near Mr. Hayhurst's row of buildings, over Shaw Bridge, two low rooms--one on entrance upstairs, the other facing you on entrance up; the other four are all on the second. Two small fields--one on each side of old 'Brewery,' adjoining the old road leading to Blackburn; the other is a small piece of waste land besides Mrs. Baldwin's palisades."

The next entry is belonging to that division of the works as apportioned to the other four partners, viz.:--

"Excise Office, Clitheroe.--We, Richard Eastham, Richard Marsden, John Chatburn, and Ormerod Stout, do hereby make entry at the Excise Office, Clitheroe, of Standstill Factory,' situate in the fields, about a mile from Clitheroe, containing four rooms, viz., colour shop and dwelling house, and room over both, and a room over that; also four other buildings, near the Standstill Factory, and four fields, all in the parish of Whalley and county of Lancaster, for the purpose of printing, painting, staining, and dyeing muslins and calicoes, and storing the same in and for sale, declaring all other entries null and void.

As witness our hands, this 10th day of July, 1809.-- Richard Eastham, Richard Marsden, John Chatburn, Ormerod Stout.-- John Bateson, officer.

Marginal Notes, viz.:--"Standstill Factory is in the fields leading off Shaw Bridge to Worston. First is the wash house at the south end of Standstill Factory; second is a singeing house near the same; third building contains five rooms, viz., dye house, drying shade over, on east end, stove and drying room over, on west end, and machine room, adjoining the stove, on south side; fourth is second wash house, near the road."

Fourteen months would have elapsed between my father's being enrolled as a member of the firm, as originally constituted, and the period of dissolution. An entry, of corresponding date, also appears for "Standstill Factory," bearing the signatures of the four retiring members from the Old Brewery, &c., which is satisfactory proof that the separation had been effected about the same time, viz., July 10th, 1809.

Wilkinson and my father retained the original and principal division of the works, which, to my opinion, is confirmatory that the first held a possession in the "Old Brewery" and Shaw Bridge not held by any other partner, as malting had clearly been conducted by him at the latter place; and there is reason to believe that he had some years before worked the former as a brewery.

I must suppose that Wilkinson knew more about drying barley and extracting the juice therefrom, than he did about drawing patterns, cutting blocks, mixing colours and transferring the same to a silk, muslin, stuff, or calico piece; therefore the burden of the business I will infer, would now be borne by my father, and his responsibilities both to body and mind would have become largely enhanced.

It would have added much to my pleasure were I in possession of facts which might warrant me in attempting anything like an explanation in detail, as to what brought about the dissolution and the position of the united firm in a monetary sense and otherwise, but more especially as it regarded my father and his partner Wilkinson; this much I may say, that not anything of a serious nature could have arisen reflecting dishonour, as I never heard my father to the close of his life, utter, or hint at anything prejudicial against any one of the parties to the partnership and dissolution, and between two of them, who lived up to my memory, namely, Ormerod Stout, and Richard Eastham and himself, to the last hour of their earthly meeting there was but one brotherhood, one faith, and I trust, now one salvation.

In a few pages in advance of last entry in Excise Book, I find the following, viz:--

"We do make entry at the Excise Office, Clitheroe, of four buildings, situate at Clitheroe aforesaid, in the parish of Whalley and county of Lancaster, viz., first building, the 'Old Brewery,' containing six rooms, namely, new dry house, old dry house, hooking room, padding room, machine room, and blue dye house. Second building, only one room, namely, copper dye house. Third building, below the Brewery, namely, wash house, with two fields adjoining the same. Fourth buildings, near the Shaw Bridge, containing six rooms, namely, print shop, colour shop, compting house, white room, warehouse room, calender room. The above are all we intend to make use of for the

purpose of printing, staining, and dyeing silks, muslins, and stuffs in and for sale, at the same time declaring all other entries null and void.

As witness our hands, this 4th day of December, 1810.--
William Wilkinson, Thomas Greenhalgh, James Wrigley.

Marginal Notes, viz:--The 'Old Brewery' is situated at the bottom of High Moor, near the old road leading from Clitheroe to Blackburn; rooms as described; the two fields--one is situate on the north side, and the other on the south side of Brewery building. No. 4 building is part of William Wilkinson's malt kiln; rooms as described in entry."

Here is another change: a partner being added. I am in a mist again as to the reason for this addition. Wrigley, I remember something of; he was not a printer nor connected with the trade in any of its branches; in my time he was a small handloom manufacturer, and might be so at the period he joined the firm, and have supplied them with plain calico pieces for printing purposes. Here was another master without knowledge of the work in hand, who could be but of little assistance to my father in the practical management of the business, perhaps the reverse, as many "impracticables" sometimes are, that is, huge pieces of lumber and drones upon the whole concern.

From the entry it will be seen that the establishment had kept pace with the firm and magnified itself too; instead of five rooms as reported by the Excise, at the "Old Brewery," there are six; and

in the place of four at Shaw Bridge, we find six, making twelve together of which the officer takes account; but as have expressed in a preceding page, this is not to be relied upon for giving the precise area and dimensions of the works.

Wrigley most probably would be admitted into the firm in the position as it is termed of a "money partner," for the object and sole purpose of meeting the increased demands consequent upon increased premises and possibly increasing business.

In Excise Entry, mention is made of "new dry house" and "old dry house," and an item occurs correcting an error as stated to myself by the present joint owner and occupier of the Mill and "Old Brewery" site, Mr. Smith, namely, that a "a building stood lower down the stream between the main block of buildings and Shaw Bridge, where a waterwheel was fixed working a calender." This place in the Excise Entry is indicated as 3rd building, and is called a wash house, the calendering room being alluded to as at "Shaw Bridge."

Speculation in opinion at this interval of time, as to the reasons for the various changes which have been notified as having occurred in the firm, commencing

with 1807 to 1808, and forwards to 1809 and 1810 inclusive, can be but hazardous and uncertain, and I shall be compelled reluctantly, to draw my task partially to an abrupt conclusion so far as it affects my father and his partners, resulting from the exhaustion of evidence oral and documentary at all worthy of reliance.

From July, 1797, to December, 1810, thirteen years and five months would have intervened since my father had been first introduced to the business, seven years of which he had served as per indenture, three and some months over as a full-paid workman, and two years and seven months as an employer of labour and joint master in the art of calico printing. Whatever might be the auspices, motives, or inducements leading to the original investment of capital, and partnership under the style of Eastham, Marsden, & Co., there appears upon the surface some reason for surmising, innautical phraseology, that all was not "straight sailing;" the crew had either waxed too large for the ship, or *the ship did not contain wax enough for the crew*.

The vessel at the outset had four captains appointed for her government, with two more shortly added, and in about a similar compass of time she became divided, three of the old and one of the new

bloods floating away with one portion, and one of the first and one of the latter sailing with the other.

Little short of one year and a half succeeding, more "new blood" is admitted in the person of James Wrigley, and I am inclined to think that this was a sign of weakness; possibly the firm might stand indebted to him for plain printing cloth, partly contracted by my father and Wilkinson, and partly inherited from the retiring members as per dissolution; he Wrigley being accepted to an interest in consideration for such indebtedness.

However it may have fared with the good ship up to December, 1810, thus far having a chart to guide me, whether her rapid and eccentric movements may be viewed as signals of distress, or only as talking about, there is no doubt she was rolling heavy, and was rapidly approaching shallow water, for, sometime in the year 1811, or early in 1812, she became a total wreck. For any account as to the final disaster, I must draw upon my memory, as from the hearings of youth, namely, that a debt amounting to eleven hundred pounds was owing to them, by one Manchester merchant alone, which they lost, together with other sums in other hands, about this period. This came upon them like a thunder-clap; and shivered their bark to

pieces. They fell beneath its weight, business was suspended, and thus the firm came to an untimely end. I cannot furnish any, even approximate figure of their liabilities, but this much I have heard say, that the creditors proposed that business should be resumed, and made fair and honourable propositions to the three--Wilkinson, my father, and Wrigley--to take hold again. My father was the only one who refused to do so, perhaps being influenced to this resolve from past experience reaped from the circumstance of there being three printing masters, but only one printer, and as I have hinted before, he was not over speculative, therefore preferred to avoid the anxieties and responsibilities, a many of which, no doubt, had been deducible from this cause.

The "Old Brewery" was conducted for some short time after the stoppage of my father and Co., by one Joseph Briggs, of Okenshaw, near Accrington. Upon any details relating to him or the business I must be silent, for the purest of all reasons, namely, that I have none. The buildings were afterwards converted into sizing works by a family or the name of Smith, a descendent of whom, is the present joint owner and occupier, my friend, Mr. Richard Smith. The site was purchased in 1884 by the late Benjamin Bulcock and

James Smith from Earl Howe. A great portion of the ground was cleared; old buildings taken down, and a large cotton mill erected thereon in 1887, containing about 85,000 spindles besides extensive weaving sheds, under the style of Messrs. Bulcock and Smith.

I visited the "Old Brewery" site on the 28rd September last; as I entered the millyard, seated in a gig I had engaged at Clitheroe, Mr. Smith was standing there, and at once bade me welcome, saying almost in the same breath he knew the purpose for which I had come, namely, continued he "to see part of my father's old print shop." I was greatly surprised he recognised me, not having seen each other during 20 years gone by; Mrs. Smith was likewise there, and very eager, suave, and kindly in her attentions.

What is to be seen of the old print shop was soon shewn to me, which consists of the foundation or cellar story of No. 1 building as described in the Excise Entry Book, the upper portion two windows high, being taken down years ago and replaced by new. The cellar, as set down by the Excise officer as "blue dye house" is there intact, only walled up, full of damp air, and no further use made of than a man entering it by a "manhole" occasionally to grease or regulate some iron

shafting and other gearing connected with a water wheel underground.

Mr. Smith told me about the blue vats being there still, seven feet deep, containing indigo at the bottom; sixty years ago the property of my father and his partners. The water wheel was the one substituted for one belonging to them also in the same position.

I looked down the "manhole" and felt greedily desirous to descend, the engineer offering to accompany me, but Mrs. Smith finally preserved me from the climbing, dirt and danger, so I contented myself by standing on the bank of my father's old lodge, and spreading my thoughts and imagination over sixty years worn from the sheet of time, which brought pleasure to my mind not unmixed with sadness and melancholy. Half a century and more seemed to unfold her robes and restore what had been lost or concealed from the earth. The spirits of my father and mother, I imagined, came upon the scene again, and I saw them walking the fresh and youthful garden of life, the sun shining in his brilliancy, giving a golden tint to the perspective of all they might anticipate, see, or hope for, in their future course.

In my imagination, the Old Brewery grounds looked clothed as of yore, in the beauty and simplicity of their natural characteristics. There were the primrose bank, the hawthorn hedge, and bushes here and there covered with milk-white blossom, scenting the air; the juicy cowslip, the modest daisy, yellow buttercup, and Scottish blue bell, decorating the fields around. There was the running brook glistening in the morning light, making its way so gently that it seemed mindful of the pebbles o'er which it ran.

My father came before me, as would be his custom, advancing along the rising ground to his business, by the grey light of the early morn, the day being marked by intervals of rest, required for attention to his meals, returning again to his post and abiding there, giving it his industry and care perhaps far into the night.

My mother, also, held a corner in my thoughts and fancy, as sharing, mentally at least, in the labour and anxieties of my father, and although not assuming any active and material part in his business duties, yet her heart and understanding beating with pulsations as sympathetic, strong, and free.

I indulged in a little sketch not traced or prompted from, passages in my own personal experiences, but the

birth of fancy alone. In December, 1810, my mother's interest and duties would have become multiplied and partially divided. January 17th, 1810, of that year, she would have been blessed with another son--my late brother William--thus having two, James, the elder, two years old; the second some little short of twelve months. The first would have grown into a prattling boy, and found his feet; the latter, betimes in the arms and the cradle. Like all good and affectionate young mothers, she would erect many fine places in the air, and pledge as many fine things to her first and second son. As the innocent babes lay in her lap, how often she would troll out some sweet tale, "pure as the driven snow," impassioned as it only can be by a mother's love, and a youthful mother's bright and cheerful forecast; and how the child with its eyes as "innocent as the snowdrop," would turn them from the nipple and listen as though drawing in her accents with her milk, and implying almost by its expression: "Speak on, dear mother, may thy sorrows ever be as light as mine now are; whatever may be thy fair promises, I will not hold thee thereto." As the black cloud hovered about and finally burst upon them, I pictured to my mind the broken joys, hopes unfulfilled, cares, industry, and thriftiness unquieted, tears where used to be smiles,

gloom and heaviness in the place of buoyancy and mirth; and I said to myself, such is life and life's stage; echo whispered, amen.

In taking farewell of my father as a master calico printer, I will be bold enough to express it as my conviction that the unfortunate sequel was not arrived at through any persistent recklessness on his part, nor, have I reason to assert, on that of his partners. Many obstructing causes to success, without question, would exist, the *minutiæ* of which I am unable to write down and comment upon. I may just allude to the fact that calico printing would be strange to the district; the business, if I may be allowed the expression, would be a sort of exotic, to the sustenance of which every minor item in detail would have to be imported from a distance, or from those portions of the county where the craft or trade flourished and had been longer established.

I have the opinion of a gentleman of acknowledged ability in commercial and other matters, and an extensive employer of labour, for stating that the loss of eleven hundred pounds I have alluded to, sustained by my father and his two partners, would be equal in business importance and value to eleven thousand in 1869. I may here say, and confess I have a certain

conceit or pride in making it known, namely, that my father and his fellow-partners were the first employers of labour in the printing branch in the immediate vicinity of Clitheroe. .The nearest point where it had been introduced previous was Sawley, by the Peels. Another works for the same purpose, once was carried on about two miles higher up than Sawley, entry for which I copy from aforesaid Excise Book, viz.:--

"We, Robert Tipping, and Geo. Fleming, do hereby make 'entry at the Excise 1 Office, Gisburn, of one messuage or dwelling house and offices, at Holden Clough, containing twenty rooms, one mill or building, at Holden, containing drug room, colour shop, engraving shop, stove room, machine room, drying room, and four more rooms; one other building, containing dye house, bleach house, and boiler home; one cottage or dwelling house, next the mill at Holden, and the following: fields,-the Ellis Meadow, the Whinacre Butts, Chapel Croft, Partook Lower Wood, Corgill Field and Crofts, The above are all the premises we intend to use at present for the purpose of printing, staining, dyeing, and bleaching goods for sale until further entry be made. They are all situated at Holden Clough and Holden, in the parish of Bolton, in Ribblesdale, county of York.

As witness our hands, this 5th day of June, 1809. For
Tipping and Fleming,-Geo. Fleming, Robt. Tipping. Re'd. June 5,
1809.-John Brown."

Other establishments were started in the neighbourhood, after the failure of the "Old Brewery Company," but none prior to its first formation.

Next in order was Barrow Bridge, near Whalley, for which I find the following entry:--

"We do hereby make entry at the Excise Office, in Clitheroe, of one building, containing twelve rooms, viz., one room for print shop, one for padding room, one for cutting shop, one for stove room, one for padding machine, two for dye houses, one for colour shop, one madder room, one for calender house, one for counting house, and one for a dwelling house; also one field, called Barrow, situate in the parish of Whalley and county of Lancaster. The above are all the places we intend to make use of, for "printing, painting, or staining of linen, stuffs, calicoes, and muslins.

As witness our hands, this 11th day of January,
1810.-James Simpson, John Heap, Rohen Mercer, John Ward.
ley.--John Bateson, officer.

Then succeeded Primrose, Clitheroe, in 1811, about which I shall have a little to say shortly.

I am of opinion that no fixed lines can be drawn in business whereby success can be undeviatingly assured; wealth and ability don't in many cases seem to be alone requisite; integrity and unimpeachable conduct don't always secure it; but the reverse to this. How often do we see or hear of some unbridled monster wanting in all we should conceive desirable to command and deserve it, yet entering into commercial and other speculations, where all turns up well, and as a money magnet appears to attract all he may be seeking in his course.

To my father, will award credit for having done his best according to measure of circumstances, and if he did not retire from his undertakings with piles of gold

to his credit at the bankers', and became like the Peels--owner of castles, palaces, and broad estates, and left his sons and daughters to be whirled about in splendid chariots; he made his retreat, and bequeathed that which bank notes nor bank credit can purchase, sell, or perpetuate, standing like a pillar to the soul, namely, a clean conscience, and at the pedestal an unsullied character, affectionate husband, indulgent parent, and an honoured man.

I have in the foregoing pages set forth sufficient testimony to satisfy the most incredulous of my kindred, that my father had exercised all reasonable, wise, and legitimate means to better his condition, and create for himself and his offspring, rank, name, and heritage, with a higher social ruling than marked his birth, education, and early antecedents; and if his efforts were not covered with those rewards which sometimes succeed to general merit and indomitable perseverance, let us accept the verdict with becoming charity and humility; and I now invoke the young, and I trust the generous spirits of my nephews and nieces to bear with me, whilst I commit myself to the purpose of introducing a "transformation scene," necessitated by events previously related, and I ask them to extend to me their warmest sympathy in my endeavour to let

their old grandsire down as gently as may be from his elevated chair, I will suppose, with velvet seat, as a master calico printer, to that not dishonourable one with rush bottom, from which he had risen a few short years before, namely, that of a servant in the same business.

Operative calico printers, at the present day, are so much under the dark cloud; changes in the art and science of printing have so rapidly succeeded each other, tending to displace them in their particular department, that I cannot point to them, as samples, to illustrate what they were at the beginning of the present century, and at the period my father was necessitated to seize the block and mallet again; but, sufficient to say, that they were a class of respectable men, and occupied somewhat the position, I should think, of the better grade of machinist or engineer at this time.

CHAPTER X.

MR. THOMSON AND PRIMROSE PRINTING WORKS. CLITHEROE POLITICS, ETC.



SOMETIMES in the course of 1811 a printing establishment was started at Primrose Hill, Clitheroe, and during that year, or the early part of 1812, my father and three others of his friends and former partners were sent for by the proprietor, Mr. Thomson, and the question asked--would they serve him. They took some little time to consider, and replied in the affirmative. He (Mr. Thomson) then observed, in a manner and in language peculiar to himself, "By so and so, he ought to succeed with four printing masters and himself."

Ormerod Stout and Richard Eastham were two of the four, and either Chatburn or Marsden the other, as Wilkinson and Wrigley were not, as elsewhere stated, instructed in the trade in any of its branches; and here this opens out another item for speculation, viz., that Eastham, Stout, & Co. must have ended as masters,

much about the time as Wilkinson, Greenhalgh, & Co.; probably both firms collapsed from one and the same cause.

As Primrose Printing Works and their originator and chisf proprietor, James Thomson, afterwards rose to such pre-eminence wherever printing was understood and practised in Europe, I will take up a little space and attempt an epitomised description of both.

James Thomson was born in Blackburn, in 1779, in which town his father, a native of Scotland, carried on business,--or its kind or nature I have not been able to learn,--but it must have been above the ordinary mark, or the parent have been in good and easy circumstances, from the fact of his being competent to spare the cost attending the education of his son, who was entered at Glasgow University, where he remained for the usual course of university training, became a scholar, and the fellow-student and friend of Thomas Camp bell, the poet, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "Hoenlinden," and many writings of imagination and celebrity.

The future great printer and the future great poet left college together, and throughout their after life,

maintained a friendship "fast and true." Their intercourse was frequent and familiar. The poet, when I was a resident in Chtheroe, at times would be a guest at Primrose House two or three months during the year. Mr. Thomson expended five hundred guineas to a distinguished artist for Campbell's portrait, which was executed in part at Primrose House, the poet sitting the while. At the death of the latter, a marble bust was placed in Glasgow University, out of the private purse of his surviving college friend.

When Mr. Thomson left college, he engaged himself as a chemist at the print-works, conducted by Messrs. Peel, at Church Bank, near Accrington, and his great knowledge and abilities soon manifesting themselves in practical applications, he became a proprietor in the works, until the year 1811. About the same period, Mr. Thomson was at Church Bank, he became the friend and acquaintance of John Chippindale and James Burton; Chippindale's father carrying on the business of cotton piece manufacturer, in the neighbouring town or Blackbum, and supplying at the time in question the works with which Mr. Thomson was connected, with calicoes or printing cloth. Burton was engaged in some other line of commerce or trade, of which I have no account, only I

may state that the chief cause or attraction for the intimacy between Mr. Thomson and him consisted in Mr. Burton's natural genius and leanings towards mechanism, having a large cellar arranged and fitted up with turning lathes and other conveniences and facilities for his favourite pursuit. On the authority of Mr. Burton's eldest son, John Burton, Esq., cotton spinner, Tyldesley, near Bolton, the three, namely, the young chemist, manufacturer, and machinist, were in the habit of meeting in his father's cellar, and trying their hands in various matters, which eventuated itself in the trio some time after 1811, assuming the style of Thomson, Chippindale, Burton, and Thomson.

Mr. Thomson was a representative man of a high type, original in both thought and action, with a discursive mind of a fine order, improved by study and education, bold and courageous in everything he thought, said, or did; the whole ruled by a determined will and impulsive temperament. If an obstruction lay in his path he would have it removed; he would apply to the purpose strong, yet legitimate means; whatever he attempted, he would accomplish, if possible, at any cost or personal sacrifice; whatever he set his head or hand to do, he did it well and with all his might. There was no half-way, half-measure, or mediocrity in his

plan. As he had become a printer, he would be a great printer, this was seen throughout his career; it was apparent in his works, in his patterns, colours, and fabrics printed upon, beginning from the best calicoes, muslin-delaines, stuffs, and forward to silks and silk velvets. He once said to my father that "Simpson might print for brass, but he should print for pride." This had reference to a friend of his--the first Mr. Simpson of Foxhill Bank, near Accrington. Like the first Napoleon, he had a quick and ready perception in detecting merit wherever it might be found, whether amongst his own workmen or elsewhere, and placing men and youth possessing such merit in posts of trust and emolument: price was not the object so much as quality. He would have talented and well-paid designers at home, but he would have also others in London and Paris; to one in the latter city he paid £500 per annum. In chemistry he stretched his arrangements and ideas beyond the drudging, ordinary colour maker or mixer, or "practical chemist;" the chisf chair in his laboratory must be filled by a "*real professor.*" Accordingly, if my memory serves me right about time, Dr. Lyon Playfair dignified it by his presence, I think, from 1840 to 1848, during the time I was in Clitheroe. It was then said (for which I will not vouch) that the professor came for his own experience

and benefit, for which Mr. Thomson remunerated him to the tune of £500 per annum.

In the early history of machine printing by the cylindrical copper roller, the engraving of these rollers was a business or branch of calico printing, distinct and independent, and in a great measure continues so to the present time, the work being given out to the proprietors thereof at specified or contracted prices. Mr. Thomson resolved to have the engraving performed upon his own establishment, and not only so, but his resolution pushed still further. He would have the workmen for this artistic department, manufactured, so to speak, on his premises too. To this end he sought for a master or tutor, and found one in the person of the first cousin to a late baronet--Sir Ben. Guinness, namely, Mr. Arthur Guinness, who was engaged at a high price for a term of years. Under this gentleman he placed several youths, whom he had taken through the drawing or designers' rooms, whose merits he had attested or approved. One of these same youths was my late brother William, who succeeded his tutor, Mr. Guinness, at the completion of his engagement, as manager of the engraving branch.

About the period that odious impost--the income tax, was first levied upon the industry of the nation, it

was said there were 150 men under his immediate pay who were liable to its inquisition. I should suppose this to be a long shot requiring qualification, however it might be, no doubt, there were a goodly number. He was not satisfied to pursue old routine, nor linger upon a beaten track, where he would be working upon another's method or plan; he would have a method and plan of his own; consequently, he had only been two years at Primrose when the fruits of his scientific genius were seen, viz.: he obtained a patent-right in 1813, for producing patterns on cloth previously dyed turkey red. I have printed copy of this said patent now before me, from which I extract the following:-

" AD. 1818. No. 8654. Producing patterns on cloth, previously dyed turkey red.

Thomson's specification.- To all to whom these presents shall come. I, James Thomson, of Primrose Hill, near Clitheroe, in the county of Lancaster, calico printer, send greeting.

Whereas, his most excellent majesty King George the Third did, by his Letters Patent, under the great seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, bearing date at Westminster the third day of March, in the fifty- third year of his reign, give and grant unto me, the said James Thomson, my exors., admors., and assigns, his especial licence, full power, sole privilege, and authority, and I, the said James Thomson, my exors., admors., and assigns, and every of them, by myself and themselves, or by and their deputies, servants or agents, or such others as I, the said James Thomson, my exors., admors., or assigns should at any time agree with, and no others, from time to time and at all times thereafter, during the term of years therein expressed, should and lawfully might make, use,

exercise, and vend within that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called England, the dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, a certain invention, made in France or in some other foreign country, out of his said Majesty's dominions, of '*A New Method of Producing Patterns on Cloth previously dyed turkey red, and made of cotton or linen, or both,*' in which Letters Patent there is contained a proviso, obliging me, the said "James Thomson, particularly to describe and ascertain the nature of my said invention, and in what manner the same is to be performed, by an instrument in writing under my hand and seal, and to cause the same to be enrolled in his Majesty's High Court of Chancery within two calendar months next and immediately after the date of the said Letters Patent, as in and by the said Letters Patent, relation being thereunto had, may more fully and at large appear.

Now, know ye, that in pursuance of and in compliance with the said recited proviso, I, the said James Thomson, do hereby declare that the nature of the said invention, and the manner in which the same is to be performed is as hereinafter mentioned.

The nature of the invention is then given in very scientific terms and explanations. At the end of the patent copy are the signatures of the patentee and others; thus concluding--

"In witness whereof, I, the said James Thomson; have hereunto set my hand and seal, the first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirteen: James (L.S.) Thomson.

Signed, sealed, and delivered, by the within-named James Thomson, in the presence of Robt. Gibbons, clerk to Mr. Ellis, Chan. Lane; Charles Murphy, 5, Bream's Buildings, Chan. Lane. .

And be it remembered, that on the first day of May, in the year of our Lord 1813, the aforesaid James Thomson came before our said Lord the King in his Chancery, and acknowledged the specification aforesaid, and all and every thing therein contained and specified in form above written, and also the

specification aforesaid was stamped according to the tenor of the statute made for that purpose.

Enrolled the third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirteen."

Two years succeeding, viz., in 1815, he secures another invention of his own, by patent, copy of which I also have before me, called "An Invention of Certain Improvements in the Process of Printing Cloth made of cotton or linen, or both." A similar specification appears in the first page, and on the last the witnesses are--

"Robert Ratcliffe, clerk to Messrs. Neville and Walker,
"solicitors, Blackburn; Richard S. Dodgson, clerk to Messrs.
Neville and Walker, solicitors, Blackburn--March 30th, 1815."

As I have said, whatever he set himself to do, he did it with all his might. If he wrote, he would write well: Stirring, pungent, and convincing, language pointed and adapted, sentences round and evenly turned, &c., and which, if addressed to an opponent, caused him to writhe and wince. This quality was seen to advantage in his efforts to get through Parliament a bill entitled, "Copyright of Design," the principle and purport of which was to protect and secure to the inventor and lawful owner of any pattern, &c., the exclusive right and benefit within a period described by the said bill.

Mr. Thompson suffered more than any printer in the trade from the absence of such protection and security. He might expend, in producing and maturing a single design with colours worked therein, a small fortune, and often the same pattern, &c., has found its way into the market, and sales effected, before he himself might have offered it; but like many a grievance and injustice, it became too hard to be borne, and in Mr. Thomson was found a champion able to redress it. He wrote pamphlets, setting forth in *minutiæ* the evils complained about, and in which he drew a withering comparison between his own and other print-works of lesser note. In the former might be employed one thousand hands, to whom was paid a marvellous sum weekly in wages; whilst in the latter, a twentieth of that number of workmen, &c., might be employed, producing perhaps one million pieces per annum; and in the same period his one thousand men would only operate on one hundred thousand pieces, this resulting from the difference in style and quality of the work, Thomson's style and quality being high; therefore requiring a larger per centage of time, labour, and cost, but a smaller per centage in gross number of pieces in return. These other master printers he called "Printers by the mile," whilst he was "only a printer by

the yard." After much ability and vigorous perseverance, and an examination of himself before a committee of the House of Commons, the bill passed. Sir Robert Peel, in committing it finally, pursued the same generous course he did in the case of the Repeal of the Corn Laws and Cobden, viz., that he took no credit or honour unto himself,--that the bill had been got through the talent of his friend, James Thomson.

The site, as selected by Mr. Thomson for the establishment of his works, foreshadowed his sagacious and penetrating mind for the purpose he had in view; the water abundant, and the situation and locality in all or other respects by nature adequately laid out, coal and other requirements being within a moderate reach; good roads in the main directions; and of labourers, in 1811, a more plentiful supply than in 1807, the year the "Old Brewery" first started as a print-works. In some measure, Mr. Thomson commenced Primrose on the wreck or ruins of the "Old Brewery," "StandstillFactory," and "Shaw Bridge," the three branches which had come to an unsuccessful issue, as conducted by my father and his partners.

The Primrose estate, I have been informed by an old resident of Clitheroe, "Once upon a time, was owned by the Listers, of Gisburn Park, ancestors of the

present Lord Ribblesdale, but that in consequence of enormous expenses incurred by Thomas Lister, in contesting an election at Clitheroe, against John Parker and the Hon. A Curzon, in the year 1780, it was sold, as the saying goes, for an 'old song,' in order to 'raise the wind,' to a Mr. Edleston, father to the wife of the late Jeremiah Garnet, senior, the founder and original proprietor of Low Moor Cotton Works, near Clitheroe, the sum being from £4000 to £5000," although my friend did not vouch for the precise hundred.

The buildings at Primrose belonged to a family of the name of King, in Liverpool, and were used for cotton purposes before 1811.

The estate came into market a few years succeeding a print-works being wrought upon it, and my friend also told me, as correctly as memory enabled him, that Mr. Thomson was the purchaser, for £28,000 or thereabouts. He coupled with this information a small incident which I will repeat here--not for its importance, or as illustrating the native spirit of the great printer at a comparatively early age, but more particularly as it refers to a once well-known character in Clitheroe, long since dead, viz, John Bateson, a land surveyor, land agent, land steward, land buyer, landlord, and general monger in land, houses, and

other property. I should almost think, from time immemorial to his decease, about 35 years gone past, barring an interval he served his king and country as an Exciseman, his name being seen at the foot of each Excise entry, relating to the "Old Brewery," &c., he attended all sales of land and property in town and district, being regarded as a sort of "sweetener," which signifies giving side winks, nods, and knowing looks to the auctioneer, bailiff, or party treating for, buying, selling, or disposing. He invariably rode about, sometimes to the barber's shop, on a small, thick-set nag, with a hide of variegated hues, complexions and smoothnesses produced or affected by state of weather; a mane so slight that each particular hair might have been numbered; cow-haunched, and spavined; the whole tapered off with a tail or part thereof, having been worn so far beyond *the teens* that it had become short and scant, and resembled the cockade in the head-dress of an Infantry drummer boy. He never or seldom pushed his quadruped past a walk, and was generally attired out of doors in a dark cloth close-fitting coat, lapwing shape, snuff-coloured breeches, and gaiters to match; very broad-brimmed hat, with low, or short body, and in all weathers bore a large umbrella under his arm. He was of the average height,

fat, and big-bellied, but unlike most fat people, he was mazzy or nazzy, which means, he had a nasty, peevish, ill-conditioned temper, which he let out on every occasion, and to all grades of people. At a period in my memory he had been confined indoors with sickness. When he became convalescent, he mounted his nag, to take an airing, and having to pass the Church yard gates, the sexton or grave-digger, "Old John Read," another Clitheroe "indigenous of the olden time," was standing with his grave spade over his shoulder. So soon as Bateson arrived opposite, the grave-digger shook his spade, as it were, in his face, and shouted with a grin, "*I thowt I sud o' hed yoa before now.*" The land agent turned the nag's head, rode home, and never spoke to the sexton again.

Bateson made money, and became a man of large means, which, conjoined to the worship the "money-bag" obtains with some classes, put him up to something like a person of local importance.

Bateson attended the sale of the Primrose estate, and on the following morning met Mr. Thomson on the bridge at the end of the lodge, near the works. In his usual peevish spirit, he accosted the latter, having been disappointed on some account at the result of the sale, and considering the printer as a sort of interloper or

poacher upon his hitherto monopolised grounds. Thomson replied to him with an oath, and said, "Yes, by_____, I will ride as high a horse as you, bold Bateson." "Mind you don't tumble off," screemed the latter, and striking his nag with his umbrella, rode away.

My respected Clitheroe friend, after he had related this little episode, said that Bateson's words had "often struck him very forcibly, considering what took place after."

I suppose he would be alluding in the words "what took place after," to the stoppage of Primrose Print-works some 40 years succeeding, viz., in 1854, four years following Mr. Thomson's death; and although I appreciated his recital of the meeting of the printer and the land agent, as given to me from the best of spirit towards the memory of the former, yet I might have reminded him, viz., that Mr. Thomson afterwards rode a much higher horse than ever Mr. Bateson could mount. Mr. Thomson never did tumble off. He lived, died, was interred, and is remembered, (*his name seemingly having permeated the mind of the town and district*), as a prince, not only of material, but of certain spiritual power.

Bateson stuck on his rocking-horse, accumulated wealth, upon which he lived, when horse and rider tumbled together. He died, and was buried, and is now so obscurely remembered that it would take half the population of Chtheroe and vicinity to trace out his place of sepulture.

I might also have said to my esteemed friend, viz., that we may sometimes know who works the fallow field, but not who will gather the grain, or how it may be garnered.

Thomson's mind, integrity, and successes were but indifferently inherited by those he left behind. Bateson's money was made and inherited, but where is *now* the inheritance ? I suppose, dissipated in the whirlwind of time.

Primrose Works were stupendous, and in a measure enclosed in a ring fence--that is, there were no stray, straggling parts, divisions or detachments, as at the "Old Brewery;" no "stout ponies to be led, laden with pieces to be finished, as at Up-Brooks." A compass might have been struck, and bleaching fields, water, and every minor convenience, almost included within a circle.

In the block shops there was accommodation for 500 printers, and at periods there have been that number employed at one time, by a regulation of what was termed day and night. All bleaching was performed on the ground, and this department was like all combined, put upon the best principles.

Whatever Thomson handled, I will repeat again, he handled well, even to his house and domestic arrangements, equipage, horses, &c. He had the finest carriage; the finest pair of horses, the best dressed and best whip of a coachman; his flunky or footman, possessing, I suppose, the chisf qualification looked for in such capacity, was proud and finical; butler stiff and circumspect.

In person, Mr. Thomson might be not much above and little below five feet nine inches; his framework square and compactly knit together, not portly, nor yet to be described as spare or thin, but a kind or condition or medium, which will be best expressed in this respect:--He was just as he ought to be; there were no crooked pieces in his physical arrangements, all was straight and evenly disposed. Of necessity, he had a large head, not estimated by the internal size of the hat he might wear, (for lots of thickheads may be met under such mode of measurement), but he was of that

construction from its intellectual development, which I will call massive; eye round and full, face which might be classed as oval, deep forehead, and head slightly covered with fair and silky hair; small feet and hands, two of nature's gifts which Lord Byron esteemed as the true indexes to the birth of a gentleman. His dress was good, neat, and becoming, nothing like the fop about him; he might have a ring on his finger, but he would never be seen raising it to his mouth or elsewhere, to prove to some bystander that it was a real diamond; nor would he ever be caught, when before the public, casting his optics slily downwards, to assure himself that his boots or shoes were *comme il faut*, and his trousers trimly sitting thereon; nor look aside to satisfy himself that he might be the observed of some observer. Matters trifling in themselves, but where practiced, as a rule, stamp the individual as vain and shallow-pated.

Mr. Thomson would complete his *toilette* in proper hours, and it gave him no frivolous care afterwards. He always appeared in public or private wearing spectacles, in golden frame: whether he required this assistance from his sight being naturally weak or not, I cannot say, but in my knowledge of him, they were always present. He was free with his purse--that is, he

was generally found ready to head the list to the support of any object or purpose needy or deserving, and did not limit his action in this respect to the direction of *clique*, class, or sectarianism. He would have aided a chapel as willingly as he would assist a church, although a member of the latter; and where his faith and convictions were deeply fixed, his spendings would have no bounds. To exemplify this in a more striking degree, I may add, that pending the election struggles in Clitheroe, from 1832 onwards, it used to be said he had paid away out of his private exchequer £30,000, and as he formed a leading feature in the excitement and doings about the period preceding and succeeding the first Reform Bill, I will endeavour to write down a short sketch of the political position of Clitheroe, as comprised more particularly within the time referred to.

For a considerable period antecedent to the dawning of 1832, the political atmosphere of Clitheroe would be in a very hazy condition; subjects with a national interest would be little read, thought about, or cared for. Newspapers found their way in such small numbers--I have heard my father say--perhaps not more than a dozen per week, consisting of provincial publications, such as the "Manchester Times," "Leeds

Mercury," "Liverpool Mercury," and one or two more. A London paper was scarcely seen, except in the Library, at Primrose, and in one or two more in the town and neighbourhood, and the few provincial ones which might gain admission into the old town were shared in by some dozen individuals who sometimes met at each other's houses alternately, otherwise the sheet would be handed from one to another, in order, as it became read.

I have heard my late brother James say, that there were only four persons in the borough who might be said to meet and really talk politics and the affairs of the nation. These were a certain lengthy druggist, measuring over six feet four inches, and a certain stumpy ironmonger, who afterwards became better known as a spirit merchant or dealer, together with my said brother James and late brother William, then all Radicals of the first water. The two former since that day have read their lessons backwards, and are now citizens in Torydom. They were all, or nearly all, what were then called Kingsmen in the town, a meaningless word, as applied in the present period. The same faith--if there be any faith in it--is now sometimes represented by the word *Tory*, *conservative*, or *constitutionalist*, and a variety of other nicknames the

party assumes to itself in order to cover its weaknesses and lack of principles, and thus maintain some slight consideration in public sentiment and esteem. The old burgage law and system, with the lapse of centuries, had become so impressed and incorporated with the territorial and other possessions of the "Lords of the soil," that the privileges of electoral right and freedom previous to 1882 were almost *nil* and inoperative.

The sixty-six burgesses written of by the learned Whittaker, as free within the borough in 1240, had not multiplied themselves very roundly during a period 540 years. If we take the famous election contest of 1780 as a guide, when Thomas Listen, as per "Crosby's Parliamentary Record," polled 33, John Parker 31, and the Hon. A Curzon only 17, which added together give a gross "free burgess vote" of 81, being a little less than 3 per cent of increase in each 100 years.

I have seen it related that the late Mr. Giles Hoyle, of Horrocksford Hell, near Clitheroe, who to lime-burning and farming added agent to a neighbouring landowner, rode on horseback to Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, and back again a distance of 500 miles, to secure a paper instrument to enable a burgess to vote at this election, whidii he performed in due time, the poll remaining open 15 days.

Giles would have no large motives, he would not be impelled by any national consideration affecting his human brethren of any colour or clime, his mission would not partake of the patriotic, the worthy, or disinterested; it might resolve itself into a doubtful question to the moralist whether he went on his "Black Bess" bare back or saddle, with whip and spur, a journey of 500 miles with better intention and purpose, intrinsically, than moved Dick Turpin to his famous ride from London to York.

Giles has the honour of a niche in my memory, although he passed to the "deathly shades" some 35 years ago. He would be an "indigenous" of the district and a pure descendant from the famous 66, more than 500 years before, he would have been inherited, bought, or transferred with the land he tilled, to a Curzon or a Cust, and would be marked in his masters books, much for the same purpose if not manner, he might mark his own flocks and herds for security as they roamed o'er their lordship's pastures and broad estates.

When Giles visited the old town, he usually came astride his favourite cob, groomed, saddled, bridled, bitted, and in other ways got up in true farmer style. He was mostly dressed in blue cloth coat, decorated

with large brass buttons, fustian breeches, blue knitted stockings, large thick useful shoes, tied on with half-a-yard of leather string to each foot, in cold and inclement weather his entire form caparisoned in a huge cloak made from woollen plaid, and he carried in one hand in the place of the ordinary whip, a stiff oak or ash sapling. He entered by the way of Church Brow, off the Pimlico Road, and I have no doubt as he passed the old Fane, or Clitheroe church, he would salute it much from the same spirit the ignorant Roman might his crucifix, or the Hindoo his idol; not from study or examination as to the truth of either, but derived from the simple fact of his having been accustomed and bidden to do so from youth.

For months preceding the passing of the first Reform Bill agitation had been rife in Clitheroe; meetings and demonstrations were of frequent occurrence on the part of the Liberals or favourers of political enfranchisement; people had begun to take their sides, and rancour and spleen began early to show themselves, the upholders of the old system or thin as they were, and had been, seldom or ever came before the public; no gatherings to ventilate and discuss truth, right, or justice, and whereby the ignorant might be inoculated in and taught their interest and duty; little

assemblies, it might sometimes be whispered out, as having taken place in some solitary corner of the old borough, made compact from their smallness of number and identity of object, in the persons composing them. One might be held somewhere not far from that sound limb of olden time and "things as they used to was," the village of Whalley; at other times, the contrary end of the ancient burgh might be the favourite spot, viz., Downham, its mesne lord being a stickler for "the good old times," he and his ancestors having enjoyed the sports of a rabbit warren, &c., there, from a period almost beyond recounting, and members of the family many times being chosen to represent Clitheroe in by-gone parliaments, so far back as 1625, or betimes they might arrange to meet mid-way, namely, within the enclosure of the Castle walls, where the air would be freer and more redolent with the desirable usages of antiquity. The individuals forming these little gatherings might consist of perhaps half-a-dozen, being the principal owners of land and other property for miles round the parliamentary borough, jointly with the sitting members under the old *regime* or their families, viz., Hon. R. Curzon and Hon. P. F. Cust.

On the other side matters were more lively; Mr. Thomson was prominently on the scene along with Mr. Jeremiah Gamet, senior. The former started political business as he had commenced the printing, which means, "he put all in" that was legitimate, and meant to win. He wrote and spoke when opportunity came, he became almost *de-facto*, both proprietor and editor of the Blackburn Gazette. The late John Burrel, formerly ostensible proprietor and editor of that paper told me some years prior to his death, that he, Mr. Thomson, would frequently send a messenger to Blackbum, late at night, might be, for him, Mr. Burrel, to be at Primrose in as short a time as possible that night, and if there were no other method of travelling the distance, ten miles, he must be there in a chaise and pair. He drew his workpeople up at times in the large square in the centre of the works, and would address them an hour upon the question of the day, but never in that spirit some proprietors might do, one of dictation; his natural love of honour and fair play always precluded this, it was more to educate and instruct and he was well able to do both. It used to be said by the opposing party that Primrose workpeople dare do but as they were commanded to do. Whatever quality Mr. Thomson possessed necessary for a commander, this

one at all events he did not exercise, without we call it thus: where a person in his position with high intellectual power, of necessity oft-times may influence a mind, or minds of lesser capacity. This seems to be a natural sequence, in many pursuits and walks of human action.

Then again, the Primrose workpeople, at least, numbers amongst them, were what are termed educated, and well read on most subjects, and the majority politically so, and well up; many of them with formations of mind above the average order--in many respects, Mr. Thomson's equal. Most of the heads of departments were chairmen of committee, of platforms, &c. Some of them were good spokesmen, and would address an audience with much better style and matter than samples of M.A or B.A's of the Church of England, during the last political contest. All election placards and squibs were written at Primrose, either by Mr. Thomson, his sons, or his workpeople; caricatures cut in wood were designed, and issued from thence. Most of these productions were clever and inimitable, one of the latter, I remember, being done by his youngest son, viz.; a donkey's head and man's face, with the words, "A Whalley just-ass, having the least brains and the largest house in the borough." The gentleman for whom

this was intended was a justice of the peace, and resided near Whalley, had recently finished & tower-like house, and in his "day and generation" was not reputed for being gifted with much thinking material. Processions were taking place almost weekly to some out district, which the coming Reform Bill was expected to include within the new boundary. These processions were relieved by the presence of banners, blue and yellow, and enlivened by bands of music. These banners were all printed at Primrose, and made by the women employed there. The blocks were cut gratuitously by the cutters, and put upon the cloth gratuitously by the printers. I have seen almost a room with its compliment of men so engaged, and right joyously did they do their work. Ribbons for the hat were so printed, of blue bottom and yellow border, with the words, "Russell and Reform," "Russell and freedom of election," &c. Mr. Thomson, in some measure, was ably seconded by Mr. Jeremiah Garnett, senior, of Roe Field, near Clitheroe, who had become a resident and extensive employer of labour in the neighbourhood, viz., Low Moor Cotton Works, much about the same time, or a little earlier, an individual of a decisive, marked, and inflexible character, and to be depended upon in the coming struggle.

There was also the late Mr. John Aspinall, senior, of Standing Hall, a landowner, a supporter of the Wig policy and the Liberal cause, but there was not that chord of sympathy existing between him and Mr. Thompson as between the latter and Mr. Garnett, but of the three, the printer was the political David, who wielded the sword and hurled the sling.

To give a clearer idea of the character of the battle being fought, with Mr. Thomson as chif and leader on one side, and a host of boroughmongering land-owners on the other, I will extract the following three names from "Burke's Dictionary of Landed Gentry," to shew the weight of metal he had to wage political warfare against, if *long pedigree and ancient lineage will make weight*. It has a solid quality for some people, although I must confess it has none for me, notwithstanding my researches as detailed at the beginning of my little task, viz.:--

"William Assheton, Esq., of Downham Hall, county of Lancaster, born March 16th, 1788; married August 9th, 1816, Frances Annabella, daughter of the Hon. William Cockayne, of Rushton Hall, county of Northampton, and by her, who died July 25th, 1835, has issue-Ralph, born December 1880; Richard Orme, born July, 1835.

Lineage--Asheton-under-Lyne, a market town in Salford Hundred, county of Lancaster, gave name to the ancient family of Assheton, which was founded by Orme Fitz- Edward, to whom Albert de Gresley gave one carucate of land in Assheton,

besides a knight's fee in Dalton, Parbold, and Wrightington, temp Henry the Third. Orme's great, great, great grandson, Sir Robert de Assheton, vice-chamberlain to Edward the Third, and a commissioner to treat for peace with France, became afterwards Governor of Guynes, warden of the cinque ports, and admiral of the narrow seas.

Starkie.-- This is a branch of the ancient family of Starkie, of Stratton, in Cheshire, and from which the Starkies of Nether Hall, in Stretton, were derived. The Starlies of Oulton, by the marriage of Peter Starkie, of Nether Hall, with the daughter and co-heiress of John de Oulton, of Oulton, Erdswick, and Wrenbury.

From these were descended Sir Humphrey Starkie, appointed Chif Baron of the Exehequer, by patent, the first of Edward the Fifth, and first of Edward the Third. Hugh Starkie, of Oulton, a Knight of Malta, and afterwards Grand Prior to the order.

Nicholas Starkie, Esq., of Huntroyd, in 1578 married Anne, daughter and sole heir of John Parr, Esq., of Remprough and Cleworth, and relict of Thurston Barton, of Smithells.

John Starkie, Esq., of Huntroyd, married first, Katherine, daughter of Lambert Tyldsley, Esq.; secondly, Grace, daughter of James Murgatroyd, county of York, and by her had two sons. Mr. Starkie was in the Parliamentary Army in 1643, and was dispatched from Preston after the surrender of that place, to take Houghton Tower, the seat of Sir Gilbert Hoghton. Having discharged a shot against the walls, a parley was obtained, which terminated in the surrender of the place. Captain Starkie and his company then marched into the garrison, where they found three large pieces of ordnance, with a good supply of arms and ammunition, but while they were congratulating themselves on their easy conquest, the Tower blew up, and the captain, with sixty of his men, either perished or were dreadfully maimed by the explosion. He was succeeded by John Starkie, Esq., of Huntroyd, who married, in 1654, Alice, daughter of Alexander Nerres, of Tonge-cum-Haulgh, and had issue.'

Whittiker, the Rev. Charles, of Symonstone Hall, county of Lancaster, born May, 1815, succeeded his father, Charles Whittiker, February, 1843.

Lineage.--At Symonstone has long been seated a branch of the family of Whittiker, of High Whittiker, of Padiham. The name of John de Whittiker occurs in attesting a charter relating to Symonstone in the reign of Edward the Second, 1317. His son, Sir Roger, was living in 1326. Richard de Whittiker, probably son of Roger, granted lands in Symonstone, seventh of Edward the Third, 1334. Richard Whittaker, whose wife's name was Margaret, occurs 12th Henry the Sixth.

Thomas Whittiker, Esq., who seems to have been son of Myles, is mentioned in 1633. In 1642, he was high constable for the Hundred of Blackburn. Being suspected of favouring the Royalist party, he and his son Miles were taken prisoners and confined in Clitheroe Castle, and, the property was sequestered, but seems to have been restored in 1647. The document authorising its restoration until further orders, contains, among other signatures, those of Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law; and Bradshaw, president of the High Court of Justice which tried Charles the First. He was buried at Padiham, 1647.

Thomas Whittiker, Esq., of Symonstone, born June, 1670, appointed Bailiff of Clitheroe about 1728,

Thomas Whittiker, Esq., of Symonstone, a captain in the army, born in 1760, died 1794, having issue,--a daughter, who died in infancy, and one son.

Charles Whittiker, Esq., of Symonstone, justice of the peace for the county of Lancaster, born 1790; he married Eliza, daughter of Samuel Horrocks, Esq., M.P. for Preston, dying Februuy 1843, leaving issue--Charles, the Rev.____ the present representative!"

I have copied the foregoing, simply to point to the territorial influence and interest encircling the rotten old borough at the period in question, but I must be permitted to add that the proprietors, whose names and

lineage are printed in "Burke," only faintly represent the landed power in the town and neighbourhood. There were the Whalleys, of Whalley, three brothers, and other branches, Taylor, of Morton; Parkers, of Browsholme; Brocklehurst, of Colthurst; Carr, of Clitheroe Castle, who acted both for himself and his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch; besides many others, great an small, whose estates lay round the place, and bound her as within an iron belt. With the landed estates and influence, I must not omit the spiritual or parsonic, which was almost as potent as the other. Many of these were men of means, and held a rent roll, and most of them fat and well to do; some of them "justices of the peace," which to my thinking is a misnomer in the good old constitution, for, as a rule, whenever they dispense justice, as it may be called, they don't often mingle mercy with it; which is in most cases a harbinger of peace.

The Reform Bill had a frightful sound and meaning to the inhabitants of the "old school" at Clitheroe and locality; it was to them as an evil omen portending, as I will figuratively express, even to the lifting of the imbedded limestone rocks in the vicinity, the shattering of the ancient castle and town, and other volcanic eruptions affecting matter and things, which

had been undisturbed for ages. I will repeat that people took their sides before the final passing of the bill, and it might be worth while to examine, did my space permit, into the mental and other organizations of that species of human kind remembered as a boroughmonger near forty years ago. We often find in old towns, that locality or neighbourhood have to do, or appear to have to do, in forming, directing, or in other words, habituating the mind to certain opinions, customs, and prejudices of portions of their population. In Clitheroe, much of this was remarkably observable, pending the reform movements. The boroughmonger nestled about the Castle gates, and swarmed near the Church gates, filled Well Gate, and thronged Lower Gate, the two latter being old passages, the first, as the name implies, having at the bottom the town's well. The boroughmonger, or as I might with as much propriety call him by my favourite term, the "indigenous," occupied all the ancient lanes, alleys, and ginnels, like nameless vermin, they had burrowed their ways down and were unwilling to be shifted or dug out, and it has been a subject of remark by myself, that all the Clitheroe "indigenous" placed themselves in opposition to progress, or fell into the ranks of those who wanted things as they had been.

I have said that "ill blood" began soon to manifest itself, which was carried out in exclusive dealing, and a variety of unworthy practices, which to the credit of both contending parties, do not generally exist at the present time. As a sample, I may relate that a certain builder, who was also partner in an iron foundry, just then established, made himself very conspicuous in this respect. A meeting was being held, in what I suppose retains the name of West's Yard, to discuss the Reform Bill; Mr. Thomson, Mr. Garnett, and others took part in the proceedings, when in their midst this said builder mounted the platform, and by his rude and uncourteous behaviour, brought the meeting to an abrupt conclusion. Amongst other discreditable language and accusations, not relevant to the object of the gathering, he told Mr. Garnett that he had "guided the dead man's hand," which was intended to mean that he (Mr. Garnett) had directed the hand of his wife's father--Mr. Edleston, after death, to the writing of a signature in a will. This produced, as naturally and properly it should do, much annoyance and acerbity in the mind of Mr. Garnett, which resulted in his withdrawing his patronage to the aforesaid foundry, although the other partner therein was a gentleman,

and a warm supporter of the cause allied to progress and reform.

This said builder was born close to the Castle gates, and performed many unenviable parts in Clitheroe politics, to which I will allude a little further on.

Candidates had been found, and were in the field, willing to fight the battle with their several adherents; John Fort, of Reed Hall, near Whalley, on the part of the Liberals, and one John Irvine, on that of their opponents. The former was well known in the town and district, but nobody had any knowledge about the latter, only that he had been a member of the House of Commons in some division or part of the British Empire, but it was not understood where or what his exact political proclivities were, or what his career and antecedents had been.

George Thompson, the anti-slavery advocate, came to the town and delivered a lecture upon that subject, in the Old Wesleyan Chapel, Parson's Lane, to a crowded audience. At the conclusion of his discourse, he begged to say a few words about the coming election, and asked if they were aware who was Mr. Irvine, which was responded to by cries of "No, no." "Then I will tell you," said Thompson; "he is a large West Indian

proprietor, and one of the largest slave-holders in the colony." This announcement was succeeded by such an uproar and babel-like commotion that the lecturer sat looking on for a considerable time, and finished by assuring them that he (Irvine) only desired to obtain a seat as representative of Clitheroe to perpetuate slavery, and bid them beware. Many of Irvine's party were pew-holders, and were present, the aforesaid builder and his family being amongst the number. All the seats or pews rented by these parties were given up, or threatened to be so, if the chapel were let again for such a profanation.

Geo. Thompson had sounded a key-note, which was soon taken up and made to tell against the slaveholding candidate and his backers.

Irvine had not, as yet, been before the electors, he had not attended any meeting where he might expound his faith, he had made no personal canvass; to sum up, his person had not been seen only by a batch of landowners who had privately as it were, and upon their own responsibilities invited him to offer himself; although his name and pretensions had been before the public for months. So at last his friends screwed their courage to the sticking point and decided to exhibit their man. A demonstration must be got up, and

arrangements were made that he should make a public entry into the town.

Great preparations were set on foot; all friends, supporters and lovers of the "good old times," were called upon, otherwise commanded, to join in the coming display. Silk banners "blood red," were got in readiness. Bands of music were engaged in the out-districts; the only company of performers of the sort in town, belonged to the "Blue and Yellow."

It was resolved that the demonstration and entry, should assume in part the form of a cavalcade, accompanied by the entire of the landed gentry in their private equipages, their tenantry, farm servants, huntsmen, gamekeepers, and their brethren, the poachers, all were bidden to be present, donned in their best. Horses were in great request; the country was scoured far and near, an embargo was laid against the use of all "four footed beasts of the kind," save for this purpose. Each farmer was looked upon to send his quota, with riders to boot. Giles unyoked his many teams,--

"Some with tails burnt off, and some with tails burnt on,
And from 'Lulworth' recollections, seated trusty lime burners
thereon."

Everybody was expected to send what they had; there were the "Duke" and "Old Trooper," from the Swan; "White-seated Jolly," from the Red Lion; "Tinker," from the Calf's Head; Bateson's "Smiler," Hoppit's "Brown George," and Doctor Bawdin's "Grey Billy," and they came from the north, and from the south, and the east, and the west, and from wherever the lines of the territorial magnates might stretch.

The opposite party decided, as the friends of the slave party had announced it as a public entry, they would be there to witness it.

So the toecin was sounded, and they came from Read, from Oakenehaw, and over Pendle Hill, Sabden, and Sabden Heights in such numbers, that by twelve at meridian, the time the cavalcade was expected, there might be 10,000 "blue and yellows" in the town; great was the excitement and impatience for its arrival. At last a message which came like lightning, announced it as passing Primrose Bridge; Long Row and Salford were soon passed, the Red Lion, or Castle Corner turned; the horsemen came first with faces scorched and red with the sun, the roads being fetlock deep in lime-dust, that the said dust lay so thick and white upon their hate, clothing, whiskers, beards, and hair, that if it had not been the 31st of July and a burning

day, the cavaldade might have been taken to have come through a snow storm.

I wish I were able to give a minute delineation individually of the equestrian portion of the demonstration, especially when they discovered what awaited them. There was in the front rank "Tommy Smooth Tongue," quadruped high, evidently on an uneasy seat, being the ninth part of a human being; I should opine, during fifty summers he had never breathed in such an atmosphere; he was round, plump, or fat, and was known to have some difficulty in bringing his legs to those cross purposes, necessary to a person aiming at more than mere clipping or theory in his profession, in fact, there had always existed a strong repulsion between Tommy and the practical part of his trade, and bow he had mounted so high was a wonder to many, but how he had stridden, and *bidden* the saddle in such a melting day, staggered everybody, although he was an "unctuous soul" and was known to mount the pulpit now and then, being a Wesleyan local; but then there were steps to help him thereto.

Then came the chivalrous and "indigenous," Cottams, the Drivers, the Swales, the Nowells, the Fieldings, the Reads, Towneone, and multitudes besides, "in buckram" all "picked men and true." The

first carriage contained the "slave driver" the would be representative of the newly enfranchised burgesses, who were determined on their part at the approaching contest to reverse the decrepid mockery by which the borough had been ruled for generations. The indignation of the people soon became more demonstrative, the horsemen were hustled and jostled, some were taken roughly from their "high estate," others were let more gently down; of the latter, was a "distinguished" man of "quiddities," "quilletts," "tenures" and "tricks" in minature, standing, might be, four feet and half in stockings, but of a mighty towering spirit, to whom a little chastisement was administered by a lamplighter sort of a young scapegrace, in the shape of quietly handing him from his beast, turnig the skirts of his coat upwards, and in nursery phrase "whipping his bottom," then lifting him on his horse again. The carriages halted opposite the Swan, and it was expected the candidate would address the crowd; a consultation was held inside, when orders were received to continue the route with all speed through the centre of the town and towards Yorkshire. This result was arrived at in consequence of the fears created to the honourable candidate and his friends by the demeanour of the surging multitude,--then it was

the carriage doors were forcibly opened and their occupants were, what is termed, "bonneted," spat at, and other rudeness dealt out to them. The Philistine hosts never made a quicker and more deliberate flight before King David's conquering bands, than was seen on that eventful day, but unlike the Israelite's victories, there were no chariots or horsemen taken, nor any severities of a more serious complexion than have related, yet, on they rushed, pell mell, no one knew whither, and the town afterwards gradually wore a less excited state. The majority of the people expressed disappointment at not being favoured with an explanation of Mr. Irvine's political creed from his own lips, but as it was, they took it in good humour and retired to their homes. ·

About five o'clock the same afternoon, a horseman rode into the town by way of York Street, being the son of the late Richard Hothersall, who then was proprietor of the Bell Man public-house, near two miles on the Chatburn side of Clithroe. He was without his hat, and seemed to have made his way as speedily as possible without regard to dress or other convenience. He galloped through the Market Place in a wild looking condition, crying, "the soldier's are coming, the soldier's are coming." In some few minutes following, a

company of the 8th Hussars was riding through the peaceable streets, brandishing sabres, not headed by their officers, but the aforesaid builder on horseback brandishing a stick, shouting, "who are masters now ? cut them down, cut them down!" As I said, the crowds had dispersed hours previous, and what remained in the town, might be described as stragglers. As the intelligence got breath that the Military were there, hundreds returned to the scene again, contemplating that Irvine might speak under protection of the sword. Not so, Irvine did not enter with the soldiery, but with a many of his *cowardly* friends, executed a detour before reaching Clithroe, left the troops to pursue their course and do their work, whilst he and they travelled direct to Whalley, by the old road from Chatburn through the little village of Worston. The cutting down was begun and lasted for some time, scores were carried to the surgeons with broken arms and bleeding wounds; my own brother William was brought into the house with a sabre cut in his arm. Eventually the soldiery were ordered away, but not until gaping wounds were opened in friendships and the popular mind, which took years to heal; and thus were the boroughmongers revenged in the evening, for what the people had done in the morning of July -31st, 1882, ever

memorable henceforward in the political annals of Clitheroe.

But worse than all, Irvine's friends did not let the matter rest here; their revenge had not been sweet and bloody enough. They instituted charges against a score or more of respectable individuals of the Liberal party, for riotous proceedings. Amongst these were my late brother William, and a companion from youth, Mr. James Lawton; Mr. Burrel, the proprietor of the "Blackburn Gazette;" Mr. Garnett's manager and nephew, Mr. Thomas Gamatt, the present proprietor of Low Moor Cotton Works, and others, lost to my memory. They were indicted at Preston Sessions. The bill was cut. The parties charged were met on their return on the road between Whalley and Clitheroe, by thousands of people, and were escorted by torch lights, bands of music, and other welcome demonstrations, the greatest part of the town being illuminated.

Their revenge did not stop here. They took the charges to Lancaster. The parties were put upon trial at the Assizes. My brother and Lawton had a very narrow escape, and might have been incarcerated, but for the firmness of two gentlemen of the jury, of opposite politics, viz., the late Mr. Cooper, coach builder, and the late Mr. James Gregeon, cotton spinner, both of

Bolton. The accused were all acquitted. Again they were met on the road between Bashall Eaves and Clitheroe, by thousands of sympathising friends, but being Sunday evening, no further display was made. If my recollection aide me right--and I dare wager that it does --viz., the charges were traversed to the King's Bench, and again dismissed.

The charges were so frivolous that many of them were subjects of ridicule for years after. The one preferred against my late brother was founded upon a trifle which took place on that blood-letting day, the 31st of July, when he walked up to the "builder," before noticed, who was reeling to and fro in the saddle, vowing never-ceasing vengeance upon his opponents, touched his leg, and desired him to think about what he was doing, &c. Touching his leg was construed into an attempt to unhorse the builder. The family were named by these words for years, viz., "Mr. Touch-my-Leg," "Mrs. Touch-my-Leg," "Miss Touch-my-Leg," &c. The other indictments were quite as light and unsubstantial, and were the ravings of bitter spite only. If I can rely upon my memory once more, I should say the "bottom-whipping" was made to constitute another charge against the lamplighter, whom I call or compare thus: from his exceeding great height-six feet four

inches, or thereabouts. The builder was a Wesleyan, and did duty alternately in the same pulpit with "Tommy Smooth Tongue." He kept his dogs and gun; then turned "Boniface," and eventually turned himself out of house and harbour, and was known one evening to have spent the night on his father's tombstone.

Then came the final contest, the same year the slave-holder was beaten by Mr. Fort, the latter polling 157; the former, 124. Mr. Fort was returned 1835, unopposed. He was again successful in 1837, by a narrow majority, against Mr. Wm. Whalley, a neighbour, the poll closing--Fort, 165; Whalley, 156. At the election of 1841, Mr. Fort retired, and a hard battle was fought between Mr. Mathew Wilson, a Liberal, and Mr. Cardwell, who ranked then as a Tory; the former polled 175, the latter, 170. Cardwell petitioned against the return on the ground of bribery, and claimed the seat, which he took in 1842, and retained until the general election of 1847, when Mr. Wilson was returned unopposed, and contested it again in 1852, but was unseated again on petition. The election to supply Mr. Wilson's lost seat took place, and Mr. Aspinall was returned by a majority of seven over Mr. Fort, the late member's son. Mr. Aspinall also was unseated on petition, after having sat eight weeks.

Since Mr. Thomson's death, things have changed in the old borough. His inspiring spirit departed, and none has appeared to take up his mantle; popular voice, and opinion have had none to guide them, and thus the public sentiment and will, have languished, weakened, and almost died away.

A number of small men have succeeded, powerless in all things, save the purse. The history of Clitheroe may be said to have commenced with the great printer, and, in a material sense, it closed with his death.

CHAPTER XI.

MY FATHER'S RETIREMENT AS A MASTER PRINTER, AND REMARKS THEREON. THE "OLD CORNER SHOP." TWO ELDEST SONS. REMINISCENCES, ETC.



Y father's first engagement with Mr. Thomson I place at the end of the year 1811, or in some portion of the year 1812. From 1804 to the latter date, his career had been one of transition, and we may well believe he had lived eight years of toil, not unattended by mental care and suffering, and notwithstanding, I have more than once hinted, viz., that he was not very "speculative," as applied to the material pursuits, indicated by trade or commerce, still there was a certain amount of elastic stuff in the constitution of his mind, which, in the common adversities of human afiairs, was sufficient to preserve him from inanition or utter despair. He might ally himself to some arduous movement, and contribute all, his physical economy would yield to its furtherance and consummation, yet in the first break, but for which success might have been attained, his spirit failed him,

and he would beat a retreat; but if loss or disaster came in the wake, however great it proved, he had resources ample within himself to save him from those melancholy and deplorable conclusions which sometimes follow in the train or track of persons with different and less solid intellectual development.

Hamlet put the question,

*"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them ?
For who would bear the Whips and scorns of time ?"*

My father preferred to bear the "whips and scorns of time," and in a sense--

Answered the noble Dane,
By seizing his mallet and block again.

It is a worthy ambition which induces a man to desire to lift himself above the ordinary level of his fellow creatures, social and otherwise, or when the means and object are alike fair, consistent, and honourable. And there is something admirable and deserving of both imitation and commendation in an individual after arriving at a moderate summit of recompense to his labour and anxieties, when he comports himself towards those who may be beneath,

as beings of the same race, although they may not have been so fortunate as himself; and in some instances, where he may treat and regard them as having acted the part of *levers*, so to wold it, indirectly perhaps, in raising him to wealth, position, or power. There is something appreciable also, where human beings can set a limit to their desires, and be cognisant when they may have reached the boundary; but contrary to this, the excess of *get* and *gain* stamps itself so legibly in some minds that the world seems unto them to have received its "*form*," and was not left "*void*," for one purpose alone, and that purpose theirs, for them "*to get, is to live; but to live; is to get*"; and this vision or light guides all their thoughts, habits, and activities; it spices their conversation; it rules their tastes and acquirements; it goes with them to market, to the place of business; it sits with them by the domestic hearth; it accompanies them to the downy pillow as night comes on; it slumbers with them, and they rise together in the morn. They may be seen in each other's society at the church, chapel, meeting house, or lecture room.

The two first entered more for cloak, concealment, or convenience; places they esteem more for killing time, to drive away the ennui consequent upon a broken day, from the desk or counter. They appear in

these, otherwise ought to be hallowed sanctuaries, as it were, the Bible in one hand, and the pet ledger, measure, or order book, in the other; make long-drawn faces, fiddle shape; thumb the sacred book like as unto a screw; heave, sigh, &c , and the mind all the while thinking of the coming Monday, as to who may tender some nice little order, or what may probably be next railway, bank, or other dividend. If the missionary or begging box be presented, a shrewd idea steals across the mind, viz., that a half-crown is rather a large coin, but divided would multiply in number and become two shillings and half; five sixpenny, seven and half fourpenny, and ten threepenny pieces, each of which, from the highest to the smallest division, would equally express their essential generosity, if the aforesaid vision and light of life--that is, business--were not present to rule them to decision. Such individuals devote no time or thought to local or municipal matters, unless so far as their pecuniary considerations may be affected, whether it be a sixpenny or a shilling rate. Politics meet with no attention, only as they may be understood in the income tax. Public amusement has no attraction. Literature is an exotic; if a newspaper falls into their possession, they cast their eye at once down the column

where is to be found some account of cotton, wool, grease, stock, or pig-iron, &c. They appraise a man or woman's worth by what may be extracted from them in the way of business; in other words, by what they can get out of him or her. They bow to one god, one idol, which is mammon, and they worship here in "*spirit and in truth.*" This method of valuing people by what may be get out of them, was once so forcibly put in my presence, although 20 years ago, I cannot resist, *en passant*, briefly alluding to it as to a fixture in my memory ever since.

I had been on a short visit to a clergyman in the country, an esteemed friend of mine, and the family, and on my return, I was speaking of the agreeable character of the gentleman, when I was suddenly interrupted by a party interested, in a business point of view, who enquired if the (the clergyman) had delivered any order ? I answered in the negative. He ejaculated, "Oh, be d---to him," &c. This so jarred on my feelings, that I took a cerebral measurement of the individual at once, as a "cobbler would do of his *last*," and metaphorically I have not *mis-fitted* him since. But it is a more worthy and enviable ambition more appreciable still, it is *grandeur itself*, where a man has been so elevated, tasted the sweets of luxury, and been

inured for a while to riches and power, with their social advantages, when distress may have overtaken him, deprived him of his all, and he calmly folds his arms across his bosom and silently repeats the words, "God's will be done."

My father was not avaricious, keen, or hair-splitting; no selfishness in his composition, without it had a bearing towards his children; he had not been in possession of riches; he had never fed in the lap of luxury, nor wielded extraordinary power; but he had drawn at the fountain of all three, and drank temperately thereof; his hopes and anticipations would have been pointed in that direction. He had learned the distinction between master and servant,--between employer and employed; yet his strong, common-sense susceptibilities would induct him to the change, which he accepted with proper spirit and resignation. I have thus introduced him into the employ, as servant, of James Thomson, or, as he was called some few years ago, by a distinguished scientific professor, viz., the "Duke of Wellington of Calico Printers," with whom he remained until the year 1848, being a service of 36 years, during which term there existed one mutual, unbroken faith, confidence, and esteem.

By this time, another son had been born, . . . December, 1811; died April, 1813. About the same period, my father embarked in another style of business, not unfamiliar to his youth, which was glass and earthenware dealer, Market Place, Clitheroe, in a shop then newly erected, by Thomas Sumner, ironmonger, who was an intimate friend and neighbour for many years after. The shop was the corner one, adjoining what used to be Arkwright's Timber Yard. The land upon which it and five others, to the end of the present Brownlow's Arms were built, was leased from Earl Brownlow, secured upon two lives, the Messrs. Hyde, sons of Thomas Hyde, a Clitheroe indigenous, who resigned his earthly inheritance some 40 years past. The sons lived to a ripe old age, and were gathered to mother earth two or three years ago, when the shops, together with the Brownlow's Arms, fell into the possession of the Curzon family, including my father's old house and shop, which I will here say was the birth-place and nursery of 15 out of 18 sons and daughters, twice twins being counted, being brought into creation in a period of 21 years, namely, from December, 1805, when Hannah, the first child, saw light, to July, 1881, when Hannah, the last was born. These shops, &c., are all the Curzone or Custs

hold within the ancient borough, since the Reform Bill of 1882 deprived them of its representation, immediately following which, they disposed of all property, whether meadow, pasture, garden, or building land; all farmsteads, pin-folds, sheep-folds, pig-folds, and *man-folds*; together with every house, shop, cottage, or *crib*. So disgusted were their lordships that a new star had arisen, and a brighter day was dawning for the hitherto *nic-named free*, and ancient Clitheroe burgess,

*"They came like birds of prey,
And thus they went away."*

They brought nothing with them, but took something back. The Castle, and the rock upon which it is based, still o'er look the town; Pendle continues to frown upon the vale, and the land holds to a safe anchorage, else all might have disappeared together.

My father entered upon the above premises, or the "*old corner shop*," as it is best remembered in the affections of his children, I suppose, to poise the uneven balance cast against him in the preceding few months. The business was new or novel to Clitheroe at the time, no regular and systemised establishment in a similar line existing there prior. In my short

biographical notice of his father, I said that he was a nurseryman or gardener, and that he united with this that of glass, earthenware, and seedsman. The son, in his extremities, had not forgotten the parent's practice and teachings, but proportionate to his means, produced a duplicate in the place of his adoption. I don't think the plan was hit upon from inceptive knowledge or experience of glass, seeds, and crockery ware, but that circumstances and the pressure of necessity gave it birth and form.

To goblets, mugs, and seed, were added, a German branch, beginning with a ten shilling rocking horse, and ending with a penny whistle and a halfpenny Jew's harp, other odds and ends were blended with the more staple one. Kendal ware engaged my father's attention so far as it was represented by round pieces of baked clay, usually called marbles, which used to be delivered at the "old corner shop," in large tubs, size of a sugar hogshead, which I suppose might contain thousands, perhaps going into millions; there were amongst them, large and small, hard and soft, which were separated, the former fetching a higher price as fighting marbles, called *taws*, the separation was conducted by myself, that is, after I came upon the scene, years after the period in question. Being rather

an adept at the sport, having the pick of the tub, my *taws* were generally a match for Chuck Nowell's, or any of the youthful *dab* competitors who met nightly, weather permitting, at "Bailey's Corner," and sometimes when weather did not permit. After the arrival of these tubs and contents, I might charge my trowsers pockets to overflowing, which would manifest themselves through the cloth or fustian material like so many gooseberries. These occasions come now vividly before me, as my father would run after me into the street, and though not cruel in his punishments as a rule, would land me inside the old shop again by the ears, make me haul out, and leave me some two or three, stinginess which gave me great grief.

My grandsire introduced his son to the different houses where earthenware, glass, seed, and the German ware, were either made, sold, or prepared, the former chisfly from Huntslet Hall Pottery, near Leeds; glass from Warrington; seeds and the latter from London. Travellers, or the principals, made quarterly visits, and in connection with one of the latter, Mr. Garfin, of the Bank Quay Glass Works, Warrington, when he might be transacting his business across the shop counter I generally was present, although as I remember only some four or five years of age, or perhaps a year or two

over, standing by the said counter, my nose rubbing the top. He (Mr. Garfin,) I have heard say, laboured very hard each journey to induce my father and mother to permit him to take me back with him for adoption, being a wealthy gentleman, and no family. I remember seeing him in Bolton some years ago, since I became a resident. He was Mayor of Warrington at the time, and had attended the Town Council upon some business or other belonging to bis own town. I knew him at once, yet the interval from childhood to manhood had intervened or elapsed between. I dont know whether I ought to regret my parents resistance to the offer, I will say not, for it proved the firmness of a fathar and mother's love, which I doubt not, is now lodged in heaven ; whilst the price or fruits of the offer for their child being earthy, would have perished on the earth alone.

My mother conducted the business of the shop, my father seldom interfering, unless it might be in reference to the seeds, or when the principal or traveller came; mostly spending the evening with them at their hotel, enjoying a pipe, chat, or wine. They had a first-class trade connection with the shop; supplying the gentry for miles round Clitheroe, and was the only shop of the kind for near 30 years from commencement.

My mother was a good business person, and was constant in her attentions to the shop; since I remember, if an order came in from the better customers, for some article not in stock, she would pack off to Leeds, be back in a day or two, probably having walked half the journey, a distance of 40 miles: no iron roads then; coaches there were, here and there, running short lengths and thus breaking the journey; there were "Tally-ho," and "Harkforward," two oppositionists, from Clitheroe, which ran daily to Skipton for some seasons, or until such times as they ran each other off the road, like Kilkenny cats, fighting while there was nothing left but their tails. From Skipton the distance would have to be performed on foot, 20 miles and back again to catch either the famous "Harkforward" or "Tally-ho." My mother was a sterling walker up to 60 years of age; but as I have previously said, she was a remarkable woman in a variety of senses, how she struggled with the business and her household duties, including ten children living at one time, was a wonder and admiration to the people of Clitheroe and neighbourhood, and is remembered and spoken of still. The "Old Corner Shop" and house were not large, at least, not as shops and dwellings are put up now, and the house was smaller, reckoning by the

family requirements. Kitchen, scullery, or back kitchen and warehouse, two bedrooms on the second floor, and an attic which was made to do duty for bedroom or double bedroom, warehouse, library and studio, which to better describe, means, there were bed in the fore part, and bed in the back part, the entire attic consisting of one room only, and open to the roof, the whole being shelved from floor to ceiling, on which, were closely piled, crockeryware, seeds, hobby horses, and other merchandise too minute to enumerate.

By library and studio, I wish to infer that my two eldest brothers, James and William, had their thoughts first directed and nurtured to literary taste in this said attic, poetical, philosophical, scientific, and artistic. The bed on which they slumbered was in the forepart, near to the window, or to the few panes of glass, six inches square, put into a small framework, the orifice admitting the same, probably being under one yard square. In the immediaie quarters of the bed, in a space of two square yards, the few books their slender savings as apprentices would purchase, were arranged. The wall, where not otherwise occupied with jugs, dishes, penny trumpets, &c., was ornamented by little pictures, being watercolour paintings and etchings, by William. A large globe would at times find room there,

being a borrowed one; together with two chairs and table, and convenience for toilette. It was here they read sometimes aloud to each other, wrote and painted by the sombre light of a long-drawn sixteen, or thought and conversed by the pale moon-beams, as they stole softly through the little window betimes far into the morning, taking an hour or two for repose, attending to business as the bell rung six. It was in this small compass their ideas and aspirations first began to knit and entwine themselves into each other, where they grew from boyhood into manhood, under the shade of a love and mutual regard which continued unto death. It was here the two brothers were accustomed to sit and muse over the responsibilities gathering to my father and mother from a rapidly-increasing family. Being the eldest born, they had great anxieties towards these matters, and were often consulted by their parents, as though they had been of riper years, and for many years after we younger appeared upon the stage, they were looked to as men advanced in life and wisdom, when, forsooth, they were very little past their teens.

It was here that William penned the following letter to Jamee, succeeding a separation of the two,

necessitated by the latter leaving Clitheroe to take instructions in Carlisle as an architect:--

"Clitheroe, Wednesday, April 22nd, 1829.--Dear Jim.-- If thou hast received the box, thou wilt have the knowledge, by accompanying note from my mother, that she was rather indisposed, and from the time she wrote to the present her indisposition has kept increasing. It is caused by a combination of rheumatic pains and the pleurisy fever, which has given most alarming symptoms. Her constitution seems to be generally impaired by a variety of causes. She has been confined to her bed for upwards of a fortnight, enduring the most excruciating pains from all parts of her body--such as pains in her limbs and burning heats in her head; at times she has been rather delirious, but not to any great degree. She is sometimes better, and at other times worse; it is of a changeable nature, which makes our decisions uncertain. She is attended by Drs. Baldwin and Garstang. They consider that her situation is not hopeless, and it is their opinion that the fever has subsided, but that she is more sensible to pain, which makes her appear to superficial observers and those unacquainted with the nature of the disorder, worse; but to settle all opinions, this is certain, if she is to depart this life, as I fondly hope to be otherwise, it will

be so, whether people are hopeless or not, but under such cases, it is the best to prepare for the worst, and to arm ourselves with fortitude, so as to enable us to bear it without injuring our own constitutions, as not anything makes greater inroads into the system than excess of grief. It is necessary and becoming to pay the tribute due to such a connection, but that ought to suffice, for what avail is it to the departed, to be moaning and giving way upon every opportunity to the most violent grief ? We are well aware that not any good is derived from such a conduct; it is the best to restrain and curb our feelings on their first issue, so that they may be more easily curbed in the future. We are conscious that we can not be destitute of keen feelings on such occasions, nor should I envy the man who is so sensible. Philosophy does not require such an insensibility, but teaches us (if I understand it) to sustain our griefs with moderation, and like beings who are systemised in a different manner to mere machines, but moved reasonably on every occasion. But, however, it is to my fervent wish and lingering hope, that we may not have our fortitude put to the test at the present, but that a speedy recovery may restore our dearest mother to her wonted health and strength, and may she still be capable of holding her situation as

parent of a numerous offspring for many years to come, and administer as a tender mother does to all their wants, until she sees all the branches of her dearest wishes flourishing in health and circumstances, so that she may lay down her body with certain satisfaction, that all her fondest hopes are realized, and may that reward await her in another world, which she so justly merits by her conduct in this. I certainly must come to a conclusion; excuse the conciseness of the present epistle on account of existing circumstances, but thou may depend upon the truth of my statement, I have "nothing extenuated," nor aught set down to put a false gloss on, to cheer, or give thee false hopes. Thou has the case as it exists in reality, and thou may form thy hopes upon it, but give not way, I beseech thee, to any unnecessary grief, as that would be unmanly. If the current of her disorder take a change either way, I will give thee the earliest information without the slightest delay. May my next be a more heart-cheering epistle. I know this conveys no good tidings. *Adieu*, and may all the blessing which this world can afford, fall upon thee.--Thy affectionate brother, W. Greenhalgh."

William, at the date of the above epistle, would be 18 years of age, which taken into account with the sentiments, tone, and construction expressed therein,

constrains me to the price of printing as a worthy specimen for imitation for my nephews and nieces approaching that age; in order to set forth that the exuberant feelings of the youth were not pruned from a weak or sickly branch, but lined into mid-life. I take the following from letter received from William after he left --- his native land for America, dated, 1858:--

"My dear father and mother,--Before commencing, I may just make a remark; few sons at fifty, have the privilege of saying, dear father and mother. In a generality of cases, they have been gathered to *their fathers*, that is, father and mother are not in this world; but you, I hope, at this present time are in the common land of the living, where the worms breed, but the affections are alive. If I attempt to express all I feel, I could not say more without subjecting myself to be called 'maudlin.' Enclosed you have Bill of Exchange, for ___, &c., which you will receive quarterly, while I live. We are going to a new house, with eight bedrooms, and in other respects, stylish, my expenses will be considerably increased, but never to forget my father and mother."

On the receipt of intelligence of my father's death, he wrote---

"Oct. 22, 1859,-Dear mother-I was much shocked at the death of my father, although in a manner prepared for almost any change, yet, I had hope for a more extended term to his already long term of life. I can offer no condolence that will do any good to you. We must all be prepared for such changes, it is our common lot, and no talent or riches can get an exemption. The only way to do is, to perform our allotted part as well as we can do. With few exceptions, my father &c done his. He has gone to his rest with a clear conscience; an honester man never left this world. He was not broad in his opinions or intelligence; but he was broad in his feelings, and if he had been blessed with an early education, such as can now be obtained, he would have cut a different figure in the world. He was a true Saxon type, sturdy, and possessed of sound judgment, supported by sterling honesty-metal.I that had the true ring. As he was, however, he performed his part well, and if he did not always do right, he always intended to do so. The memory of him will always be dear to me and mine, and although dead, the other doom has not yet arrived-forgotten. Enclosed you have Bill of Exchange, &c.—I am, dear mother, your affectionate son."

Poor William penned the melancholy intelligence of his dear mother's precarious condition in 1829, begging her eldest living child to bear up and be prepared for the worst. He lived to write to the same mother 29 years after, viz., 1858, bidding her bear up on the death of that eldest living child. William lived to hear of his dear father's end, and wrote again to encourage his mother to higher hopes. Dating 33 years forward, from 1829, it fell to my lot to assist that same mother to bear up at the sad intelligence of his own death. William's dear mother followed him in his eternal course ten short months succeeding.

I had to endure pain and sorrow of unusual bitterness and poignancy, by three of the four deaths above pointed to, but the fiats of the Almighty must be endured. Death is always painful, and life is but its beginning.

*"And still they come, and till they go,
And still there is no end;
The hungry grave is yawning yet,
And who shall next descend ?
Oh I shall it be a crowned head,
Or one of noble line ?
Or doth the slayer turn to smite
A life so trail as mine ?"*

CHAPTER XII.

FURTHER ITEMS OF THE "OLD CORNER SHOP," RELATIVES, AND CONCLUSION.



INCE the foregoing notes on the "old corner house and shop" were sent to press, in rummaging amongst the papers in my late dear mother's writing case, I have unexpectedly put my hand upon a few stray leaves as part of what once have formed a little diary of my late brother James. The year of our Lord does not appear on the first sheet or two, but from allusions to matter and persons, I conclude the beginning date would be 1824 or 1825, in advance, or near the end, is written, viz., 1827. In more correct order the contents ought to have preceded my late brother William's letter, but must now be printed as found. Like the latter, the writing and sentiment had their birthplace in the "old attic," James's years then ranging from 16 to 18, and during his apprenticeship as joiner and builder. I will copy from it *seriatim* as then written, and add my explanation, &c., at the conclusion.

"August 17th. Fortnightly meeting held at Smith's. Ditto 30th, Wednesday; held our third monthly meeting; expected new member, but he did not come. I presented the Society with a book-Collins' and Jenyon's Poems, &c. Resolved upon having the Literary Magnet,' a London '.' monthly magazine, one shilling per month. Books in hand, viz., 'Gentle Shepherd,' 'Callope's Beauties of Shakespeare,' 'Arley's Magazine,' Collins' and Jenyon's Poems, &c.' Money in hand of Smith, as treasurer and president, 5s. 6d.

September 27th. Held our fourth monthly meeting, at Smith's lodgings, through a stranger being at Baxter's lodgings, in which meeting I produced my lines on the formation of the Society, which will be found in my book of original pieces. Money received this meeting, Se., which, added to the other, leaves a balance of Se. 6d. in the hand of treasurer.

October 1st. This day took a lesson in French, and wrote down the regular verb Porter, to carry. Had a walk at night with a few friends, and saw *the glowworm* for the first time, whose small lamp I think *is an object worthy of a philosophical mind*.

Oct. 2nd. This night I have selected a beautiful piece from the Monthly Magazine, called 'The Adopted Child,' which will be found in my book of selections.

Oct. 3rd. This night, looked over a little French and other odd things.

Oct. 4th. This day have seen the old Cross pulled down, through an alteration in the road. At night we called an extra meeting, for the purpose of looking at and lotting for the chances of the 'Literary Magnet,' two numbers of which arrived today, which were paid for, and leaves 6e. 6d. in Smith's hands. Likewise had some talk concerning turning Baxter out of the Society, through a crime against Smith, to be settled on the fortnightly meeting.

Oct. 5th. This day received a letter from Baxter, stating his case at great length. At night, I wrote him an answer to it, to be sent by brother in the morning.

Oct. 6th. This day have been covering the old chair and stuffmg, &c. Likewise had a walk with James Dean, Baxter, and my brother.

Oct. 7th. This night, my brother and I, and Starkie, had a long walk and a long talk, and at last settled for a while in Starkie's, where we fully canvassed over everything concerning the meeting, and formed a resolution, which we intend carrying into effect at the fortnightly meeting. We then left Starkie'e, came again into town, went again towards Starkie's, turned again, met James Dean, then parted, Starkie turning back with Dean; my brother and I towards home.

Oct. 8th. This day being Sunday, I stayed at home all day, through having *torn my trousers across the knee, the Sunday before, in search of a glow-worm*, and having forgot until Saturday, which was too late to get them repaired. In forenoon, read in 'Literary Magnet,' and in 'Paul Pry,' a popular comedy, in which Liston shines at present. In afternoon, composed some lines on the *glow-worm*, which will be found in my book of original pieces. At night, attended chapel. After that, my brother and I and Starkie went to their house, and held another conversation on the meeting.

Oct. 9th. This night, have had a walk with Starkie: went to their house.

Oct. 10th. This night, held our fortnightly meeting, at Smith's lodgings, when Baxter attended to plead his own case, and words ran high, but seeing he could not gain his point, he withdrew his claims, but persisted in calling it injustice, and required to have his share of books, which was quite against our rules, but which we granted to be quit of him. In the meantime, something had been said at which Smith took umbrage, and said he would withdraw, "which we wished him not to do, he being a very worthy young man, and he left it for further consideration, and "when I got home, I wrote him a letter, wishing him to stay in, and professing my friendship for him.

Oct. 11th. This day, sent my letter to him by my brother, which satisfied him, and established a kind of friendship between us. I received a letter in answer, saying that he

would still continue in the Society. At night, held a meeting, to give Baxter his share, but he never came. Likewise, took a fresh member-Mercer, who will come next monthly meeting.

Oct. 12th. This day Baxter wished to have the two numbers of the 'Literary Magnet' as his share, and the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which were granted him. In the course of the day, the Society had a letter from James Dean, saying he had withdrawn. At night, I had a walk with Starkie and Dean.

Oct. 13th. This night, have had a walk with James Dean and Starkie. We called on Dugdale, who works at present in Blackburn.

Oct. 14th. This night, had a long walk with Smith, as "far as 'Stump Croes,' a little out of town.

Oct. 15th. This being Sunday, was at home all day, and read in 'Cobbett's French Grammar,' &c. At night, had a walk with my brother and Starkie, went to their house. This night was a particular fine moonlight, the finest perhaps I had ever seen. It brought to my mind the recollection of days gone by. Saw some most beautiful moonlight scenery, rural and picturesque, particularly down towards Edisforth Bridge, about a mile out of town.

[Here there is a break, caused through loss of leaves; however, I will continue to transcribe as I find and am able to arrange it.]

Saturday, 18th. Read 'Life of Voltaire,' Cooke's Pocket Edition of Novelists; read also 'Lady,' a tale of Voltaire, and 'Young James,' by the same author.

Sunday, 19th. In the morning, went to chapel; in the afternoon, wrote the preface to my 'Scrap Book,' in imitation of Sterne's, which will be found in my book of original pieces. My brother also read to me 'Blair's Grave,' a poem. At night, went to chapel, heard an uncommonly long and tiresome sermon, then came home, and had some conversation with 'Walter,' respecting it.

Mon., 20th. At night, read in the 'Manchester Gazette.'

Tues., 21st. Resolved to divide my French Telemaque into short lessons, and translate one every night if nothing intervenes. At night, had a walk with Starkie as far as New Road; just saw Baxter and Dean at top of town, and spoke; Translated my first lesson in Telemaque.

Thurs., 23rd. Translated part of a lesson tonight.

Friday, 24th. Read in 'Spectator.'

Sat., 25th. This day began taking in 'Gillie's History of Greece;' got two of the first numbers. At night, went down to Wilkinson's, and went with Will as far as Cox's; "also ordered 'Literary Magnet.'

Sun., 26th. Went to chapel in the morning. In the afternoon, read in 'Ox:bury's Dramatic Biography.' At night, went to Independent Chapel, to bear Thomas Barker. After that, read in the 'History of Greece.' Retired to bed at half-past eleven o'clock.

Mon., 27th. Reading in the 'Manchester Gasette.'

Tues., 28th. Reading in 'History of Greece.'

Wed., 29th. Reading in 'History of Greece.'

Thur., 30th. Reading in 'Horace,' and selecting, &c.

Friday, Dec. 1st. Wrote and corrected a satire.

Sat., 2nd. Wrote off a copy of the satire.

Sun., 3rd. Laid long in bed this morning, so did not go to chapel. In the afternoon, went to Richard Hothersall's and called at my aunt's as I came back. Read in 'Homer's Iliad,' the description of Achille's shisld, &c. At night, went to chapel. After that, wrote a letter to Smith on the "meeting affairs."

Mon., 4th. Sent it with my brother, and went with Smith at night to the 'Black Bull,' and had some conversation.

Tues., 5th. Reading in 'Literary Magnet,' which I got this morning for December. Should have been fortnightly meeting.

Wed., 6th. Working at old Arkwright's late.

Thur., 7th. Staid in the house idle a while, then had a walk out to the top of the town, as the day, which had been very rainy, had closed with as fine a star and moonlight night as the day had been gloomy and rough.

Friday, 8th. The fair-day. I stayed at home to-day, and at night went up to my number-man, and got two numbers of 'Greece' to read, whilst he sent for the whole volume, which I ordered him to get. After that, reading the 'Romance of the Forest,' by Mrs. Radcliffe.

Sat., 9th. Writing out of 'Rogers' Poems,' his epistle to a friend. Then went into Cockshott's drug shop, and amused myself a little.

Sun., 10th. Had a walk in the morning before breakfast on the New Road, with my brother and Thomas Haworth. Then went to chapel. In the afternoon, wrote out of 'Rogers' Poems,' &c. At night, went to chapel. After that, had a walk with my brother and Starkie, Dean, Jos. Sumner, and Porter, as far as Primrose Bridge.

Mon., 11th. Read in 'Gillie's History of Greece.'

Tues., 12th. Stayed at the master's late at night, writing.

Wed., 18th. Read in 'Bums' Poems,' &c.

Thur., 14th. Wrote from 'Rogers' Poems,' &c.

Friday, 15th. Wrote from 'Rogers' Poems,' &c. After that, wrote some lines to Smith on their return to him.

Sat., 16th. Writing from Rogers' Poems,' &c.

Sun., 17th. Stayed at home in the morning idle. In the afternoon, started drawing. At night, after chapel, had a walk with my brother, Wilkinson, Starkie, and Dean.

Mon., 18th. Writing and drawing.

Tues., 19th. Drawing. Should have been our monthly "meeting."

Wed., 20th. Went to Bashall Eaves in the morning with Ulement Hyde. At night, drawing a little.

Thurs., 21st. Reading 'Pierce Egan's Life in London.'

Friday, 22nd. Went to my book man's, and got my Gillie's History of Greece, 'complete in one volume, Jones' edition. After that, read 'Romance of the Forest.'

Sat., 23rd. Spent the night in the street.

Sun., 24th. Went to chapel in the morning. In the afternoon, my brother and I had a romantic walk, and spent the rest of the day idly, except a conversation with Walter and Jos.

Mon., 25th. Being Christmas Day, got up soon in the morning; heard the music play; then read all day. After, 'had a walk with my brother for exercise, then read in Philosophical Dictionary' while noon, but in the course of that forenoon, saw Laycock, a fellow-apprentice, but now a journeyman in Halifax. In the afternoon, went to my Aunt Isherwood's. A while after that, read in 'Humphrey Clinker's Expedition,' by Smollet. At night, went home with Starkie.

Tues., 26th. Ordered our 'Literary Magnet' for the meeting, and 'Romance of the Forest' for myself, Limbard's edition. At night, read in 'Humphrey Clinker's Expedition.'

Wed., 27th. Read in 'Humphrey Clinker's Expedition.'

Thur., 28th. Finished reading 'Humphrey Clinker.'

Fri., 29th. Read in 'Byron's Poetry,' in his life.

Sat., 30th. Read 'Bell's Dispaich,' a London paper; and a little in 'Byron.'

Sun., 31st. This morning, set off to Burnley at half-past nine, and arrived there by noon. Stayed at my Uncle Joseph's, and went to see Thomas Whittaker, who was in a curious way.

1827. Jan 1st. Laid in bed long, then went to Stott's, then into the Market, looked at the bookstand, and purchased 'De Lome on the Constitution of England.' In the afternoon, began making my Uncle Joseph a signboard. At night, went to

my Uncle Jackson's, and had some conversation, and slept there with Alfred.

Jan. 2nd, Tues. Finished my Uncle Joseph his signboard; then went to Tom Whittaker's; got my dinner at Joseph's, and set off from Burnley home, and arrived in Clitheroe at half-past four o'clock. At night, had a social glass with Jos. Sumner and William Porter. Should have been our meeting.

Wed., 3rd. Idle to-night. Had a little conversation with Haworth; and my Uncle Jackson was uncommonly *frothy* to-night.'

Thurs., 4th. To-day, got 'Literary Magnet' and 'Arliss' Magazine,' and at night read in the 'Literary Magnet.'

Friday, 5th. Read in 'Shakespeare's Plays,' and went "to number-man.

Sat., 6th. Read in 'Literary Magnet,' and 'Arliee' Magazine.

Sun., 7th. Laid long in bed this morning. Did not attend chapel, but attended in the afternoon. Stood at Cockehott's gates awhile with Joshua. At night, attended chapel; after which, had a walk with my brother, Joe. Sumner, Thos. Starkie, and James Dean. Read in 'Byron.'

Mon., 8th. Read in the 'Despatch,' a London paper, and in the 'Manchester Gazette.'

Tues., 9th. Idle this night.

Wed., 10th. Was in Walter's shop with Joshua

Thur., 11th. Started writing a satire on a late call.

Fri., 12th. Finished satire, and writ copies, and put them in post.

Sat., 18th. Sauntered about the house, &c.

Sun., 14th. Attended chapel in the morning. In the afternoon, went to Richard Hothersall's. At night, attended chapel. Saw Starkie, but too cold to have a walk. Read in Byron.'

James seems to have kept himself pretty closely engaged in literary study and other pursuits, sometimes conning a French lesson or exercise; at other times, trying his hand at poesy, writing or selecting; otherwise reading history, poetry, fiction, magazines and newspapers; attending to fortnightly meetings, drawing, bookkeeping, mending and stuffing "old arm-chairs," making sign-boards, and hunting *glow-worms*.

The "old attic" was a busy place between the two brothers, and was regarded in Clitheroe as a sort of cabalistic sanctuary, where things were being thought and done beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind.

I will now go over James's diary, and so far as I am able, will explain who the several individuals were, &c., he mixes up in his little task, together with incidents of time, place, and objects alluded to.

Smith was a native of London, and started his career as an engraver, at Primrose Print-works, much about the same time as my brother William. He married the second daughter of Wilkinson, my father's former partner. He and family, I suppose, are now in Manchester.

Baxter was a designer at Primrose, but I think not a native of Clitheroe. There seems to have been some misunderstanding between him and the members of the "Literary Society." I may here state that he was one of many who were used to dispose of Thomson's patterns for money, which eventually brought about the "Copyright of Design Bill," and he was charged, tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation for the offence. I should surmise near the period referred to in the diary. He is now-1869-a wealthy printing master in the United States.

Starkie was the only son of Peter, the early friend and fellow-workman of my father at Burnley and Sawley, and afterwards under Mr. Thomson, to his death.

"Tommy," the son, as he was generally addressed by, was a very fat, easy-going tailor, with an inkling towards reading and literature. The sons, like the fathers, retained a firm friendship for each other, until death divided them.

Dean was a native of Clitheroe, and was taught his business at Primrose, but in what department I cannot say. He left about the time my brother James became a resident in Bolton, and became general manager at

Horwich Vale Print Works, marrying a Miss France, of that village, my brother William and James Lawton, previously mentioned, being the two "best men" at the wedding. I have heard William relate that he and his friend remained a week in Horwich after, finding "*attractive metal*" there, other than what their friend Dean found; then made their way to Bolton, brother James having been a resident there a short time preceding, and they resolved to pass through homewards. They enquired for the best inn or hotel, and were advised to the Bridge Inn, then a "public" of local name and fame, where they ordered tea. When they had done the honours of the table and improved the inward man, the bill of fare was produced, but lo, it was found more by odds than they held between them, having gallantly drained their purses during the extra few days they had been enjoying themselves. Brother James was enquired for, but he was not then known much in the town. At last his address was found, and immediately the twain were set at liberty. Dean became a printing master, and was such at the time of his death, a few years ago, near Manchester.

Dugdale was a native near to Clitheroe; listed for a soldier, but he was, I have heard say, drummed out of the regiment. He tried his hand at engraving, at

Primrose, but could not be instructed. Afterwards practiced letter engraving in Blackburn, and became an average workman in that line. He mingled a little poesy with letter cutting, and styled himself the "Ribblesdale Poet." He still lives in Blackburn, and well to do.

Wilkinson was the second son of my father's former partner. He was a bookmaker by trade; smart young fellow, I suppose, then, had good chances, but without brains, and is known at this present time as "Old Bill, the greyhound trainer," somewhere in Southport, or about." Walter," as he is here familiarly termed, was the late Mr. Cockshott, who was step-son to Thomas Sumner, ironmonger and druggist, the builder and original owner of the old corner shop, &c. After the death of the latter, the business was conducted by the former, who added to it ironfoundry, and other branches. He was one of the earliest mayors of the borough following the incorporation, as per Municipal Act. I think he was twice elected. He was an estimable gentleman, occupied a prominent position in the town, and much and highly esteemed. He was a firm and abiding friend of my father and mother's, and generally entertained a warm and genuine interest towards both them and their rising family. His name

and memory hold a pleasant place in the reminiscences connected therewith.

Mr. Hopwood, steward to the Starkies, of Huntroyd, another old and respected friend of my father and mother and offspring, married the only sister to Mr. Cockshott. The latter died some 15 years since.

Porter was an apprentice to ironmongery to Mr. Cocks'bott. He was not a native of Clitheroe, but of a neighbouring village.

Jos., "Old Jos.," or Joshua Sumner, son to Mr. Cockshott's stepfather, was what I will name an "old stump friend," and companion from childhood of my brother James. Since I was of age to remember him, he has always been round and full of flesh, big body, large head, circular face, middle height, and dark complexion. The style "Old Jos." was derived from his spiritual development, which was excessively solid or sedate--I mean in its common or ordinary manifestations. Some boys or children are not, were, or ever will be, anything more than "lads and old men," the saying goes. Differing from this, Jos. never seemed to have had any youth: he was old at birth. He was peculiarly slow and heavy in everything he might say

or do. If you asked him a question, you needed be in no hurry for an answer, and when it did come, it would not be encumbered with words; if yes or no would suffice his purpose, you got no more. He did not understand circumlocution; running was not in his vocabulary, whether the word might apply to the doctor or butcher's shop. He was so regular in his speed and motions that I am not sure that if he had been taken to the top of the Moot Hall spire in the town of Clitheroe, and thrown therefrom, whether he would have alighted on *terra firma* as quickly as other people, or he had had his own time over it. However cold and rough the weather might be, when James paid his visits to the "old house at home," he never was fast for a companion, whilst there, how long soever he continued. Jos. had been instructed in tin-plate working, in his father's establishment, but inheriting property from his parent, he was a sort of gentleman workman, and being at the period in question employed by his kinsman Mr. Cockshott, residing under the same roof also, he worked just as it suited his own gentlemanly convenience.

At that period, if a stranger arrived in the town, the news would travel in a very short space of time. If a gig or other method of conveyance had been seen to enter

by any end or side, it soon became known at the leading points, and usually formed a cardinal topic for general conversation, enquiry or surmisings at the several inns the same evening, when pipes and toddy were being discussed, as to who might be the occupant, &c. I fancy it is much about the same in 1869.

The intelligence of James's arrival was as rapidly telegraphed to the *tin shop*, and whether it were young-day, mid-day, or old-day, off went "Old Jos.'s" paper cap and working apron, then to soap, suds, and lather, and after a clean shave, a clean wash, and clean linen, not omitting a well-starched neck collar, overtopping both ears; second-best coat, trousers, vest, hat, gloves, &c., including a sturdy knob-stick, and the needful in his pocket, the distance between the two friends was soon completed, then a wag or two of the hands, immediately succeeding, to which a programme was agreed upon as to future movements until the visit lasted, a change of performance for each day being put down.

I should think these occasions were alone set apart in the mind, *when and where* Jos. put in his extras as to speed, &c. Punctually, at a given hour, each morning, during James's stay, himself not being an early riser from bed at these times, Jos. would enter my father's

sitting-room, and, not seeing his companion down, generally turned his head to the foot of the stairs, and in his peculiar measured tone of voice and words, bawl out, "Now then, there I are you not getting up, eh ?"

When James left town, which he generally did on foot, his friend would accompany him a few miles out, or "*gater*" him, as it was termed; but, like the Scotch "mile and a bittock," the "*gater*" was often as long as the *gate*-that is, Jos. might land at the other end with him, and return by coach in a day or two. Sumner is now an ironmonger in Accrington.

Cox was a schoolmaster in Clitheroe, a native of Cumberland, and in part James's and William's tutor. He left Clitheroe for Carlisle about 1828, and died there since.

Thomas Haworth was a neighbour, a tailor and draper, and is identical with "Tommy Smooth Tongue," a distinctive name given to him during the election of 1882, elsewhere alluded to. He has been dead some twenty years.

Laycock was a senior fellow-apprentice from Halifax, and a few years since was there as a master builder. Uncles Joseph Jackson and Whittiker and Isherwood I have noticed in preceding pages. Alfred

was cousin, being the only son to Jackson, all dead. Richard Hothersall was fellow-apprentice, dead also.

I now finish with the diary so far as individual names are concerned; and will add that, with respect to "Edisforth Bridge" and "Stump Cross," the former is a bridge spanning the Ribble, about one mile and a half out of town, leading to Lancaster, near which a battle was fought between the Scotch invaders and the English in 1138, the latter being over powered by numbers, suffered a great defeat. "Stump Cross," I don't know. About the moonlight and the *glowworm*, James, like most people gifted with a strong poetical temperament, was evidently delighted to walk, converse, and muse in the "moon's pale light," and the Glowworm, I think with him, was a worthy subject both for a philosophical and other mind. Few young men in their teens so reflect as did poor James on this shining little insect. I have looked for "book of original pieces," he noted, as containing lines relating thereto, but I regret to say without success. In their absence, off-hand, I will here run in two or three of my own, and hope they might have been in unison with James when he tore his trouser's knee:--

*Silent little glowworm,
With thy light so bright and clear,*

*Why nestle in the mossy bank,
And human hand so near ?
Tis is not to lead the vicious,
Or the brigand on his way.
No; thy lamp with oil is fill'd,
Inviting man to fear, adore, and pray.*

The earthenware business, &c., was successfully conducted by my mother for many years at the old "Corner Shop"-- a large family brought up at considerable expense and anxiety, and other credit maintained incident to households such as my father's, whose house and table were abundant without being profuse, respectable but not ostentatious. My mother was an excellent cook, and her husband was a capital brewer. Friends were always welcome, and strangers were not turned away. At missionary meetings and other occasions at the old Wesleyan Chapel, the house was open to ministers and friends, who were entertained hospitably and free. As I said my father was a capital brewer--a matter he always attended to himself in every minor detail, getting out of bed early in the morning for the purpose, the process taking place in the large warehouse across the yard--the quantity was generally half a load of malt, which was ordered in sacks from the malster, who regularly called from Leeds. Between the good cooking and the good

brewing, there used to be some good duty done at our "old house at home."

Stout, Starkie, Lofthouse, Petty, Robinson, and "Little Tommy" were standard guests, and invariably were present at the "*ministerial free baits*" to keep the white-chokered gentlemen in countenance--*modest creatures!* These trifles live in the memory a long time, and are very pleasant to reflect upon; but ihen they ought to be thus, forsooth, they are *costly*, if not to we children, at least to our parents, and therefore our *inheritance*. The Gospel was a heavy charge to my father full thirty years in Clitheroe, and I doubt not he is now reaping his reward for the investment.

In connection with the warehouse across the yard, I may say that it was a warehouse for many purposes besides "John Barleycorn." Other Johns and manifestations had their place there--as, per example, ten loads of potatoes, real "old Kemps" or "Scotch pink-eyes," were annually stored from Farmer Clegg, of Wiswel; room was found for coals, turf, black earthenware, comprising mugs, mess pots, chimney tops, and pie dishes, hay, straw, and other material for packing; in addition to all this, the washing for the family, and when my father killed a fat pig, which

happened about twice per annum, it was suspended there previous to its being cut up for salting.

"Once upon a time" my father had a female servant, a native of Knaresborough, Grandsire Dodson sending her for service in his increasing family. She was called in the town "Yorkshire Mary." Mary had a sweetheart, as all Marys and servant gals will have--a stout, ruddy young fellow, apprentice to a neighbour and old family friend--viz., the late Mr. John Watson, plumber, glazier, and painter, whose kitchen door had its outlet into the same yard as my father's.

Watson's apprentice lads "lived inside," as it was termed, which meant they fed and slept under his roof. My father's warehouse was the first floor in a building three windows high, the two highmost being occupied as paint-shops, and entered through the same outward door. A timber partition described the warehouse, which was passed by Watson's workmen, who ascended to their work by a flight of wooden stairs reaching almost to the roof, and when they were going up or down sounded like a drum.

Mary attended to her washing once per week, being every Monday morning, rising from bed by three o'clock for the operation. These weekly washings were

taken advantage of by young "Putty" for to rise too at early matin hour, and plight his *Polly* o'er the Dolly. On one of these, a dead pig had been hanging from Saturday, being slaughtered on that day, Mary rising as usual on the Monday morning; but when the butcher came to cut the pig up, it was found extended upon the coals, and as dark as themselves. On my father's complaint at the circumstance, Mary's explanation was that she had fired up and got all in readiness for rubbing, scrubbing, and wringing, anxiously awaiting her Johnny, whose non-arrival to the appointed hour began to give her some concern, and that in her impatience and by way of soothing herself she tuned her voice and began to sing out something in the following strain,

*" Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair ?
I have been here since three in the merning,
And Johnny my love's not here,
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To put in my bonny brown hair;
But if Johnny ne'er comes this morning,
He may go to the d___l to pair,*

Chorus:--

*I'll neither wash nor scrub
For old Beelzebub,
Until Johnny my love does appear."*

As her voice dropped, so dropped the pig; and at the same instant a sound was heard on the wooden stairs like a heavy foot descending from the top. Clump ! clump ! clump ! Her ears became fixed, concluding her "swain " was approaching, and that in a mischisvous humour he had been hiding in the uppermost room of his master's paint-shop. Clump ! clump ! clump ! continued to the bottom and along the passage formed by the partition bounding my father's warehouse; and, fearful to record, instead of being her "loved one," it was his sooty majesty the Devil who advanced opposite to where she was standing, with her arms uplifted, near the washing tub, halted for a second, turned his blazing eyes upon her, and passed through the outward door in a flame of fire. She uttered a loud shriek, when Johnny was immediately there to her rescue.

She described the visit as awful. His majesty did not appear in form as in Milton, nor as in "Dantes Inferno," but rather as per Monsieur *Chaillu*--more in the pattern of his ancient likeness--that if, a body not very dissimilar to the little Frenchman's friend, the *Gorilla*, covered with matted, lanky hair, wearing a tail of prodigious length, with a large tuft at the end--*a la* lion--long thin legs and cloven feet, and hands like

unto an eagle's talons; head and face of indescribable shape, in which were stuck in the place of eyes two balls of fire, emitting sparks like a smelter's furnace--the whole set off with a large three-pronged fork across his shoulder. The strong brimstone smell that filled the air after his disappearance, I will not relate; only that it was sufficient to alarm the minds of timorous men, when be it remembered that the result of his majesty's unwelcome visit might have proved worse than the accident to my father's pig, or the fright of his servant girl--viz., that the flame might have communicated either with Watson's turpentine, Cockshott's powder magazine, or Arkwright's shavings, all being situated within a compass of fifteen yards.

I trust my nephews and nieces will not be scared by the account bequeathed by "Yorkshire Mary;" but for their consolation I assure them that, although there was considerable danger apprehended in the old town at the time by the Fiend being known to be at large *in* body, yet through the active labour of the head constable, overseer, and bailiff to her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, he was taken in custody, and along with one other of his satanic genus, who had been outwitted by a tailor two centuries before at "Dule-up-o'-Dun," together with "Peg-o-Nells," "The

old Hall Boggart," the Ghosts of Battersby's murderers, and a few Clitheroe indigenous, were immured in the deep dungeons of the "Moot Hall," and whose bones I will here suppose were found in an old lead mine, whither they had burrowed their way in Church Brow, discovered upon excavation by "owd Len Baudin," which said bones were taken possession of by my father and mother's friends and medical advisers, Messrs. Baldwin and Garstang.

The old Warehouse was long a terror to people, especially the junior portion; and during the famous Wesleyan Revivals it had been known to be made use of as a sort of shriving- place where young boys who may have fancied their stony hearts made soft, have gone to confess all fears had vanished and to attest their courage.

Mary has long been dead; but Johnny, her young and "gay Lothario," is now a resident of Whalley, and fast approaching three score years and ten.

In the year 1832, my father left the old corner "House and Shop." and entered upon premises previously held by Thomas Altham, druggist, on the opposite side of the Market Place, and adjoining the "Calf's Head." Competition had arisen in the trade,

and, together with bad feelings engendered by political warfare, the Glass and Earthenware department had become seriously affected in value.

I will here add, in conclusion of my notice of the occupancy of the old corner "House and Shop," that it was whilst here the most notable events in the Clitheroe elections had occurred; that it was in the old Attic that James and William had studied polities, blended with their other pursuits in quest of knowledge and mental improvement. It was there they wrote and prepared paper instruments for election strife. It was in the old Attic they had learned to read and think for themselves, and to adopt principles of national interest which by a class were regarded as utopian and inimical to the country's welfare, but which they lived to see all but universally prevail. My elder brothers had a political faith not derived from the ignorance and bigotry of local ties and training, but one that had been well thought out, and in which, unlike many "sons of worthy sires," now adherents of opposite beliefs in the old borough, they abided to the end. A late distinguished statesman once said that, "a wise man doth often change his opinions, but a fool never"--a saying requiring modification. An individual may from experience become impressed with contrary

views upon minor political detail, from what he might once have entertained, but not upon fundamental questions in the direction of a people's safety, such as were put in the balance, poised, and decided at the contest of 1868. I am of the opinion that shop, patronage, and influence, as a rule, has more to do in such change of conviction, than induction of reasoning or worthy motives.

My father transferred his shop and household to York Street, to shop &c., belonging to Miss Hothersall, nearly opposite to the back portion of the White Horse. About this time, the greatest part of a garden half an acre in extent, was given up for the purpose of a timber yard and other use by the late Robert Hornby, senior. This land had been rented near ten years from William Arkwright jointly with the late William Oddie, solicitor. It was originally broken up from sod, and laid down as garden, by my father. He generally attended to it himself, sometimes being astir as the cock crew; and by the bell rung six, attending to his engagements at Primrose; in it again in the evening, at the close of the said engagements.

My brother Thomas and I were made to weed and do other duty in the garden. We had a willow plantation arranged from a portion. The cutting of

these was generally performed by we two youngsters annually. Pea-sticks were sought for, and cut by us, on a nighbouring rocky eminence called "Coplo," leading to Chatburn, to the left of the railway, which is now rapidly disappearing from the action of powder, pick and gable, and the stone being burnt into lime. I always regret, in passing by road or rail, that the grasping hand of man had not spared this once nut-bush-covered hillock; but the money-clutching mania respects neither things of nature nor of art, but ploughs her way right on, regardless of both mind and matter.

My father delighted to be in his garden. He would sit burning his tobacco and musing for hours in the summer or tool-house, when the weather would be unfavourable for more profitable labour. He had used to say, that to till the earth was man's natural occupation, and that all other industry was but supplementary.

About the year 1842, the business of earthenware, &c., was declined, and he retired into a newly-erected dwelling, the property of his old friend, Mr. Hartley, solicitor, and next to his own house, York Street. Here the old lawyer and the old printer spent many a pleasant winter's evening, firmly fixed in big arm-chairs, at the "ingle" end, each with a yard of clay, well

primed and mounted in position; a cheerful fire between. The lawyer gloried in telling his assize and sessions' experience, and kept my father, and often others to boot, wrapped in interest and attention, whilst relating some anecdote of Henry Brougham, Alexander, or Creswell, when pleading at Lancaster, or on the Northern Circuit.

My father occupied this house until about 1848, when he gave his calling up as a printer, and removed to Bolton, his offspring having all dispersed from around him, my mother and himself being left alone.

As previously told, viz., in an interval of 21 years, my mother had given birth to 18 children, more than half of which lived into man and womanhood, and my father might say with the psalmist, "Blessed is he who has got a quiver full," for writing from evidence of individuals in town and district, friends and otherwise, not such a family was seen or remembered within the precincts of old Clitheroe.

I don't express myself thus from a false sense of egotism, but from a correct conception of that inspiration of pride which ought to infuse itself, be made apparent, and becomes praiseworthy in citizens of the civilized world, who can claim consanguinity or

even alliance, with sound, mental, and physical construction, a "fair fame," average good looks, unbending honour, virtue, truthfulnees, and integrity.

Although my late two eldest brothers' names have travelled about my pages more conspicuously than any other of my father and mother's children, I desire it to be borne in view that there were eight others, most of which had formed part of the compact whole, for many, many years of their trials and cares; and in order that none of them may be lost to memory in the minds of their nephews and nieces, I will now proceed to detail the ten who have sailed in the boat of mature life, one having floated and found a sepulchre within the waters which girt his native isle, and others who have crossed the "briny deep" and met yawning graves in foreign clime, in search of berth and home.

James, at an early period, was sent to Knaresborough, and passed two or three years at the Grammar School, in the Castle yard, "founded 1616, by Robert Chandler, D.D., by deed vested in sixteen trustees--eight at Knaresborough, and eight at Goldsbrough, the rector always to be one, and to be kept up by election when necessary, payable out of land at Mondesham, in Buckinghamshire. Grandsire Dodson was James's guardian and mentor, with whom

he lived whilst there; and I can fancy his early impressions and habits of reading and thinking, being cradled under his watchfulness and observation. Being a man of talents above ordinary measure, to which I alluded in my beginning pages, he warped himself in James's affections and endearments, as it were, in "budding life,"--in fact, I may add, that "Old Daniel" was a beloved and especial favourite with all my father's children, resulting, I should say, from his genial and pleasing character, germinating in sympathetic ground, so to express myself.

To Clitheroe Grammar School James was next sent, the Rev. Thomas Wilson, B.D., head master. Here he remained until the period had arrived he was placed to learn a trade, which was in 1821, then being only 18 years of age, viz., to William Arkwright, joiner and builder, Market Place, Clitheroe, the timber yard and workshops being immediately at the back of the "Old Corner House and Shop," and adjoining Cockshott's foundry, tin-plate, and other works, together with Watson's plumbing, glazing, and paint shops. The craft was not chosen for him, he chose it for himself. Pending his apprenticeship, he attended in the evening at a night school, conducted by Thomas Cox, for the purpose of improving his knowledge and practice of

architectural drawing, his taste for which seems to have soon indicated itself, for I have in my possession a small drawing book, to all appearance used when he was a mere boy, in which there are specimens of pencil drawings of Doric and other columns, cornices, entablatures,&c., and a written description, as copied, of the different orders of architecture in vogue from 1189, to the year 1460, from the pointed to the perpendicular English style.

Cox was very partial to James, the master and the pupil having many, points of taste and ability in common, both disciples and worshippers at the muse's shrine, and lovers of literature in general.

Cox's school was conducted in a row of buildings in Parson's Lane, next to the Wesleyan Chapel gates. He was a clever man in many respects; he understood and practiced land surveying, made plans for buildings, taught a day and night school, and did duty as a "local" in the pulpit, amongst the Methodists. He was a very small man, with a big head,--the smallest, it has been my pleasure to describe in my small book,--less even than the little one of "quids and quiddities" of bottom-whipping memory. Little "*Do-minie*" possibly might not require a shorter tape measure to get at the length, from the crown of his head to the sole of his

foot, than the miniature lawyer did, yet he was less in clayey substance, but much more "prodigious" in intellectual and ethereal power. He might have been made in one piece, as his legs, arms, and other *et ceteras* seemed to have no distinct or responsible attachment to the rest of his materiality,--all appeared to go together, or to be more explicit, his other members might have had no independent appointment. Like a certain *little faithful son and devotee of "St.Crispin,"* at present in my mind, he went along the road or street like shooting through the air, as though he had no legs and arms to assist his motive power, but whose functions were performed by the head alone, moving to and fro as regular in its vibrations as a German clock pendulum.

In the year 1828, James came out of his apprenticeship, and in the same year Clitheroe Old Church was partly taken down and rebuilt; the architect on the occasion was a Mr. Armstrong, from Carlisle, during whose professional engagements he had formed an acquaintance with James. At the completion of the church, the architect returned to Carlisle, when he became appointed to some work connected with the Cathedral of that city. Cox being, as I before stated, a native of Cumberland, had frequent intercourse with Armstrong whilst in Clitheroe, and

entered into arrangements to serve him as an architectural clerk in the office, pending the work at the said Cathedral, and consequently gave up his school and left for Carlisle. He had not been one long before my father received a communication from him, proposing terms from Mr. Armstrong for James to pass a period in the same office, during the said work.

The offer was at once accepted on the part both of father and son, the latter at once setting out pedestrian form, by way of Whitewall and the famous Trough of Bowland. "Old Joe.," or the "Old Mulberry Tree," and the whole strength of the Clitheroe Literary Society *gating* him to the latter point. During his stay in Carlisle, he continued his favourite pursuits--reading, writing, and other matters, contributing occasionally to the "Carlisle Journal," poetry, and other-wise; a paper in whose columns frequently appeared letters of a sentimental tinge, by himself or my brother William, upon a system of question and answer, bearing the initials or other secret mark of the writer. I am not exact as to the time he remained there, but I should say about two years. Whilst there, he lodged with a Mrs. Robinson, who kept the "Crown Inn," Botchergate, who treated him as a son. There was a large garden at the back of the house, in which was a seat beneath a tree,

where he was in the habit of sitting reading, betimes into twilight. This seat she pointed out with much enthusiasm to a twin sister, fourteen years afterwards, on her calling, on her way to Workington, on a visit to the daughters of a Wesleyan Minister, the Rev. Joseph Jackson, about the year 1843. He returned to Clitheroe, and was engaged by the late Messrs. James Hornby & Son, to make two or three unimportant plans; one being the Parsonage House at Grindleton, over the Ribble from Chatburn. This Parsonage he once pointed out to myself, as the first house he ever formally designed for hire.

He afterwards passed a short time in Halifax, I guess, for improvement in the practice of architecture, although I am not so certain. He formed acquaintance there, which he prized into after years, one being Thomas Crossley, a local poet, and to whom he inscribed 60 lines of verse, entitled "Spring," which I have now before me.

About the latter end of 1831, or early in 1832, he took up his quarters in Bolton, first serving one Wilson, builder, &c., Cockrill Springs, on premises now occupied by the executors or otherwise of the late Mr. Threlfall, machinist. In what capacity he was here I am unaware; but he remained in service connected with

the building trade in some department or other two or three years previous to putting himself forth as an architect. He was with Messrs. Horrocks and Barker, in yard originally held belonging to the late Mr. Gregson, joiner and builder, leading out of Moor Lane. Here I have knowledge that he was draughtsman, bookkeeper, and general manager, and during service with them, he made the plans for the Wheat Sheaf, and half-moon shape of premises turning out of Great Moor Street, round into Newport Street, considered the beet improvement which had occurred in the town for some time before. On this plot of land, at his own request to the owner of the entire lot and buildings being put thereon, viz., the late John Platt, he designed himself a small house, now a shop, in which he finally commenced as an architect in the year 1885. I may here say that this was the year he made his debut as a householder, having his sisters alternately as housekeepers, just as it suited his own and their convenience. His talents in the profession were soon recognised and met with patronage accordingly. In the year 1886 or 1887, he joined John Williamson, who had become a brother-in-law, as partner in the building trade. They were successful for a time, and continued together as long as they could agree, which was not a

very lengthy term, when they dissolved, and the business was carried on by James alone. The workshops, &c., were somewhere in the direction of Old Hall Street. Ultimately, he went out of the trade himself as a master builder, and confined himself to his profession, in Great Moor Street, from whence he removed his office to house then No. 18, premises previously held as the Excise Offices, Acresfield. Hither he finally removed his household in 1845. Here it was his practice as an architect increased and culminated. For a few years he was employed principally in that class of design and construction which he was used to say was alone deserving an architect's study and recognition. He would humourously remark that "Inigo Jones was never engaged to draw plans for a cotton factory; they had got cotton brains who were so employed. He designed and superintended the Bolton Public Baths, St. George's Schools, St. Paul's Church and Schools, with cottages around, for the late Mr. J. H. Ainsworth, Halliwell; Public Baths at Yarrow Bridge, near Chorley, for a Mr. Wilkinson, of Hull; New Jerusalem Chapel, and Albert Place Chapel, Bolton. He made the original plan, which was worked into a wooden model, for the present Bolton Public Market, and in this matter he was

an ill-used man, both by the Bolton Corporation and by private individual

This market had been a pet scheme, so far as the site goes with him, from his first settling in the town. It was an awkward site, laying much beneath the level of the town, crowded with a mass of property of uncertain value, and he needed be a bold man who would propose to lift a public market out of such a slough hole. He gave the first idea of a basement story, as at present existing in the market, also the galleries. The basement story was shewn in model, which was loaned to the Corporation, the members of which made use of it in every conceivable manner, such as inviting architects from other towns to inspect, &c. Plans were then advertised for, and the matter put to competition, each competitor arriving in the town to make examination of the model prepared from James's drawings, and paid from the private exchequer of the late Mr. John Scowcroft, his bosom friend. My brother then entered into an understanding with an architect just then come into the town, and recently deceased, that they should have one set of plans and one interest in the competition, each doing his particular share in working the said plans to a successful issue. James attended the gentleman's house almost nightly, for a

period, furnishing him with the price of material to be required in the construction of the Market Hall, in order to guide him to a safe estimate in rendering an account of its probable cost, as per drawings, &c., being prepared. The gentleman, or rather the professing gentleman, when he had picked and riddled James's brains and experience, picked a quarrel also, beat a shabby retreat, and cried quits.

James had then just eight days in which to make drawings and estimate for a work to cost in its entirety, near £100,000. However, he set to pencil and paper, laboured night and day, and was ready for the time appointed. The plans were exhibited, along with others from a distance and otherwise, including his quondam partner, to the number of about 30. The successful candidate was a stranger, from Wolverhampton.

James was a great favourite with the workmen engaged in the various contracts or otherwise under his management and superintendence, and the mention of his name amongst those who may remember him is received at this time with profound respect, almost amounting to affection, which has extended itself even to many who may not recollect, or have had any transactions or intercourse with him, but who speak from reputation and hearsay. He never manifested

harshness or severity in his professional practice. He was thoroughly a workman from experience, and was competent therefrom to perceive, so to word it, from the "rack of the eye," whether the *job* was being executed according to rule and requirement, and if to the contrary, he quietly pointed out the error in a necessary and workman-like manner, not proceeding to those vulgar extremities which some individuals have been known to adopt, viz., to push a brick walling down with the foot, or go upon the works in the absence of the workman or his master, and without notice or other ceremony, uproot, knock down, and scatter his labour into fragments with hatchet, hammer, or saw. He was free from ought akin to bully or bluster. If a matter in dispute needing adjustment, where himself might be selected umpire, should the line of difference be narrow, he would invariably lean to the weaker side. His unswerving principle consisted of peace, fair play, or justice.

In the year 1848, as aforesaid, my father and mother bid *adieu* to Clitheroe, where they had passed 40 years of life. This change was brought about in consequence, as I have also told in a foregoing page, of their sons and daughters having sought, and most had found, their homes in distant parts or foreign land.

James was a chisf mover in the proposition that the old establishment should be finally given up, and what articles of furniture, valued from age, association, or utility, be removed to his own house, and incorporated therewith, the rest to be disposed of in Clitheroe; all which was done, but not without first obtaining the willing consent of the "old folks," who were thus relieved from the extreme solitude of more advancing age.

It is an old saying, viz., "The kitten does not often carry the old cat a mouse, or the chicken take the brood hen under its wings," and I think not anything more signally points to the fulfilment of paternal and filial obligations than passages in life, such as here related,--that is, when after a father and mother have gone through the spring, summer, autumn, and far into the winter of existence, having "borne the heat and burden of the day," and there be a child or children with one heart and one hand, who take and succour them under the weight of declining years. What,ever little bickerings, ebullitions of temper, trifling misunderstandings, or short comings may have arisen in course of time, as they will arise occasionally with the best and purest of mankind, these reciprocations

testify that the souls of such parents and their offspring are attuned to one chord, and aspire to single harmony.

James continued actively engaged in his profession until the year 1855, when he was seized with a severe and painful illness, which threatened his life, and confined him to the house during six months. He was anxiously waited upon by the family and friends, and watched over by his mother, who thus became his nurse again, after a lapse of near half-a-century, since she held him in his swaddling bands at Brick Meadows, Sawley, by the Ribble. That mother, who 26 summers before, herself, prostrated and near the jaws of death, as announced with such fulness of feeling and solicitude by her second, to her now afflicted eldest son, thus:

"The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable and past finding out." By persevering care and attention, he was restored to comparative strength and active life, and resumed in part his business duties. Time went on until January, 1858, when he was overtaken by his old disease in a multiplied form and virulence. He lay for many weeks like an infant before a destroying tempest, and his spirit yielded its earthly inheritance on the 9th of March, 1858, aged 50 years; his body consigned to the Bolton Cemetery in the 12th. His death produced

deep regret in the family, and was felt in bitterness by my father and mother, and was shared in by his more immediate friends, and those of the public, who had had but a temporary acquaintance.

In person, James was five feet eleven inches, broad, square, and straightly built; at one period of his life, portly, large head, 25 inches in circumference, neither inclining forwards nor backwards, but erectly planted on his shoulders; face neither to be described as four-cornered, round, oblong, or oval, but possessing (if I can correctly use the term) the lines of all four; high forehead, standing well out; large eyes, silky light-brown hair; nose of proportionate bearing, small mouth, together with hands and feet; and at a period I remember, he was classed as good-looking, if not handsome.

James's mental arrangements were all original, as though nature in his case had done her work, and never made another. He was no copyist; he had thoughts of his own; sentiments of his own, words, sayings, desires, tastes, actions, &c.; and these distinctive figures in his character would sometimes shew themselves or predominate in the most amusing trifles. His intellectual mould, to materially express it, was vascular, full, protuberant, and apparent; it needed

no vermillion tint to paint and make him understandable. He thought, said, and did, regardless of most people; and if a whim took possession betimes against his better judgment and profit, he would see to its being gratified, as per example, when he was in the hey-day of youth and physical power, following soon upon taking up his residence in Bolton, he had a strong wish to see the Metropolis--a longing, no doubt, to a great extent, fostered by the "spirit rappings" in the old attic. A challenge was thrown out, and taken up by himself and two or three more, of a similar age, all strangers to the town, that they would see the great "*Babel*," with a stipulation as symbolical of the building trade, of which they were all members, viz., that they travelled the distance on foot, and should enter the city without coats and wearing their paper caps. True to the conditions, they started out having fixed the padding for each day, which was 40 miles, calling on their way in city, town, village, or hamlet, getting relief at the various clubs or lodge houses to which they belonged. I have heard James give some interesting narratives of the famous adventure. They arranged, at his suggestion, I suppose, to take the most historic and classic route. They passed through Tamworth, and he

repeated to his companions the lines of Sir Walter Scott, .

*"Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone
By which you reach the Donjon gate;
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion.
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;
And he their courtesy to requite
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down."*

They visited the roost prominent objects of his early fancy and readings, or as their limited funds afforded, not omitting Richmond Hill, "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill," &c., and after passing St. Paul's, by whose dial James timed the watch his grandsire Dodson bought him when a boy, they returned much in the same way.

For 20 years succeeding, it became a standard question by his familiars, what hour was it as per St. Paul ? the reply being with pleasure given.

James lived and died a bachelor, as others of his kinsmen hiwe done, and more likely to do. This did not occur from any natural unadaptation to the married state, but simply from the force of habit and

circumstances; but I will say here, his "single blessedness" never led him into the crime, I will call it, of immorality and debauchery; his natural sensitiveness towards virtue forbade it. He had his heart's misgivings, if my memory serve me correctly, with some young, fair, and beautiful creature in Halifax, who was used to perform for his edification on some stringed instrument, during his stay in that town. She was carried from life into the eternal shades by consumption, which I have heard say, affected him deeply. He penned some lines on the melancholy event, commencing, "Those fairy fingers will touch the chiming chords no more," &c.

In a kind of scrap book, I find eight original poetical pieces, containing together 120 lines, which he addressed to "Ernestine," which I conclude was synonymous with his "Yorkshire belle." I will transcribe the following. The first is entitled--

"To Ernestine On Stealing A Kiss."

*"O ! frown not on me, Ernestine,
And think not would thee offend:
I rudely stole that kiss divine,
But for forgiveness now I bend.*

*I would not soil those flagrant lips
With ought that virtue's self could blame,*

*But as the bee the honey sips,
And leaves the flowret still the same.*

*'Twas passion's headlong fondness stole
That kiss, which cannot be recalled;
But oh! 'twas seal'd with all my soul,
And in this heart it is enroll'd."*

The next he names--

"The Rose, A Country Sonnet."

*"I plucked a beauteous rose, the garden's pride,
And fondly in my breast the treasure placed,
Leaving to mourn its loss the tree it, graced
And quickly to the verdant bower I hisd,
And there amid the twisted Eglantine
This beauteous blushing rose I twin'd,
And thought I gazed upon my Ernestine--
Upon her form and elegance of mind;
With thoughts of sweetness is that form divine
So mingled, that the very flowers around
Serve but as symbols of my Ernestine,--
In her their smiles and sweetness all are found.
Ought that is beauteous I can never see,
Without comparing it, my love, to thee."*

James, I may say, wrote volumes at time and time, but he never placed anything in proper form, further than the public newspaper or fly leaf, &c. Perhaps his mind in the muse's direction never displayed itself much better than on the occasion of his friend Smith, alluded to in his diary, sailing for America,--a piece

which appeared in a Bolton paper at the period. I can collect the following four lines from memory, which struck me as a youth, the reason, no doubt, they are here; the rest, I suppose, are scattered with the dust:--

*"And though the broad Atlantic roll between,
Hearts are not distant, friendship still is keen;
Soarer thoughts can cross the wide mysterious sea,
Which but a lengthened chain of fervent love shall be."*

He was fine company in *certain moods*, with a thick vein of wit and humour, and like "*Poor Yorick, had a most excellent fancy.*" His presence was sought by admiring friends.' Flattery, a dangerous seasoning was bestowed, of which Sterne says:--"Delicious essence: how refreshing art thou to nature; how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side; how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult passages to the heart."

Alas, poor Yorick I how true of poor human nature; what man or woman who cannot apply thy words. James was but a unit amongst myriads, who have been hurried on to ruinous ground by cozening influences; in his case, it led to frequent assignations of a convivial and other kind, ultimately ending in their reasonable sequence, ___, physical attenuation, mental apathy, and an empty purse. He was easy and good-natured,

bore no malice, but ready in forgiveness; not an action of cruelty in his system: harmless unto all around, moving with life. He would much rather have been a vehicle of good than a messenger of evil. Like "Uncle Toby," I think, if he had caught a fly, he would have spared its life, and might have opened the window and repeated the words, "Go, there is room for thee and me."

James left many friends, and I think few enemies, and at the final reckoning, I trust, that when the "*accusin' angel delivers in his weaknesses and his faults, that the tear of pity may so prevail as to blot them out for ever.*"

William, the second son, who in pursuits and habits, might not inaptly be called James's twin brother, was educated partly at the Clitheroe Grammar School, and as I am here reminded, partly under Miles Aspinall, Back Church Brow, James being a pupil there at the same time, an item I omitted in my notice of him. "Old Aspinall," as he was known by in my memory, was a genuine pattern of a country schoolmaster, a bachelor, living by himself, no female daring to approach him on the most innocent plea--not even to condole with him when the skies might be dark and frowning, to chip his potatoes or butter his bread. He

had one apartment, in which were desks and forms for his scholars, bed, and cooking apparatus for himself, but no washing utensils, simply because he seldom performed the office. He was accounted a wonderful man at mapping and geography, and a witch at figures. He was a curiosity when living in the town, and out of school hours to be seen at the corner, on the steps, or otherwise inside Bailey's shop, Market Place; of middle height in stature, broad set, and on all days and seasons clad in coat, vest, and trousers of one colour, which was that of a softly-baked brick; hat from age and usage corresponding thereto, having round it what once had been a black crape band, which might have been put there when his grandsire was a young man, as a symbol of sorrow for some soul, which had passed through death's gates half-a-century previous; a neck-cloth tied in a line with his ears, and which, I daresay, he thought white, but in complexion not dissimilar to a dish of farmers' cream, which said complexion had been brought about through its unfamiliarity with the washing tub; his entire dress having here and there thick patches of grease, worn snod, as we used to say, or shiny, like blacking. He took snuff in profusion, which made him more filthy still, and if an individual had been in close quarters at the moment he was thus

regaling himself, it seemed to impregnate and scent the air. He died over 30 years ago, and was interred in Clitheroe Church yard.

William attended Cox's school as a regular pupil, where, after passing a year or two, he took his chart, and cleared out for business and the world.

Whatever I have said with regard to James's studies and tastes will apply to William, with few exceptions. The former joined to general literature a natural love and inclination for architectural drawing and poetical rhyming. The latter displayed, at a precocious age, as natural a love for landscape drawing and painting, but never put forth any pretensions as a rhymster or verse maker. At the age of 14 he was placed as an apprentice at Primrose Print Works, under the firm of Messrs. Thomson, Chippindale, Burton, and Thomson, to be taught the art of an engraver to calico printing, and as a preliminary, he was first put into the drawing or designers' room, where the first insight might be given or received of the origin and nature of patterns, that his aptitude for their tracing and execution might be strengthened for the ulterior and more substantial objects of his apprenticeship. As I have elsewhere said, Mr. Arthur Guinness was engaged to teach a number of youths in the engraving department, William being

one. At the conclusion of the said engagement, Guinness left, when Mr. Thomson offered the managership of the engraving rooms to one Thomas Prior, who had hitherto served as a journeyman. Prior, I believe, reluctantly accepted the appointment, and fulfilled its duties as well and as long as he could conveniently to his own profit and peace of mind, resulting from divers causes; amongst others, the most marked, perhaps, were, viz., that he was an irritable Irishman, and Mr. Thomson was as irritable a Scotchman; there used to be some hot and amusing scenes between them; they plagued each other, and their differences were a source of rich entertainment to those of the workpeople who might be within sight and sound. Whenever Mr. Thomson visited any department of the works, it was generally heralded or announced most likely a day before by some individual in the secret, or the person set apart for the purpose. He had no sneaking, underhand method with him, even in these non-important usages of business. He never or seldom took a man by surprise, by way of entrapping him in a misdeed or unworthy practice belonging to his appointment by appearing unawares or unexpectedly, as though he had come on the "wings of the wind," and landed himself through some gridhole, down the

chimney, or some other equally discreditable, suspicious, mysterious, and unknown passage. When he made these visits, he made them openly, and for an open purpose, and this manner of doing so, I dare say, had the effect of producing greater fear and importance in the minds of the heads of the departments thus visited. He was usually attended on these occasions by a train of two or three, consisting of the "manager-general" of the entire establishment, and sometimes a son or sons, or some guest at Primrose House; the *cortege* had all the importance and solemnity to be imagined in Her Majesty on State purposes, visiting her subjects through the Houses of Lords and Commons. The windows were polished and set in order; floors cleanly swept, all cob-webs brought down, and well-washed shining faces, with straightly-combed hair, were the order of the day.

So soon as the sublime "presence" became known, which was not done by blast of trumpet, but by the death-like silence which instantaneously succeeded, when all human sounds became hushed, save those which were inevitable to the peculiarity of the department of business, in places such as the engraving rooms, where the process or processes were as quietly conducted as parchment is prepared in a scrivener's

office, the effect was more apparent; the very atmosphere seemed pregnant with the very "*presence*," and not so much as a smile, a sly look, a wink, or a shake of the nose was ventured in by the workmen.

Prior, and the rooms under his superintendence, were not often visited, but for some especial object, when something bad been going wrong in some other place and traceable to him, and the Irishman got a bang-up share on this score of things going wrong and consequent fault-finding.

Prior kept a large black and white bull and mastiff dog, called "Spring," and wherever one was, there was the other; the dog, like a fixture, was invariably to be seen under his master's engraving bench, or just at his feet. One day, the "*sublime presence*" was announced, and marching straight to the manager, said "*Prior, turn that dog out.*" Admiral Fitzroy's signals never more clearly portended a coming storm than these, words indicated what might be expected. Prior did as he was bidden, and as he led the dog out by the collar, the tittering inwardly of the workpeople, old and young, I, cannot describe; a more humiliating command could scarcely have been given. It is always unpleasant to be visited with punishment in any form, but it must be

bitter where a subject is made, as it were, an instrument of his own punishment.

Then the storm began, and soon was raging; oaths and imprecations "fell fast and furious;" a rocket never cut the air and spurted fire with more rapidity than the "*sublime presence*" dealt out his verbal blows.

As I have said in my notes on Mr. Thomson, viz., whatever he undertook to perform, he performed it well, and with all his might, which equally applied whenever he set his mind on "raising the devil;" it was said that on this occasion, to make his satanic majesty look more in earnest, and to do his work better, he pulled his coat off and handed it to the Irishman to hold; however this might be, the latter at once resigned the managership into the former's hands, and henceforward eat down as a simple workman.

About this period it was my brother William was sent for, by Mr. Thomson, who put the question, viz., "did he think he was competent for the position of manager of the engraving rooms ?" He manifested some hesitation, but was encouraged to give it a trial and finally accepted the responsibilities, the salary being nominal until such trial.

In the estimation of William, his family, and friends, the offer and appointment were regarded as peculiarly marked, flattering, and eligible. He had been but some few months free from his indentures, and little over 21 years of age, which was rather a juvenile time of life for promotion, and a heavy charge for one so young and inexperienced, with the fact to mind that he was the chosen successor to a brace of veteran Irishmen, one of whom bore the glittering name of *Guinness*, and the other the significant one of *Thomas the Prior*.

The trial was made, and proved eminently satisfactory to Mr. Thomson, who attested it in a substantial form, by advancing William's pay in the short space of two or three months more than fifty per cent., the more prized inasmuch it was awarded to him unsolicited. The youthful manager had scenes and rencontres with his employer, but they were produced from a totally different cause, were spiced with a different flavour, and acted out with as much character in the man as in the master; not that pliancy in the young Saxon as was to be found in the old Celt.

The "*sublime presence*" was manifest betimes, but then there was no rocket shooting nor sparks emitting therefrom. Examinations would take place, remarks

made, questions asked, and directions given, all in a courteous and endurable manner, replications and information in the same *bon-ton* mutually returned.

William, without doubt, would feel his "monthly tip" as novel and somewhat burdensome, more than required for real necessaries, and ranging higher than his hitherto limited monetary conceptions. Of course, a new way must be made for his new commodity. Juniors have had, have, and always will have their fling, outlet, and display, and necessarily must be frequenters of "Vanity Fair." So like Sam Weller, and do the thing slick, William would have an opening or gala-day. Every needful preparation was entered into at the "Old House at Home," improvements made therein, such as a brand-new carpet, from Edmund Welch, &c., new colouring for the walls, (not much paper-hanging then), *la cuisine*, and other matters appropriately arranged and disposed, including two or three wheelbarrows full of coals, which I am old enough to remember I had the especial honour of being deputed to transfer from a heap, sold in Lower Gate, by some one whose name I forget, but living near the "Old Hall," Le Wyverres, or old Manor House of Sir John Dinley; Henry Robinson, my father's farming friend, or "Old Tom Holt," in Parson's Lane, with whom my

mother used to have a little *truck*, having disappointed her with the usual cart load, and the weather being frosty and nipping, she was afraid of running short on this distinguished and auspicious occasion. William also was not unmindful of his person, but adorned it, or rather his literary friend and tailor, Tommy Starkie, adorned it, with a shining suit of olive and other *fill-ups*, befitting the event.

The guests were composed of his own chums, members chiefly of the old Literary Society, consisting of the following individuals, whose Christian names are written as they were spoken, viz., Little Tommy Bradley, Tommy Starkie, Jim Fletcher, Jimmy Lawton, Robert Smith, William Porter, Will Wilkinson, William Driver, "Old Jos.," and some others I forget. The night came, and speeches were spoken, toasts went round, goblets emptied and replenished again, and the feast sped merrily along until "There was a sound of revelry by night," and "We won't go home till morning, we won't go home till morning, until daylight doth appear."

A pay-night at this era and a few years forward was a bother to William; Starkie made his pockets either too weak or too shallow, otherwise the coin in which he was paid was too slippery; but in either case,

very unfortunate. Some folks say money won't come near them; it is said of others, that they cannot push it away; whilst again, some there are who whether they get less or more, it sticks to them; and others there be, who cannot stick to it. William was one of the latter class, for some time after he was registered as a full paid workman, and onwards a trifle, past the period he won his spurs as a manager or superintendent of workmen so sure as the sun rose and set, and rose again, when the pay month came round, William found, his sovereigns o'er weighty and oppressive, therefore a method must be hit upon for exchanging a few, for more enjoyable and less troublesome wares.

Some young men desire dignity, but don't own much furniture, where she ought to have her birthplace, and which Byron names as--

*"Mind's imperial seat,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul."*

but imagine they find her,

*On horseback, in scarlet, up to the thighs in leather,
Or trimly gaitered below the knee,
To protect their gentilities from the weather,
Carrying a long thong'd whip, from which the dogs do flee.*

Or seated aside some gay young Miss, in a vehicle to match, and as the saying goes, "put a monkey on tit-back, and it will ride to the devil." So their dignity is heightened when they may be riding, driving, or smashing over everybody and everything--crying "out of the way, stupid," thinking all the world is admiring, whereas, all the world thinks them fools. To mark these "illustrations" still more, I may add here, that I was on the Manchester Road leading from Bolton, this day, Dec. 27th, and I was met on the way coming from the direction of Farnworth, by a young would be dignity, seated in an iron framework, which bore a striking similitude to a basket, made from the same material, usually called a "*cage*," to be seen ascending and descending a coal pit shaft; behind, was placed a lesser "dignity," wearing a hat splashed with gold, sometimes called a tiger, but better described as his master's "spunge," or "lickspittle." Both the "big tiger" and the "little tiger" in the iron wicker, were in such close proximity to *terra firma*, that I was at a loss for a second or two to comprehend the appointment and appropriation. A horse was yoked to the affair, and stood to his work some 8 hands higher than the premier dignity, who with the reins to guide the brute, sat so much below, as produced a comparison betwixt

himself and the former, as great as between a balloon and its parachute. The poor animal was doing its best to drag its weight along the snow-covered road, but the tension caused to its system by the nature or construction of the machine was such; that its body seemed to writhe and twist under the operation, as a snake might do from the strokes of an hatchet. I soon saw that the said basket, wicker, or cage was intended for a sleigh, according to American or Siberian custom. It was both amusing, ludicrous, and pitiable, to witness this ambitious young gentleman being pitched along, raking the way, *not crispy*, over *Jack Frost*, but on the stony pavement, and causing the sparks to fly as from Vulcan's anvil, A workingman stood alongside myself and he remarked, whether the dignity had got all his "chairs at home or not," that he would prefer a bicycle, but that one and the other were only fit for "fools and swelled heads to sit upon." The man was about right, but I should choose the "imposing demonstrations" of horse and chariot of brother William's youth. Being Christmas festive season, no doubt he was on his way to Bolton where the streets and squares were crowded with gallanty shows, hobby horses, swing boats, and people, to become one amongst the number, and

distinguish himself to the gazing public, possibly, to his *Dinah* in the bargain.

William was not at all inclined to be *horsey* nor "stable minded," far from that, but then at that period of life he must do a little as others did; and thus an omnibus or other equipage would be engaged. Sometimes it might be as many gigs as could be hired in the little town, numbering perhaps 4 or 6 for inside riders, and as many horses with saddles and bits, for horsemen or outriders, and thus the semi-chariot cavalcade would move off in grand style down York Street for Gisburn, or on to the Blackburn Road to Whalley, or might be, the more fashionable village of Whitwell, and as in most such like gorgeous, striking, and gigantic displays, there is known to be one who in slang, and ungrateful terms passes as the "*paying fool*," I regret to have to report that my brother William too often practically played this part, which means, he generally paid the "*lion's share*." These movements or methods for young men to make away with their over-plus cash, frequently led him to drive a little more towards the extreme, and he would then remain a day or two from his post at the Engraving Rooms, and sometimes pending his absence from these reasons, Mr Thomson would send for him to my father's house. On

one of those occasions, as it was told to me the other day by an individual in Clitheroe, to whom the story had been related in America, by an old friend of William's, now a resident there, and partner in the Merrimac Printing and Cotton Works, Lowell, U. S. A., William had been a party to one of these said imposing demonstrations, and while the "*hurly-burly*" was being "done," he had had more of John Barleycorn's society than barley sugars, which said society had left a sort of ennui, heaviness, lethargy, or indisposition for anything solid; when the mind is forced into that condition that it is unable to point itself, and it wanders about like a shipwrecked passenger cast upon some desolate island without a definite sight or purpose--in other words, William was as they say "*unfine*," and whenever he was undergoing this unbeatific ordeal, he had an unflinching determination not to be seen by his employer. The messenger presented himself and delivered the ominous words, that "Mr. Thomson desired to see William." The reply was, "Mr. William would be there directly." An hour passed away, when the same message was received again, "tell Mr. Thomson I am just engaged, but will be there soon," was returned. Another hour or two elapsed, the messenger was back a third time, with a

more urgent request accompanied by impatient expressions. William sent full change, viz:--"tell Mr. Thomson I cannot come." This characteristic answer was duly told to Mr. Thomson, who as characteristically looked the bearer in the face, gently raised his spectacles with his hand, and said, "oh, now I understand that, he means he won't come, eh ? why did he not say so before ?" No doubt Mr. Thomson was greatly annoyed. But there seemed to be a tacit understanding between them, that whichever might feel aggrieved neither of them would make any improper manifestation, they might throw mud at each other and vomit wrath, the color of gangrene, yet, they would not be the bearers thereof; this arose I will venture to say from the high esteem they bore each other, and if anything occurred or was uttered which might give pain on either side they chose to delegate it rather than be witnesses of it themselves.

Circumstances sometimes arrive in a man's career, such as so strongly marked that of Mr. Thomson's, who with order, regularity, and precision, so legibly mixed up in his undertakings, when and where it is necessary for a large proprietor like him, desiring to preserve the routine of his establishment intact, to descend to the adoption of means to that end, which in his better mind

and judgment, and under more favourable aspects he would have spurned and condemned. At the period in question, time had brought on Mr. Thomson such circumstances, he was passing the meridian of age and was *unblessed* with a family of sons who in the place of *aids* and comforts, were the antipodes of these. *He* might be either a Saul or a Jesse, but he had no Jonathan who "dipped his rod into the honeycomb to have his eyes enlightened," or a David to fight his battles. They had first-class instruction paid for, similar to his own, viz:--University training, and were not without natural ability. The father . . . was used to say of his eldest who practiced chemistry, that there were only seven wonders in the world, and his son Tom was the eighth.

They raked, drank, and gambled, wasted their time in folly, and took women of "*ill fame*" to wife, and plotted and schemed to "bring down the old man's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Managers, foremen and other heads of departments swarmed on the ground, many of whom might have been dispensed with, and their duties performed minus the extravagant salaries if the junior Thomsons had done their part. These parts not being done, produced one cause to the other parts not being done, and the consequence became that

managers, &c., had need for watchings and superintendence just as much as the men over whom they were appointed watchers and superintendents. Mr. Thomson, to protect his interest in some degree in this untoward position, instituted a sort of police, in the person of one *Keeble*, whose antecedents I suppose led to the selection, and no doubt well fitted him for the post of detective, viz:--that during the power-loom breaking of 1826, a company of soldiery infantry was stationed for some time in Clitheroe, a barracks being arranged in the row of buildings known as "Bawdlands." *Keeble* was a sergeant in the said company, and pending his military duties there, he did a little soldiery duty on his own account, by wooing and wedding "a fair maid," sister to my old friend and tailor, "Tommy Smooth Tongue." When the district became somewhat settled and peace established with the destructionists, the soldiers left and with them the sergeant and his new made bride. Some time following, the happy couple took up their billet permanently in the town, *Keeble* having purchased his discharge or otherwise be had served his appointed time. Mr. Thomson set him to notice the time the *heads* of departments were on the establishment and report the same to him. My brother Willtam had been taking part

in one of the monthly semi-chariot cavalcade *imposing demonstrations*, and as usual had been overjoyed by its magnitude and witcheries, and took a day or two for reflection thereon. When he had got his bellows into something like equable form, and his selvage lines into something like presentable order, he went down to the works somewhere about mid-way between breakfast and dinner hour, the detective being at the bottom of the steps leading to the Engraving Rooms, and who of course did his duty, which was, by informing the said manager that Mr. Thomson had ordered him to that sentinel point, and he should be obliged to form his report accordingly, *i.e.* the exact hour he Mr Greenhalgh had arrived. Tell Mr. Thomson to go to hell, said Mr. G. Must I do so, eagerly enquired Mr. Detective. Certainly, rejoined Mr. G. The report was literally handed into Mr Thomson who was seated in his library at Primrose House. "Did William Greenhalgh say so, Keeble ?" Mr. Thomson demanded, three times repeated. "He did Mr. Thomson." "Tell him to come down here immediately," returned the latter. William shortly appeared before the "sublime presence" who was sitting in his big arm chair as he entered. "Did you say to Keeble that I might go to hell" asked Mr. Thomson. "I did sir." "You did, eh oh well you can go

back to your business." A messenger was then sent into the printing roome for my father to go down to Primrose House. My father was soon there, wondering to himself what could be the matter. The "sublime presence" was still in his big arm chair as though he had been petrified with William's reply, "Greenhalgh," said he, "how did you bring your sons up?" My father felt perplexed and scarcely knew how to answer. "Well Mr. Thomson," replied he, "I brought them up as well as I could and knew how, both by precept and example," why Mr. Thomson? "Your Will has just sent me word may go to hell, and he has been here to confirm it." "It grieves me very much Mr. Thomson to hear that," said my father, who hung down his head and shed a tear, and raising it again, observed the great printer in a similar soft mood and position, to whom he bade good morning, and withdrew.

I have no apology to offer for my late brother. I think he had acted an unbecoming part at this time, and it was one he himself did not justify in subsequent time when the heat and effervescence of youth were succeeded by the coolness and steadier thought of advancing years. I cannot hold these interludes as I will call them in William's career, up for imitation or approval, brother though he were, at the expense of the

memory of Mr. Thomson. I don't see myself where the latter was at all blameable, or that he had departd from his usual notions of dignity and fair play, when it is considered the remarks I have previously made upon the reasons which led to Keeble's appointment. If I had been William's employer, I should have shown him very unceremoniously to the door, dismissed him from my service, and forbidden him to approach my premises again.

A week or two succeeding, the post brought William an anonymous letter from the neighbourhood of Accrington, the purport of which, was, that one D.C. a manager on Primrose ground had been in communication and treaty for a gentleman to take his position in the Engraving Rooms, but that no final arrangement had been arrived at. This put William upon his mettle and he at once gave legal notice and left Mr. Thomson's service; obtaining an appointment either at Barrow, near Whalley, or at Church Bank, near Accrington; whichever of the two works he engaged to first, this is certain, he was a short time at both after quitting Primrose.

He had not been many months away before a party was sent over to induce him to take up his old position, but he refused to do so without an improvement of

salary was attached to it, which was readily assented to. This took place, I think, between 1884 and 1885. He remained at Primrose until April 1840, when he did as his father had done before him, he wooed and wed a handsome and promising creature in the person of Miss Slater, maid to Miss Thomson, only surviving daughter of Mr. Thomson, Primrose House. The marriage took place at the old Parish Church, Bolton, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. James Slade, vicar.

Marriage of course, as an ever healing balm to all diseases that "flesh is heir to," worked as a curative to William's occasional youthful escapades, and brought him within the pale of solid settlement, common sense and action. I am not meaning here, that he had ever violently violated the fixed lines of common sense, but I wish it to be inferred that he was not a "sucking dove," nor did he pursue the "even tenor of his way" without betimes putting out little sinuosities, which may be more correctly called reliefs to character.

To the end of his service at Primrose, matters were marked with smoothness, regularity, and unanimity. The "detective" seldom troubled the Engraving Rooms, and when the "sublime presence" appeared there, it was more in form, and came and departed in a spirit of agreement and cordiality.

William passed many of his winter evenings at Little Moor House, the residence of the junior Thomsons; taking part in a hand at whist or other amusements peculiar to their station and society when "at home." He was a great favourite with them, and on most occasions they received and treated him as an equal. I am not wishing it to be understood that they were doing anything which ought to call forth surprise when I use the word equal, for in all substantial comparisons between man and man, he was more than their equal. Yet there does exist, and I suppose there always will exist a dividing line between master and man, employer, and employed, in other words, between capital and labour, and it is fitting and profitable it should be so, when not worn to excess on either side.

William first lived in a house in Spring Gardens, after marriage, near Primrose Bridge, built by Stephen Embly, Mr. Thomson's butler. He continued here until about 1842-3, when he removed to his second house in Eshton Terrace, a property erected on the club principle, set on foot by Mr. Wilson, of Eshton Hall, who at the period they were commenced, was M.P., for Clitheroe.

William became possessed of the house, or had some interest in it, derived from the foundation principles or action of the said club.

In this house, I have heard him say, he had passed some of the happiest moments of his life. Here it was, his only son was born, here it was, he prosecuted his favourite study of water colour landscape painting, in a studio systematically arranged for the pursuit; here it was, that Miss Thomson, visited him, a lady of great refinement of manners, education, and general accomplishments, uniting therewith, an ardent love and taste for art, herself being no mean limner either in water or oil. She spent hours with him at Eshton Terrace and cheered, encouraged, and assisted him in whatever she was able, where it was needed and it could be modestly and gracefully conferred. In this house it was, the same lady exerted her persuasive powers to embolden him to the idea and determination of publishing his artistic labours, and offered to gain him an introduction to some well known or distinguished London publisher, and with any further aid he might require. To this generous interest on his behalf, William turned a deaf ear; like most meritorious amateurs, he dared not advance "where angels might fear to tread." In return for these considerations,

William gave her lessons in the use of the Graver for her own private practice and amusement, facilities and convenience for which, he provided in his own house. "Recognitions and intercourse in social and intellectual life such as here alluded to, where there is a oneness of taste and object, with a congeniality of motive, temperament and desire, become mutually advantageous, and are like spangled leaves or dew-drops in the garden walks of civilization, eminently adorn and fructify it, are worthy of being treasured up, pleasant to reflect upon, and agreeable to record.

About the year 1847 he joined my brother Thomas as a master engraver to calico printers, under the style of "Greenhalgh Brothers." The works were situated at Stubbins Bridge, near Bury. The buildings and engine power rented from Messrs. Gregg, Watson and Gregg, calico printers, Rose Bank, Stubbins, and contiguous to.

William resided at the neighbouring village of Edenfield, in a house newly erected, below the church, at the junction of the Haslingden with the Burnley and Rawtenstall road.

At this village at that period, there was a good and select society into which William was admitted and became an especial favourite, consisting of the Rev.

Matthew Wilson, incumbent, of course, as the head, the rest being made up of the village doctor, the village lawyer, calico printers, cotton spinners, and manufacturers, who met alternately at each others houses for chat, . . . *pipes*, and *glasses* for those who might be disposed.

The business was conducted here successfully until the year 1850, when they gave up the premises in consequence of the said premises being so near and handy to Rose Bank printing works, the Messrs. Gregg and Co., having opportunities of entering, if merely for gossip, and inspecting patterns in course of process, the property of other printing masters, and reporting the same in quarters not to their business interest. Messrs. Thomson, and Co., of Primrose, who largely supported William along with Thomas in the new enterprise, being amongst the loudest in their complaints.

They then entered into partnership with one Whittaker, who had an established works and business in Wilmot street, Manchester, and left Stubbins and Edenfield about the afore- mentioned year.

William still holds a pleasant place in the memories of many in the village who knew him, or had his

acquaintance, the incumbent of the number. He pursued his painting with as much love and assiduity, and gave to his friends there, little specimens of his ability, which now grace the wall, and are prized as valued mementoes.

The business had not been long removed before a dissolution took place, so far as it regarded Whittaker. The firm afterwards assuming the style as at Stubbins. William occupied house in Vine st., No. 26, leading off Stratford road, near to Holy Trinity Church. Here he was steadfast to his accustomed habit of engaging the leisure hour, viz:--painting, and reading; but I am inclined to think his pleasures apart from business were not much increased in Manchester. Nor have I any reason for noting his residence there, as worthy of being chronicled, as a beauty patch in his career, or as one of which he himself had any very sweet remembrance, the cause for which, perhaps was as traceable to himself or more so, than to any other palpable and outward circumstance.

Painting, reading, artistic, and literary taste, cannot be as faithfully indulged in the dingy, dirty, crowded streets of a great city, where the hearing is numbed by the never ceasing rumbling of its commerce, the cry of the costermonger and other discordant sounds, as in a

village or rural retreat where the sun shines clear, the atmosphere is untainted, and the thrush, the cuckoo, or the corncrake may be heard.

William was nearing that stage of life when the mind makes a halt, weighs the substance, counts its treasure, and takes a retrospective of what it may have left behind, and in its loss of buoyancy and elasticity, when not finding the balance as meet as to be desired, or as it ought and might have been, seeks for other backs to bear the blame, and in some respects to carry the burden. William was discontented with his adventures in Manchester, matters did not turn up or minister to the necessities of a multiplying and rising family as he considered proportionate thereto. But whether anybody was really answerable for this, independent of himself, I never could clearly ascertain, and therefore will hazard no opinion.

In 1855, he entered into an engagement with Mr. Harter, Manchester, as agent to the Merrimac Printing Co., to go out to that establishment at Lowell, U.S.A, to take charge and general managership of the engraving department, at a salary of £400 per annum, for a term of three years, to advance at the end of the said term. He set sail with his family, numbering himself, wife, and six children, and bid farewell for ever to father,

mother, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends, and fatherland.

He says in a letter dated June 24th, 1855, to my father and mother, that they landed safe and sound after a pleasant passage of 36 days, that they met with a host of friends on board; and in a somewhat *querulous* humour that I cannot for the world account for, adds,-- "The captain and purser treated us well, but it is a singular thing, that I could not shed a tear when the hills of my native country were receding from my view, and I could not shed one when I reached the land."

I dont understand what William wished my father and mother to infer from the lines transcribed above. I should suppose at the moment he was penning them, some of those Yankee brethren called mosquitoes, must have been fraternizing and scratching an acquaintance with him. I am not aware of any ill treatment he had ever received, at all events from his immediate family, to cause his optics to emit no "briny tears."

I am sure everything was done for him that affection, and the means of his father, mother, brothers, and sisters could do. If material obligations were not forthcoming according to his necessities, it may be explained that he was not leaving them in *affluent* or

luxurious circumstances, and that most of them had their own cares of family, and their own peculiar demands and requirements; but what they were able to do, was done, with a good heart, amidst tears and regrets for the separation. But as I have expressed above, he had made a halt in his mind, and the balance was not as favourable as it ought and might have been; still, his kindred, friends, and old England were not to blame for this. He goes on to describe that he was "tucking in a good breakfast on board;" a treat no one can enjoy without being on the sea five weeks, when a gentleman wanted to speak with me below. I left my splendid breakfast and went, and found a gentleman from the Merrimac Company to conduct me to the works. I went to see Mr. Crownshisld, the treasurer, the head man of the Company, and had a comfortable interview with him; went to the warehouse to look at the prints, thence to one of their customers, and was treated as a gentleman. Everywhere, I began to feel that I might be something yet, and I now think I shall, if my health is preserved; at present I never felt better. We took a first-class from Boston down to Lowell, 24 miles. Mr. Henry Burrows and Mr. Tuft, the cashisr, were there to receive us, and a hearty reception we had; brothers could not have behaved better, and I cannot

think or say too much about it. We were conducted to a first-class hotel, stopped there until the following day; but eight dollars a day were too much, so I determined to go into my house, without furniture, but however, Mr. Burrows had arranged otherwise, so on the Saturday night we slept in our own house, having bought during the day, some beautiful furniture. I wish you mother, could see us. My house is a paradise of a place, or a fairy spot. You "will be delighted with it when you come over to see me, which shall be no dream if you live and I live, I cannot feel that I am separated from you for ever, mother."

Writing to my late brother James, on Nov. 9th, 1855, the heading of which letter is set off with a lithographed view of Lowell, he says,--"Look at the bridge, crossing the river, the river is the Merrimac, and the bridge is called Dracut bridge. Over that bridge I have passed many a time, visiting friends who live on the Dracut side of the river. The bridge is a wooden one, covered in to keep the snow off it during the winter season; there are openings in the side, the size of windows, but no glass. The view from one of these openings upon a moonlight night is beautiful, the moonlight reaches brilliancy far exceeding ours, though ours is not to be treated slightingly; this extra

brilliancy arises from the greater clearness of the atmosphere. Well upon such a night I did not stand within the coliseum walls, midst the chisf relics of all mighty Rome, but within Dracut bridge, Lowell, Massachusetts, America, some three thousand miles from fatherland. I enjoyed the scene, and it brought to my mind many similar scenes, now gone to the past, as well as some of our old friends who then lived to enjoy those scenes with us. Starkie idolized a moonlight night. Poor Starkie, Porter, and living "Old Jos. We have spent with these and others many a fine moonlight night in Clitheroe; another I think we shall never spend there. So mote it be; we cannot help it; but I have a great pleasure in recalling scenes like these, and every moonlight night does its work in this way. We had some gorgeous moonlights on the broad Atlantic, being made sublime by the expanse of waters. I did not forget the Clitheroe moonlights then, nor those friends associated with them. The only classicality connected with river moon-light scenes, or forest moonlight here, is, that the North American Indians have paddled one in their canoes, and made their trail through the other. The Indians are also added to the past so far as this region is concerned. The only thing remaining of them is, the name of the river

Merrimac, and a few other Indian names, such as Pawtucket Falls, and Pawtucket Town."

Feb. and Dec. 1857, he furnishes an account of his reading, &c., to James, which testifies that he had lost none of his early zest and custom, but had landed them unimpaired in the country of his adoption.

"I am going through a course reading which I call classic English, such as De Quincy, Sydney Smith, Macauley, Jeffreys, &c., the Edinburgh and Blackwood Reviewers in the '*oldentime*' when we were boys, and thought everybody a God who could contribute a page or two to those celebrated Reviews. I have been much amused by the memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith, written by his daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Holland, the celebrated physician. If you can get the reading of it, do it at once, it will repay the perusal. The Americans have produced some clever authors, both as poets and philosophers; but still, they are mainly dependent on British talent for their literary luxuries, either ephemeral or immortal. Deprive them of Dickens, Thackeray, &c., the vacaum would be insupportable; not that I am a great admirer of these evanescent writers, yet they are prodigiously admired here.

"James, I have a great favour to ask, here. I will ask it if I am denied, and that is, to send by M.B. the portrait in oil of yourself; I think I have the greatest and most legitimate claim to it, and it would be so much valued by us. Fred is the only one likely to carry the name down to posterity, and I think he ought to possess the likeness of the head of the family, lineally considered, of our particular branch of the genealogical tree. If the removal of it is not heartily acquiesced in, let it stop, and be lost in the *mobs* of other names, and valued only, for its canvass and colours."

I hereby testify, and desire, that William's wish be acceded to at my demise, and the said portrait be sent to his son, if living.

"I like old Boston, it is such a comfortable place, so English like; then there is a great publishing place, there is the noble, I say noble, (and I have reasons for it,) Ticknor and Field, the princes of publishers; Philips, Sampson, and Co.,; Gould, Lincoln, and Co.; Whittermore, Niles, and Hall, and a host of others, all honourable men, not wishing to use English brain without paying for it. We should have an international copyright law if it depended on the Boston publishers. Boston is the Athens of the United "States, therefore I like Boston, and when I go there, I run through the

stores of these eminent publishers, and purchase an old book or so by way of encouraging them; in fact, I patronize them. Last time but one I called at Ticknor and Fields, I bought Shirley, a novel by Miss Bronte, and the Tenant of Wildfell Hall, by her sister Ann; Jane Eyre, I had read previously. The last time I was in Boston, I called to patronize Little, Brown, and Co., and bought Bulwer's Dramas, containing his "Richelieu," "Lady of Lyons," and other poems. I gave 56 cents for it, a beautiful pocket edition in blue and gold, the popular and fashionable style of external adornment at present in the States."

In America, as in the land of his birth, William had no difficulty in finding society, and making firm and lasting friendships. He held a high position at the works, met with universal esteem, favour and approbation wherever he was known, and according to American custom, lived in genteel style.

His family had been enlarged by one, being with this, six daughters and one son. His family gave him great care and anxiety, and was a source of heavy expense. Having but one son, he seemed to concentrate more than a fair share in his direction, but of course, no more than was natural, which manifested itself in resolving to procure for him the best education his

means would afford, and the institutions of the country offered.

In letter to my father and mother, July 19th, 1858, he says,

"Fred is a young man, very tall and healthy; he never gives over eating; as soon as he comes into the house, he walks straight to the cupboard seeking what he may devour; he is very studious and steady. To day he is sixteen years of age, and is now preparing for the "High School" examination; he has already distinguished himself, and is considered (not by me) *a boy of mark*. If nothing blasts my prospects, I intend when he has finished at the "High School," to send him to college, and afterwards make a lawyer of him; he must make a barrister of himself."

October 22nd, 1859, he writes:-"Fred finished his studies at the "High School" with all honours, gaining a diploma and a silver medal; he is said to be the best scholar sent out by the school. He passed his college examination, and was admitted, Sep. 1st, 1859; it is Harvard College, the Oxford and Cambridge of the United States; it will cost me about £100 per annum during his stay there. I shall keep him there as long as I can afford. Three years college education, and two years at the Law School."

The father's hopes rested on the son, and by way of evidence to attest that they were not to some account misplaced, will here include copy of printed verse, written by the latter at the age of 19 years, addressed to his college class, and entitled,

"ODE."

"For the Class of '61."

Written by F. T. Greenhalgh.

"Once again let our hands in sweet fellowship meet,
Ere the chords that now bind us shall part;--
Once again, ere we speak the last word, let a song
Overflow from our fulness of heart;
On the threshold we stand, and behind us we look,
With a mournful and lingering gaze,
And again through the glimmering scenes of the past;
In her sorrow sweet memory strays.

When the maid shall have bloomed to the woman's full grace,
And the youth into manhood has grown,--
We shall keep in our hearts the sweet joy we have shared,
In the days that for ever are flown;
Though the fast falling shades of the years gather thick,
On these memories gladsome and bright--
They will shine with a still deeper glow, like the stars
In the darkest and dreariest night.

Never fear, class-mates dear, but undaunted advance--
There is work in the world for us all,
And be it to toil, or to battle, or death,
Let us boldly respond to the call;
While the war drum's hoarse throb, now resounds in our ears
And the nations are mingling in strife,
With resolve in our hearts, and a prayer on our lips,
We embark on the ocean of life."

July 22nd, 1861

I cannot furnish in detail, William's, or his family's where-abouts and doings, only from evidence drawn from his written communications. In most of these, he expresses himself favourably of America, her people, and institutions. and seldom manifests regret or lamentation at being cast amongst strangers, yet, there comes sometimes a sigh for the home of his birth. I extract the following, viz:--"Our chief interest is to hear

what is taking place in Europe, and in Europe, what is taking place in England, the centre of Europe, the eye of the world, the civilizer of the world, the hope of all men, the little spot of earth that dares all the world, because she is mighty in the justice of her efforts, as well as in the wisdom that directs those efforts. America is the great echo of those efforts, or in practical words, she carries out the principles that are created there; to wit, the principles upon which her present liberties are founded, came from England, the means for sustaining those principles came from England up to the present time, and she looks to England for sustenance, as the infant looks to its mother for its milk. If England were, by some natural convulsion swept from the face of the earth, no country would suffer more from such a calamity than the *Great United States North America*

"Notwithstanding that the Anglo Saxon race rule here, I am afraid through the great intermixture of foreign blood, that in ease such a calamity were to occur, the result here would be despotism.

"In the South already, slavery is advocated by ministers of Christ's doctrine, as a great good, as a blessing; they preach it in their pulpits, and write, and publish it to the world; even in Bancroft's celebrated

History of the United States, you will find that he gives a side winded apology for slavery. For the good of mankind, and particularly for the good of the Great North American Republic, England must remain one of the greatest powers of the earth."

Although William's eyes were dry, as the hills of his native land receded from his view, I am inclined to think from the above, that he felt more than he wanted his friends to believe, and like the child with the bread and butter, he said no, when he meant yes. He might be turning over the following words in his mind at the time, and of course be a little Byronic.

"For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near;

My greatest grief is that I leave

No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm in the world alone,

Upon the wide, wide, sea;

But why should I, for others groan,

When none will sigh for me.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go

Athwart the foaming brine,

Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,

So not again to mine.

*Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves;
And when you fail my sight.
Welcome ye deserts, and ye caves,
My native land, good night !"*

In another of his letters I select, viz:-- "The Americans envy no people so much as the English. They copy from the English. Everything that is English, they like. They like the good opinion of an Englishman. They respect and admire the English character, but they only let it slip out now and then. They encourage the game of cricket because it is English. Agricultural shows because they are English. English wares find favour with them. English fabrics are liked by them, and if there be a good looking man or woman, 'he is like an Englishman,' or 'she is like an Englishwoman,' and an intelligent Englishman is treated with great respect."

William was an early and earnest member of Freemasonry in England, and from the following, written to brother James, it will be seen that his zeal in the craft was as lively as needs be.

"Masonry in this country is very flourishing. The State of Massachusetts is divided into Masonic districts. Our district is No. 3, which contains 9 lodges

all well governed, and regularly visited, to see that the working is carried on properly. I will just quote from the Freemason's Monthly Magazine, a report made by the Deputy of the district, what he says of the lodge to which I belong, called the Ancient York Lodge."

Here follows the report, which I omit. William then goes on,--"You can read this portion at your lodge from me, and call it the masonic voice from America

"I made my first speech a fortnight ago, and spoke of the true brotherly feeling entertained in England, having in my eye, when I spoke, the thorough going masons met in Bolton a few years ago. Tell them there is encouragement enough on this side of the Atlantic to support them in their good and glorious work of benevolence and social reformation.

"The anti-masonic feeling has gone to the winds, whence it came, so that the high and mighty in the land, beg for admittance through the masonic portals, to the most perfect system of sociality ever devised by the skill of men. Its influence here, is amazing on the general tone of society; on the same principle as when two or three are gathered together in thy name, &c., they regulate and give a tone to the whole.

"The masonic influence on the country does more than its share, in perpetuating a kindly feeling between the two countries, governed by improved Saxon institutions. It is an opinion of my own, that the masonic cement has been more powerful than the Roman cement in binding the heterogenous materials of the Saxon character, making it one compact whole, from which a structure has been raised both politically and socially, that is the wonder and admiration of surrounding countries, old and new."

The necessities of his family, and other considerations, led him to change his residence to one larger and more eligible. June 18th, 1859, he writes to my late father and mother, in which he takes some pains to give them a sketch of his new dwelling and its situation, and as some of his nephews and nieces might care to know a little of such *minutiæ*, I will copy his description for their edification, viz:-- Enclosed "you have bill of exchange for, &c. Since I last wrote to you, I have removed from my old dwelling, and am now in a commodious and much more respectable one, and as you are fond of details, I describe it particularly to you.

"It was built, along with two others, expressly for me, that is, mine differs from the other two; only they

were all erected at the same time by the company I serve.

"The rent I shall have to pay, will be about £80 English money. This house let to any other party not connected with the establishment, would command £70 per annum, and could be let for that at any time I choose to give it up. My position imperatively commands me to take it, as well as the progress of my children, from boyhood and girlhood, to manhood, and womanhood. Its situation is in the principal part of the city. Anyone coming to Lowell by rail, will be struck on the first building that will claim attention, which will be my house. It is directly opposite the station, and is a remarkable looking one, three stories high, built of very fine brick, with very ornamental eaves, projecting about two feet. I have 28 windows besides the cellar windows, which amount to something like a dozen more. The cellar is a spacious one, taking the length and breadth of the house, with all necessary arrangements, such as coal bins, closets, stillages, &c., with a cemented floor.

"The next floor contains water closet, pantry, kitchen with pumps for hard and soft water, brought over the slop stone, or sink, as they call it here. Next to the kitchen is the dining room, comfortably fitted up

with all convenience, the doors of which are made of chesnut wood, and varnished; you would take the wood to be oak.

"The drawing room is 29 feet long, by 14½ wide, with folding doors, so that at any time, we can make two rooms of it, 14t feet square. We have a beautiful vestibule as entrance, with inner door panelled with ground glass leading to the lobby, or entry as they call them here, winding staircase, &c. The front door is in a recess, panelled also with ground glass, painted white, that is, the wood work; all the doors have glass handles, and all the furnishings in the same style; we have six bedrooms of very large size, and a small room which I have devoted to painting; large closets with hooks in abundance, and drawers as fixtures in every bed room. You have now a very fair description of my present residence; we have every prospect of being comfortable, if health be given us.

" I am successful here. My appointment is as permanent as any in the world can be. There need be no fear in that respect. The company I am connected with is the most wealthy in this country; it is like a railwav company, and is no more likely to fail than the greatest company you have in England,--not like Thomsons. They are now going to enlarge the business,

that is, the cotton mills, and the print works, which will cost £80,000, and this, out of a surplus fund. From this statement, you will need have no fear of the evanescent nature of my engagament.

"Great ignorance prevails in England as to the prosperity of America; wages are nominally higher, yet increased cost of living makes them nearly level with the wages in England. The habits of the people are more costly in everything, it is really a more costly government, taking all matters into consideration.

In a letter to brother Thomas, he says, "We print here, at the works, 600,000 pieces per year, and manufacture all we print. We do all the engraving on the ground, they never give any out. We etch a great many with the pentagraph machines; they were invented here, and we do very good work with them. We still employ three die makers, and four engraving machines, and engrave about 400 patterns yearly, all madder work. The company has a great reputation.

Seven months succeeding the removal to his new and more commodious house, he writes to my mother in a some what gloomy and mournful spirit, as though some heaviness in secret, was hovering about him either in mind or body, viz:--"Jan. 30th, 1860, Dear

Mother, Enclosed you have bill of exchange &c. I am now 50 years of age, and run, as yet, free from any known disease, but far from being strong, and have the inroads of age strongly marked upon me, though not much externally. I make myself as contented as circumstances will permit me, but my sensitive "constitution has been sadly against me, in point of being a hale man; still I have every reason to be thankful for the "freedom from sickness that I have enjoyed, and I trust this may continue a few years longer, to enable me to see my children decently afloat in the world.

"I am temperate in all things, I dont taste stimulating liquors, and careful in food. I am at present, 'rich in the fewness of my wants.' Books and painting are my chief sources of pleasure; company of any kind I shun. From my habits, I draw perhaps, as great an amount of contentment as is afforded to men in this world.

"Thus much about myself, at the commencement of my *second half century*. I thought it might interest you to know something of my feelings at this peculiar period of man's life, the summit from which we have to descend rapidly, or lingeringly. Life itself is but the commencement of death, yet, at this period, decay is

more strongly marked and brought before us in more decided colours, which dulls our brightest hopes, and reduces in a great measure, the energy that heretofore existed. My philosophy is to make the best of everything, and not keep up a continual growl--do all you can to keep things pretty square, do your best, then let it go, repining leads to no good. I am most annoyed at not having done my best; that must go also, only should be followed by an effort to prevent the error being repeated.

"Fred has finished his first term at college, so far successfully; he will have to be there four or five years, but this will depend greatly on circumstances."

The memorable struggle between the North and the Southern States, brought disasters upon William, as well as upon most of the nations and people of the civilized globe; and in a melancholy epistle, the more so, as it was the last he ever wrote to his relatives, he pictures this in very sombre and despairing terms.

"March 16th, 1862, Dear Mother, I received yours, and in reply, as excuse for not writing, I may say, I had no heart to write to anybody. In a letter to Thomas I had shadowed out my fears as to what was likely to occur. My colouring was not too dark. Since then I have

been a terrible sufferer. For four months I have not had a farthing coming in from any source. *If I had sent to England for assistance* "--

Here follow some more querulous remarks about England, his relatives, and friends, for which, I again repeat, I cannot for the life of me account, therefore I omit them, as being utterly unworthy of poor William, and destitute of point and interest; then he continues:--

"I did not expect this amidst all my dark conjectures, but its being an unparallelled case, they would not pay their overseers. We were in expectation of being in this condition all through the winter, fortunately we started in Dec. and are now running, and continue to do so until May, when our stock of cotton will be done, and then we shall be stopped *ad libitum*.

"This country for my prosperous interest is done; everything is high, and when the taxes for the war are in operation, they will be still higher. Therefore England, with my large family will be much better for me, and as soon as I am in a condition to bring me and mine to fatherland, shall do so.

"I have had to take Fred from college on account of the disastrous state of the country. He is now in a

lawyer's office of repute and practice in this city, although for many years he will be no benefit to me. For months we saw nothing in this city but the training of troops for the War. The drums beating, but the looms silent, and had nothing to do, but watch with a watery eye what was going on, and could not help myself. To reduce the subject of the War into a small compass, it is this, --'A war of freemen, against a slave oligarchy.' "

From the date of the above letter,--March 16th, 1869, William's health began to break down, and to show itself in an alarming form. And in order to recruit his strength, he sought a variety of means, and absented himself from business extending over months, to sojourn at places of resort for such purpose in the States, or with some friend at a distant and more salubrious point. Of the latter, was the residence of the friend of his youth, Mr. James Henry, master printer, Fall River, with whom he remained one month, but finding no improvement, he returned to his home, sometime in October 1862.

In a letter to an old friend in Clitheroe, Mr. Wheeler, solicitor, dated the 20th of that month, he says,

"You must excuse any long letter at this time, or any

expressions as to passing events, for without a favourable change, *all events* will be as one to me."

He wrote again on some matter of business to the same gentleman, Oct. 22nd, but did not allude to the state of his health.

Oct. 28th, 1862, he "he passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

His death resulted from cancer at the stomach; no doubt superinduced by his sedentary habits of life, for more than a quarter of a century, derived from engraving, painting, and reading; thus passing too much of his leisure hours indoors, instead of inhaling the freshness of heaven, in the bye-lanes of old England, or in the forest glades of his adopted land.

To all appearance and human judgment, no life seemed more certain; regular in habit, attentive, but temperate in aliments of body, and other requirements necessary to a robust and strong constitution, save the confinements to his house and home, I have above alluded to.

I scarcely need recount the sorrow and affliction his death caused to his wife, children, mother, brothers, sisters and friends. To his mother the intelligence came

as a sounding knell. Myself it pierced, like an arrow from a well sprung bow. And upon the hearts of all who knew him, it produced regret and gloom, as Burns in some measure said of his friend,

*"O! why has worth so short a date ?
While villains ripen gray with time,
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime.*

Why did I live to see that day ?

A day to me so full of woe;

*O ! had I met the mortal shaft,
Which laid my benefactor low,*

*The bridegroom may forget his bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen,
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been.*

*The mother may forget the child
That smiles so sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."*

His much valued friend the Rev. Mathew Wilson, incumbent of Edenfield, wrote me:--"Parsonage, Edenfield, Nov. 24th, 1862, I was very much grieved at the announcement of your dear brother's death. Mrs. William and her family have sustained a heavy loss

indeed, and it must be felt as such by every member of the family. Should you have the opportunity when writing to them, I would wish you to convey to her and to them, the expressions of my own, and Mrs. Wilson's sincere condolence with you all under this most painful bereavement. I am quite certain that your late brother's death will be widely lamented, since to know him, was to respect and love him."

Mr. Wheeler adds in a note to myself,--"It is a great loss to his widow and children, and also to his numerous friends. I never heard anyone speak ill of him, and if (of which I have no doubt), he was as much loved and respected in America as he was here, his family will meet with great sympathy. I hope you are well, and your mother takes it better than you anticipate. Clitheroe, Nov. 19th, 1882.

Mr. Wheeler is brother to Mr. Wheeler, of "Cobbet and Wheeler," solicitors, Manchester, and cousin to Mr. Sergeant Wheeler. He was one of the most sincere and esteemed friends of William's, formed upon the purest motives of friendship, which was an admiring and abiding trust in each others nature, and a fraternity of feeling and opinions upon matters and men. He is a native of London, therefore not a Clitheroe "*indigenous*" and one of a few samples of intellectuality

as imported into the ancient borough. The little town being generally dependent for any new comer, to the types of talent and character such as might be supplied from the neighbouring hamlets, the borders of its surrounding hills, or not more taught and civilized than to be found in that classic region, known as "Colne Water Side."

William left a widow, one son, and six daughters to mourn his loss. The children, viz:--Frederick Thomas, Emily, Bertha, Ann Dodson, Lydia Jane, Jane Maria, and Martha Emma; the six former born in England, the latter in America. The son since his father's death went out in the Commissariat department during the late war, through the interest of, and in General Butler's division. Since then he has passed through the usual formula of a barrister at the American bar, and is now practising in the profession, under the firm of "Howe and Greenhalgh," counsellors at law, Lowell, United States.

I have been told he is a ready and fluent pleader, and in every way successful. I hope his rise may be rapid, his attainments in the State, high, substantial, and dignified, and by his merits and accomplishments he may append, and shed a lustre upon his patronymic; that his family descendants in coming centuries, may

delight to trace through a more honoured and glittering lineage, than even attached to "Brandlesome Hall." That he will treasure in his mind his late father's guiding principles, and ever remember his prayers, anxieties, and aspirations, for his wife and offspring, uttered even in parting breath. William's personal I will say, without being invidious, was the best model in the family, *myself excepted*. Standing six feet, erect and straight, as though built by line; square compact shoulders, high chested, receding or hollow back, large head, 25 inches in circumference, of strongly marked intellectual developements, but little of the animal blended therewith, neck long and graceful, as if pointed by the sculptor's chisel, face inclining to spherical, little mouth, small and beautifully formed hands and feet, not stout, yet not spare, but tending to a fulness of flesh, thinly set, curling auburn hair, pleasant countenance, and in every physical and mental particular, he presented the figure and bearing of a man. ·

It needed no conjurer into the depths and intricacies of character, to dip, or read his. It was at all times apparent, and never as it were, concealed itself behind folding doors, or retreated and skulked into a corner. In delivering himself of an opinion, he did it

fearlessly, and seldom counted consequences, and when he had brought his convictions to such opinions, they might become somewhat modified, but never cardinally changed. Devoted and enthusiastic in whatever he prescribed to himself, and would pursue what might thus be set out, undeviatingly, often to the disadvantage of himself in one form or other.

When he gave a promise he never forgot the obligation, and would be sure to redeem it if unforeseen circumstances did not contravene. Unlike many persons in this respect, who, when they have tendered the first, think they have subscribed all that was needed, as though there were no value in the second. A friendship made at any time, became a fixture in his mind, and was not disturbed unless it became faulty, or unworthy of place. Those dating from youth, were immovable through fluctuating time and circumstances, and he had a strong memory for old faces. His love was constant, affections broad, and his faith enduring, and was often described amongst his familiars by the expressive compound of "*Honest Will.*"

As a water color painter, he had great merit, and has left behind specimens of art which might have honoured and garnished greater names. His reading

was extensive, books being associates from early youth, and continuing as never failing companions to his end.

He was but an indifferent arithmetician, or rather, he was not fond of dealing in figures, or no more than sufficed for business purposes, possessing just what was requisite thereto; but he was a capital penman, and some of his early letters are samples in this respect, as well as in the beauty of the composition. He was a good spokesman; and at most of the election contests in Clitheroe from 1882 onwards, he was chairman, secretary, or otherwise; where both writing, inditing, and speechmaking were required. I remember in 1841 when Cardwell contested the borough in the Tory interest, that he addressed the electors from the Swan window in Whalley, and William spoke to them in opposition from another window opposite, and it was said that at that period the latter was a much better orator.

As I have said of James I may repeat of William, namely, that he had hosts of friends, and has left but few enemies. He inherited sins and foibles inherent to our nature; but the good was largely in excess of the bad,--and I will leave him in the hands of that Being who holds all mankind in the balance, with a prayer for my late dear brother:--

*"Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside;
Do Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.*

Next, of my father and mother's children of the male line is Thomas, being the fourth surviving son, although, be it understood, don't place him in order of birth and seniority, as there are, both living and dead, out of the 18 many who were cradled much before his advent, but as my design is to award the sons a more prominent notice than the daughters,I now introduce him in due succession.

Thomas was first schooled at "*old Peggy Greenwood's*," in King lane, opposite the gable of Brownlow's Arms. I cannot say how long he remained here, or what were the elements of education he received--not much, fancy, beyond the alphabet and a "*little knitting*"; as little urchins had then mingled with their tuition. However, at an early age, he graduated to a higher form, and was entered in "*old Ann Dewhurst's*" academy, Well Gate, where was taught reading and spelling, and after a successful career, he left this establishment, and was duly passed to that of "*Little Cox's*, Parson's lane, then some short time, I think, to the Clitheroe Grammar School, afterwards to William

Driver, who taught in the room under what was then the Ranter's Chapel, in Moor Lane.

The School Room, together with the Chapel, were the property of "owd Jack Earnshaw," a Clitheroe "indigenous," who had built or transformed the latter as a "*spec*," out of odds and ends, being one of those jobbing characters who went about bidding at, and buying, whatever might be cheap enough and rubbish enough, including all sorts of building material, from an old tenpenny nail to roof joists or beams, and constructing therefrom anything starting with a piggery, and up to a religious fane. He was also "*mine host*" of the Black Bull, butcher, grazier, and cattle jobber, and in his more *vigorous* days applied his genius to scraping all superfluous hair from the chins, cheeks, and faces of his fellow townsmen for a two-halfpenny fee, which means,--he had hoisted his pole, held the lather box, wielded the razor, and followed the calling of a barber.

"Owd Len Battersby", grandson of "owd Geo.," who was murdered in 1773, served his articles, I have been told, to "owd Jack," and by him had been initiated into the "mystery of shaving." The chapel was let as he might let a cottage, that is, at so much a week or month, and the rent paid in advance. Sometimes it was

occupied by the "*Primitives*," and as often it would be empty. At one period, he let it to a company of ladies and gentlemen, who came into the town "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,"--in other words to a company of strolling players, who were doing the "*legitimate*" one evening to a *crowded and brilliant house*, the Misses Garnett, from Roe Field, honouring it with their presence, when, as the curtain was about to rise, the flooring, and with it the seats, gave way, and out the people came in wild commotion; money had to be returned, and the affair caused sad agony in the minds of both the audience, "owd Jack," and the players.

The chapel afterwards did duty as a "*Primitive*," sometimes as a joiner's shop, then a hay loft, and I think now—1870-- as a shippon. Such are the vicissitudes of stone walls.

Driver was not a native of Clitheroe, but either of Burnley or Colne. He was very partial to the feathered tribe, or singing birds, as represented by the canary, goldfinch, or linnet, and he devoted a great deal more of his time and attention to the well-being and propagation of these little songsters than he did to the

tutorage of the large and small boys placed under his charge. There might be a dozen or more cages hung round the school-room, in which were incarcerated perhaps twice the number of birds; a pleasureable occupation, innocent enough in itself, if not cultivated to unreasonable excess, and to the detriment of what ought to be a more worthy and profitable calling; still there always appears to my own thoughts something repulsive in the custom of keeping these little warbles caged up, and depriving them of their more natural element,--that of distending their wings in the sunshine and breezes of heaven, and joyously hopping from twig to branch.

Sterne puts the matter in lines of such inimitable beauty that I cannot forego to copy them here, as in every way acceptable to my labour and purpose with my own expressed opinion, that there is in this, and a host of other short passages of the writings of this eccentric parson, more genuine sentiment, truth, and pure gospel than may be picked from reams of paper as read and preached by pulpit jackdaws of the present day:--

"I had occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard "to settle this account, and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the

conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the pencil,' said I vauntingly, 'for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects 'she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I,'.correcting the proposition, 'the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis a tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.'"

"I was interruptei in the heyday of my soliloquy with a yoice, which I took to be of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention."

"In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling."

"I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the

side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. 'I can't get out,' said the starling "God help thee,' said I, 'but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;' so I turned about the cage to get to the door; it was "twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no "getting it open. I took both hands to it."

"The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. 'I fear, poor creature,' said I, 'I cannot set thee at liberty.' 'No,' said the starling; 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the "starling.

"I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; "nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

" 'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery,' said I, 'still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in

all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.' 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess,' addressing myself to Liberty, 'whom all in publicor in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats ' s c rust, the swain is happier than the monarch, from ' whose court thou art exiled.' 'Gracious heaven,' said I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great restorer of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.'"

Driver is just now present to my mind (for, by-the-bye, I was a pupil of his too), with a cage, newly made, which was suspended by a long cord to the ceiling of the room, for the purpose of undergoing a coat or two of paint, a lengthy-footed stool, such as are used in offices and elsewhere, being planted immediately beneath, upon which was seated Master "Dominie," with brush or pencil in one hand, the other engaged to a yard of clay filled with the "fragrant weed," and from which issued volumes of smoke curling and circulating

in the school-room, and thereby setting the boys sneezing, hiccoughing, and coughing.

A paint can also swung from the said ceiling, and in close quarters was the thick *cane*, with which he used pretty often to paint the said boys' hands, arms, and backs a sable colour. It lay upon the elevated stool, and if any boy dared, in his curiosity, to cast his eyes round upon the artist, then down came "dominie," and quicker went down the cane.

On one occasion, he was on this pedestal of fame, enjoying his pipe and paint, when, by some unlucky accident, the cage or paint can dropped, and in attempting to save them he lost his balance, dropped after them, and lay sprawling on the floor, which set the school in a roar, being very natural; however, he would have an equivalent, so he caned them all round.

At another time, he was mounted stool high, engaged as usual, and as eager and interested in his work as Michael Angelo might be when labouring on the famous ceiling in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, when one of the bigger lads, named Dick Stout, a younger son of my father's former partner, "asked out" for recreation. Dick was a mischievous youth, and whilst out, he came across a rat, or a rat came across him. The

said rat ran up a hole used for ventilating a hay-loft, adjoining the chapel and school-room, and which said loft was charged with hay. Dick procured a wisp of the latter, and crammed it up the air hole, his ingenuity suggesting to him to insert a lighted fuse, intending to smother the rat. In a short time, the wisp thus treated did its work, which was signalled by the smoke soon penetrating the school-room walls the hay-loft being in a blaze. Driver descended from his nigh estate, "but whether he got deliberately down, or was carried piece-meal by the fright and turbulent rush of the scholars, I don't remember.

The sensation the catastrophe, or rather *rat-astrophe*, created, is inconceivable. Primrose engine was telegraphed for, the same to Low Moor Cotton Works. The soldiers were beat to arms, a company then being billeted there; trusty and valiant burgesses were there in strength, headed by "Little Ben Swales," with his hands deep in his waistcoat pockets, betimes marshalling the water carriers, who formed a line in communication with "Wilkin Brook" (being no waterworks then), and anon directing the men at the engines. I recollect "Little Ben" soon gave it as his learned opinion that the hay could not be saved, so

attention must be given to the chapel and school-room, and play up for Bible, slates, books, and pencils.

The flames devoured everything but the bare walls, and after everything was over, "Owd Jack" *cuss'd* both Dick and "*Domine*," and vowed he would make them pay for it.

Driver declined the school, and was succeeded by one Henry Taylor, who either came as a clerk, from Clitheroe Castle, or was employed there as such after he gave up the said school.

Thomas continued a short time with Taylor, but finished his education with James Bold, whose school was conducted in the bottom room of the Independent Sabbath School, Salford.

Bold had a large number of pupils, and for sometime held a good reputation as a plain, but sound and substantial teacher. At this school, theatrical performances were got up annually at Christmas season, about the time, or a little previous, to what was known as the "locking or barring-out," a custom then prevalent at all seminaries in the neighbourhood, and, I should suppose, peculiar thereto, viz., of the pupils turning the master or mistress out, and barring the door until they consented to a given number of weeks

as holiday time. Thomas generally took leading characters in these theatrical displays; and being gifted with some of the more salient points required, in other words, being a wee bit of a native actor, he got through the parts assigned to him with *eclat*. I remember him having an arduous task in "Julius Cesar," when he took the part of Brutus, and very Brutus-like he looked as he came upon the stage, all robed in calico, *a la* Roman, as stitched together by some young ladies who met at my father's house for the object a week preceeding.

The house was taken rather by surprise, when he pronounced the words, in answer to the citizen's cry, "The noble Brutus is ascended; silence !":--

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers I Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine hononr; and have respect for mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge."

Although he took the house by surprise, the house came down loud upon him, at the conclusion of the above speech. Thomas about this time retired from the school and the stage with fair attainments and reputation, and was entered as an apprentice to the

firm of Ainsworth, Sykes, and Co., Barrow, near Whalley, to be inducted into the art of Engraving to calico printers.

Barrow was two miles from Clitheroe, and Thomas had to rise as early as five o'clock each morning in the summer and through the winter, in order to reach his place of business to start at six, and returned again in the evening to my father's house. This he performed perseveringly for seven years, and, to my thinking then, it fell heavy upon Thomas as a particular hardship, for which he used to have my silent, but nevertheless sincere and brotherly, sympathy. He remained, at the end of the term, a short time as a full-paid workman, but he had a higher ambition, and was not more than twelve months free from his indentures before he commenced as a master engraver, in premises built by Messrs. Stuttard for manufacturing purposes, on the Castle side of the Bridge, Salford, Clitheroe. Here he was joined in partnership with Robert Smith, James's and William's early companion, and two other persons of the names of Cook and Wilson. About the year 1846, having dissolved partnership--so far as the two latter were concerned--Thomas and Smith removed to Stubbins Bridge. Smith was not long connected with

him there, and, as have before mentioned, my brother William entered into partnership agreement with him.

Thomas occupied house also at Edenfield, a little on the right of the church as approaching the village from Bury. He was a member of the same society described in reference to William, and was highly esteemed there, and his name is still held in great respect.

As related of William, he removed with the business to Manchester, in 1850, and occupied house somewhere in Greenheys, but the name of the street and the number of the house I really now forget.

September, 1850, he concluded, as his father and William had set so good an example, he would follow the suite and be wed also. He found a wife in the person of one Miss Turner, a well-favoured, aimiable, and accomplished young lady, the daughter of Mrs. Turner, an extensive farmer, occupying land and premises called "Befcote Hall," about ten miles beyond Stafford.

I was a party to the marriage, and enacted a sort of clumsy character called the "*best man*," or "*groom's man*," two meaningless and insignificant definitions only befitting nursery entertainment. It certainly was a

spicy get-up, which I did not at all enjoy or appreciate, yet Thomas seemed to do so immensely; but then, of course, he had a greater stake there.

When we left Manchester the day preceding the happy event, we were a party of six, consisting of brother Thomas, sister Lydia, the Rev. Matthew Wilson, incumbent of Edenfield, and lady, together with Mr. John Austin (of the firm of Messrs. Porritt and Austin, manufacturers, Stubbins,--the first going to assist the resident clergyman, the Rev. ____Till, to make the bands more secure--and the latter to aid me in my ornamental appointment, and as a guest, friend, and witness to the ceremony.

We had fair weather. There was a fashionable company, amongst which were a many fair ladies and fine gentlemen. I think I counted four clergymen, one of whom was a relative, as I was then told, of his grace the Duke of Buckingham, and bore the family patronymic of "Chandos;" he was a young man, and was doing duty as curate at the church where the marriage was solemnized, situate in the village of Gnosell, some few miles distant from Befcote.

I remember that during the banqueting hour, many short speeches were made, and toasts and sentiments

passed round, and that myself came in for a share of notice, somebody proposing my health, and necessarily I was called upon to reply; but from an early age being at times overcome with bashfulness, and having an awkward demeanour in formal assemblies, I felt my position to be an uneviaible one,--and when I stood up to address the brilliant company, I was much in the same predicament as though somebody were pouring molten lead down my back; I spluttered out some feeble and ludicrous nonsense in a very infelicitious manner, and sat down, or rather tumbled into my seat, when the "noble Chandos was at once toasted and called upon to acknowledge the compliment. He sat immediately behind me, and on rising, put himself into attitude by seizing the back part of my chair with both hands, and essayed to say something, but advanced no further than, "*I really--I really--I really,*" &c. He was utterly unable to make himself more intelligible, only, so far as my own personal convenience was affected, caused by his pressure upon my chair, which oscillated to and fro, that I had to hold hard to maintain my seat. This plan was adopted, no doubt, as a kind of relief to his unpleasant position; much for the same reason as I have heard told of a member of Parliament, who, when addressing the House, invariably had one of his coat

buttons firmly fast in one hand, and on one occasion a wag cut the said button away. When the honourable member rose to speak, he sought with his fingers for his usual plaything, but finding it absent, resumed his seat without uttering a word.--The "gentle blood," leaned over my shoulder and said, "You see I am worse than you, I hate these formalities."

Mr. Wilson was quiet, pointed, and elegant; Mr. Austin, brusque, lively, and characteristic. The rest of the parts were got through with smoothness and tolerable credit; but when brother Thomas came to speak his, all became metamorphosed; the performance rose from *low* comedy to being highly dramatic. His allusions to the interesting event, and especially to his bride, were worthy of himself and the occasion, and truly Roman; his commanding presence--his head almost grazing the ceiling and solemn countenance drew the attention of those present at the "gay and festive scene," which became quickly concentrated upon himself alone; but then, as I have disclosed, he had played his "*Brutus*," to some schoolfellow's "*Cassius*," and he might well exclaim, in sonorous sounds, as if from a cathedral organ, " O ye Gods, render me worthy of this noble wife !" He was very artistic and effective. I fancy I see Mrs. Turner, a

somewhat majestic and impressive matron in spectacles, advancing along opposite to the place which her newly admitted son occupied, and saying,--"Mr. Greenhalgh, this day you have really excelled yourself."

In the afternoon of that day, conveyances arrived at the front gateway to carry the *banqueters*, numbering perhaps a score or a score and half to Lilleshall Park, Newport, Salop, a seat of the Duke of Sutherland. The farm labourers and peasantry in the neighbourhood gave us cheers at starting, having had their lungs first sharpened by cheese and ale, which were served out to them in the farm premises behind.

The distance would be about ten miles. The arrangements were neatly got up, weather favourable, and the country along the route picturesque; the Duke's seat and grounds extensive and particularly fine; a monastic or other ruin close by, amongst which we disported ourselves in a variety of forms. The trip was conducted in excellent humour, and proved refreshing and agreeable.

'Tis said "there is no cloud without a silver lining;" on the other hand it may be said there is no sunshine without after-clouds, and that, however fair may be the

weather, and however auspicious human events and calculations, one often follows so faithfully in the wake of the other that, with the preacher, "vanity of vanities; all is vanity." In due course, the bride was delivered of a daughter, the pains of which quenched her young life, and thus she passed away ten short months after.

The bereavement made bleeding wounds which time alone can staunch, and left vials of sorrow and grief, which hang by the heart long into future life.

Thomas was left in widowhood with his infant child; but by the persistent and natural intercession of its maternal grand-parent, Mrs. Turner, it was sent to be suckled and cradled in her household, which must have been a seasonable relief to himself, and a suitable and becoming arrangement for the babe. Following this, he broke up his own establishment and took private apartments. He continued in this condition until the year 1855 or 1856, when he again married one Miss Blackley, of Sale Moor, near Manchester, who brought with her a weak constitution and general chronic debility, to which she succumbed about the year 1862, leaving two additional young children with him to mourn her loss.

After William's departure for America in 1855, Thomas conducted the engraving business as the sole proprietor, but he began to surmise that he had handled the *graver* towards the perfection of the calico piece long enough, and was anxious to go to foundation principles, and know something of warp, weft or woof, and 30's twist. So in 1860, he was spurred on by "*King Cotton*," and resolved to become one of his dependent "*lords*," and at once turned his back on his more skilled and legitimate calling.

He turned his engraving machines out of the building in Wilmot street, and replaced them by cotton machines. The chimney lifted from one as belonging to an "engraver" to that of a "mill owner," by adding thereto a few brick courses, and, if I may be permitted the expressions, the premises were transmogrified, and were soon put into a new *suit*.

A larger engine was put down, looms were got in, and quickly the said chimney began to belch forth its black and noxious draught; the engine strokes beat free and regular--*puff, puff, puff*; the shuttle flew backwards and forwards like lightning; the wheels did spin and whirr to the time of "*Eldorado*," and the "fair creature" seemed as "all his fancy painted her."

Time sped on, pieces and cop bottoms did multiply; but markets and prices went down. So, like the "*Old Brewery*," the good ship, "*Pale Monarch*," came to an untimely end. The crew had not, as in the former case, waxed too large--only one captain and one proprietor--yet the iron throats of the vessel swallowed so much of the produce of the industrious bee, that if salvation lines had not been thrown out, all, and *more than all*, might have been lost, or the chimney and engine smoked and puffed the substance all away.

To Thomas's position, in regard to this commercial adventure, I will in some sense apply the following:--

*"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread;
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."*

After passing through unpleasant ordeals, both of mind and circumstances, consequent upon "King Cotton," Thomas sought out his "first love," the graver;

and, as the result of his knowledge, industry, and perseverance, he is now the flourishing proprietor of "Hulme Engraving Works," under the style of "Greenhalgh and Co." Long may brother Thomas prosper, even until his name and substance become so huge and wide spread that the very foundations of "old Brandlesome" may be disturbed, and its towers and turrets may rise as of yore, from which may be seen, flapping in the breeze, an honoured banner bearing our especial lineage alone. Thomas's daughter by the first marriage had been sent to France to educate; but, being naturally of a delicate body, after remaining there sometime, returned to her grand-parent's home, Befcote, Staffordshire, and died there about three years ago; and "O, treble woe," a short period following this, the second daughter by the second marriage quitted this earthly scene leaving but himself and one daughter to "chase its dreary abode."

Thomas is six feet-sometimes put down one inch more, full chest, square and well up in the shoulders; large head the usual 25 inches in circumference, expanded forehead, oval face, Grecian nose, brown eyes, the same colour of hair--at least, what little he may have left-small mouth, crane-like neck, and big hands and feet; in the main, his figure is not unlike my

late brother William's, although not in detail so complete--the latter was round and fleshy whilst the former never was either one or the other.

William put his feet squarely down, and was an even and good stepper; Thomas, on the contrary, is, and *always was*, what I will describe, a trifle "pincer toe'd," and has a somewhat awkward flying gait, his body, when on the road, veering like a weathercock to the pressure of the wind, although as straight as a line from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. I am inclined to say this comes from habit more than from any physical malformation, and upon the whole he may be called fine looking.

In his boyhood, he outgrew everything that was either bought or that he was measured for; and he used to be some concern to my father whether he would not get too tall. I remember an "old top-coat," a sort of family keepsake, which had come to my father's inheritance direct--I suppose some generations down, and was treated amongst us as livestock, or as an household god. It was real old drab, "as bit of good stuff" as ever tailor sat crossed-legged for--tough as leather in its better days, bad to tear, and not easy to cut--constructed in the ancient style, the waist being in line with the arm-pits, tight-fitting body and sleeves,,

and skirts approaching the ankles; broad or high collar, going past the ears; and ornamented with bone buttons the size of a raspberry jam tart.

The legendary and traditionary history of this old "drab coat" would be worthy of my pen, if I possessed it, and, without doubt, would be of serious moment to my nephews and neices to have it set forth in particulars from the beginning. My father, I believe, took it and wore it, as I have intimated, direct from his father. My late brother James got it from him, William took it from James, Thomas got it from William, and, I in turn, took it from Thomas.

In its day and generation it had passed through many phases, to suit either figure or fashion. John Lofthouse, Joseph Petty, or Tommy Howarth, alias "Tommy Smooth Tongue," the family tailors alternately, had done good service upon it. They had taped, clipped, stitched, and goosed it so much, that it had many shapes, modes, colours and hues impressed upon it by their handiwork, and truly it became a curiosity. James, I suppose, eagerly watched my father, William watched James, Thomas watched William, and I watched Thomas, and as the old garment descended from one to the other, each descent must have weakened its constitution, through the alterations it

underwent. When it arrived at Thomas, I recollect it was in an advanced stage of consumption; but luckily there was no occasion for further reduction. If a change were needed, it was not that of bringing the coat down to his size and measurement; but that of raising it up to him. It did not fit him too much; he, rather, fit it too much. So that when he had it on, his arms reached half the length of the sleeves through, and when wearing it in the garden, as he often did in wet weather, either weeding or catching snails and worms, he used to remind me of an old washing dolly that my father was accustomed to dress up with an old coat and hat upon it, to frighten the crows away. Thomas's arms, when standing or walking with the coat on, seemed to be straight out, resembling the dolly's arms, the said coat, in consequence of his altitude, as it were, twitching or holding his said arms in a state of suspension and equilibrium. May be their manner to this day, of seeming on such unsociable terms with him, is derived from the "old drab coat."

In his early youth, Thomas was a crack hand at telling tales of many complexions, dealing largely in giants and ghosts--"Little Jack Hickothrift" being a favourite character. The boys would meet on "Bailey's Steps," if fine, or inside "Cockshot's Hovel," if wet,

forming a circle, with Thomas as a centre, when he would fix them as firmly as though they had been chained or wedged. Sometimes, when he was, as the sports- man calls, "in form," and had a good tale--one of horrors, they would break away one by one, and steal to their homes, leaving him standing or sitting alone. A terrifying story, told on a dark night, in some corner in Clitheroe, its streets lighted here and there only by a dull and flickering oil-lamp, would have a different effect upon the mind of a boy than the same story being related in the nooks, corners, and street ends of a large and well gas-lit town. Some four years ago, I was in Blackburn, and for a short time stepped into the Bull Hotel for a tankard of ale, and, seated in the most-frequented room, was a friend, a resident of the town, who sat with a stout gentleman whose face was almost concealed from view, by that barbarous and gorilla custom of permitting the growth of a superabundant quantity of hair. My Blackburn friend knowing I was a native of Clitheroe, remarked to the one with the hair, "You will know this gentleman, won't you?" He replied he did not I said, "But I know you." "Ah, indeed; pray what is your name?" I told him. He said, "You had a brother Thomas, I remember, when I was a boy, some 38 years ago, who was a great

"*tale-teller*"--some most frightful ones--I used to think he made them as he proceeded.

The stout stranger was a surviving son of the late William Dambrough, formerly the proprietor of the Brownlow's Arms, and also of the Clitheroe and Manchester daily coach, now a retired tea merchant in the city of Manchester. I have no hesitation in assuring his nephews and nieces that their uncle Thomas was then looked upon by his associates as "a shining and burning light."

February, 1887, a society was established called the "Clitheroe Literary Society," constituted upon the principles of a debating club, with a president elected quarterly. Its members never were numerous, not many beyond ten--its rules being very stringent as regarded "*new blood*." The word "*select*," was on its card, and "*none need apply only of a strong literary savour*." Since have been cognisant with it, the half-score and two over was made up out of one ironmonger, one lawyer, one engraver, two block cutters, one stonemason, one joiner, three tailors, one cobbler, and a shaver and hair dresser--some much under 20 years of age, and none going much past, but all of course "*young bloods*" of prescience and emulation.

There used to be what was called the "*anniversary*," a dinner got up for the entertainment of the "*select*," sometimes at one "*public*," sometimes at another, whichever would make the best spread for the least money. The fortunate contractor might be "*mine host*" of the "*Calf's Head*," the "*Wheat Sheaf*," the "*Brownlow's Arms*," and now and then at *Dicky Flck's*, then a renowned Clitheroe "*Boniface*."

On the occasion of one or two of these "*annual feasts of the Clitheroe Literary Gods*," my late brother James was solicited by brother Thomas to subject himself to the inconvenience of being inspired. On the occasion of one of the institution's "*chiefest props*" being about to quit the country for the *Indies*, the feast and "*Prop's*" departure were made to dovetail in on the same date. Extra shillings, it was announced, at the latest debating meeting preceding, would be required from each of the "*select*," in order that, "*mine host*," would be the better able to put a few extra *etceteras* on the board, and the affair be more imposing; so that the President should be in character with the august event, and more appropriately repeat--

"Give me the stoups of wine upon that table;

Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak.

*The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the President drinks--to Brennand."*

Brother James consented to the solicitation of brother Thomas, so, as Burns has it, he mounted his "Spaviet Pegasus," became wrapt in muse, and tipped them a song for this "*double event*," to the measure and tune of "Rule Britannia," with a stirring chorus at the end of each verse, beginning--

*"Rule, bright knowledge, bright knowledge rules the world;
And ever, ever, let thy glories be unfurled," &c.*

In addition to this one of yearly celebration, the "select" had one other good rule which might be put in force, perhaps once per month. On the night of the current weekly meeting, when following a debate which had been more than usually peccant, pungent, and animated, and the house might have been adjourned, as not being in a condition to arrive at a conclusion that evening, they would then give a command to "mine host" to have a stipulated number of measures of *beer*, warmed, nutmegged, and otherwise made palatable, and on the table at a given hour. Sometimes a *nic-nac* might be ordered into companionship with spiced Barleycorn, in the form of a

Welsh rabbit, which is constructed from a preparation of cheese evenly spread upon tolerable huge slice of toasted bread, saturated with butter, mustard, pepper, ketchup, and vinegar, just as it may suit the consumer's taste. If, as in my account of Clitheroe markets, "Colne Tommy" luckily enough had been in the town that day, then the mandate would extend to, and include a few quarts of shrimps and "pumming mussels" being set before the "*gods*," attended by fresh salad and bread and butter,--*ambrosial* enough in all conscience.

It often happens in these little corporate bodies that there are individual members who can perform, enact, or manipulate upon various useful and necessary matters, just what holds it together in some respects in an independent condition--to wit, the joiner took care, if anything got out of order, it was restored; the cobbler attended to the fire, and maintained its heat like a little "*furnace*," and if there were no coals in the corner set a part for the purpose--he was on good terms with Dick Nowell, a brother chip, close to the "*Spiraticle*," as the place of meeting was called, being a detached building originally erected for a garden summerhouse, who gave him sometimes old leather as a substitute to feed the demand.

Then a very active and uncommonly useful membership was found in the *shaver*, an erratic but direct, descendant of "Old George," of tragic memory. He was to the society what certain parts of butchers' meat, called "profitable pieces," are to a family; that is, he would either roast or boil--often treated to the first, and much subjected to the last. He was a constant communicant at most of the "picture shops" in town and country, knew the local and exact latitude and longitude of all the *snuggeries* belonging thereto, familiar with the proprietors, and above all, was on the best terms and privy to all the secrets wrapt in the bosom of the cook or kitchen maid; therefore great confidence was reposed in him when a "spread" was near at hand, and he was appealed to at such momentous times with as much certainty as he might be asked for his snuff-box-by-the-bye, a convemence he had always about him, and the contents of which frequently bedizened his countenance and soiled his garments, especially when he had been going through the boiling process.

Sometimes he would have a roving commission given him by the "select committee" appointed for these purposes, a formal report of which would be expected to be delivered in, and as he reported the

quarters would be resolved upon. He was generally made "*master of ceremonies*," which meant, in the society's interpretation, seeing all "good things" on the table bargained for, and presiding as chisf carver; his exercise with the razor and strap eminently fitting him for the position.

At one of the "feasts," a quarrel took place between the "*shaver*" and a certain "*cutter*," both of whom will be sufficiently recognised for my purpose by the familiar cognomens running in below, and which had its rise, if my memory serve me, in some cook or kitchen maid, the two "gods" *Bob-bing* and *Len-ting* against each other's noses in some dark pantry, passage, or otherwise, of the "public," they having one and the same object in view, in the person of cooky or her mate, which led to an agreement to settle the grievance by single combat. Articles were drawn up and duly signed, ground selected, seconds chosen, and firearms forth coming. They met in the "silence of the night," somewhere by "Back Commons," the "*cutter*" discharging first, when instantly the man of soap ran and fell forwards, gave up the ghost, and piteously cried out for doctor, lawyer, and confessor.

The pistols, fortunately, were only charged with some explosive combustible, so the "Perruquier" was simply roasted, and his life *Len-t* to him again.

The barber was a very sensitive and, inspecial particulars, a ponderous man of mind, his seat of knowledge being placed at the opposite end from which we generally expect to find it, consequently its gravity, it was conjectured, had brought him down. His perception and susceptibilities were so keen that his thoughts came quicker than the electric sparks, and, like them, departed and were lost if not instantaneously registered. Preceding the night of debate, when he may have been operating on somebody's beard, his mind turning over the subject for discussion, and his views thereon coming thick and fast upon him, he has betimes been known to have suddenly left the said beard, asking the owner's pardon for putting the razor down, and saying, "*I have just caught an idea,*" signifying he wished to place it in written form; then went back to the beard again.

There were good singers amongst them. Out of three tailors--*not of Tooley-street*, but of Clitheroe--two were excellent vocalists. On convivial occasions, one enlivened the proceedings with "Isle of Beauty," or "Give me but my Arab Steed," the other sometimes

selecting the "Pilgrim of Love," &c., both having exquisite voices, and sang them with considerable taste and feeling. Then the stonemason was always big with song, possessing a voice and power of another order, but equally excellent--or perhaps more so as per musical science or art--being often called upon for the "*Admiral*," or some heroic piece.

As I have said, the society was based upon the principles of a debating club, confined to literary subjects alone, political or religious topics being strictly avoided. A theme would be proposed, and each member was expected to write a piece or essay thereon; a discussion then followed, a leader being chosen on each side, my brother Thomas being one, and his early companion, the late John Lofthouse, jun., the other. There used to be some capital debating, worthy a higher arena, between Thomas and Lofthouse; a good deal of sparring and thrusting, the convictions of the other members, *pro.* or *con.*, being swayed, and the issue of the question depending on one or the other; as much interest and importance seeming to attach as may rest upon a couple of champion debaters in the Houses of Commons or Lords.

Whatever fun the barber and one or two more made for the members generally, there were

individuals connected there with clever in a literary point of view. The little institution did credit to the originators and chisf supporters, and insome measure was a reflex upon the little town.

My brother Thomas was a leading, and kind of patronising spirit in the cause. He was a flint in argument, and bad to shake off, a quality he manifested in youthful years. He was an early reader, and went through history with an avidity seldom pursued in riper age. When not far gone in his teens, he had waded through Hume and Smollet's "History of England," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Rollins' "Ancient History," Gillie's "History of Greece," and others needless to enumerate; and he read to remember, having a strong capacity in this respect, He delighted to hold an argument, and like a character in one of Captain Marryatt's books, he would always "argue the point;" and though the best of reason or evidence might be advanced by his opponent, still Thomas was not inclined to see and admit it. If he had an antagonist pretty well abreast and on a par with himself, to express it rather "*horsey*," he would run the rowels of his spurs deep, and draw his countenance into unique pictures amusing to observe, and if he happened to be one who put out any weakness of form,

then, if Thomas could manage to seize the bridle, he would saw away with the bits.

I remember when Mr. Bridges, the well-known phrenological lecturer, was in Clitheroe, that the "Literary Society" engaged him to examine the head of each member, and when it came to Thomas's turn, great eagerness was shown to learn what would be the report. After sundry gropings and finger and compass execution, he pronounced, amidst laughter and loud applause, that he had seldom or ever touched a cranium where there was such a disposition to "argue the point," and so strongly marked was the mental organisation in this direction that nothing short of self-evident facts or proof would satisfy, and even then, there would remsin a tendency to dispute them.

As I have said, Thomas was an early reader, and his reading was of a heavy character; before he attained the age of 20, I should think it embraced most of the standard English historians and general literature. In due course, he became a politician, like my father, James, and William, espousing the principles of the popular side or party, and, during the contest of 1841, was an active committee man, and sometimes ascended the "rostrum," to harangue the unwashed multitude. An incident comes fresh and pleasantly to my mind at

this moment, viz., when on the occasion of a meeting being held in one of the out districts of the borough, "Low Moor," to which Thomas, brother William, and Robert Smith had been voted at the Executive to attend as a deputation, and on his (Thomas's) return home that evening after the meeting had taken place, he assured me in most solemn words that he had occupied full twenty minutes in his address, and that it had been greeted with acclamation. Although he has always been a reader of the muse, and, some 20 years past, its patron, being on intimate terms of friendship with Critchley Prince, Richardson, Bamford, Rogerson, and others, who weekly joined hands in the Poet's Corner, Manchester, I am not aware that he ever was a versifier, without it were an attempt in a few straggling lines I have some recollection of, which he dedicated to a "rustic belle," embosomed in the trees at the foot of "Old Pendle," famous for the witcheries of *Demdikes* and her weird sister-hood--at an age and upon a subject when most youths may be excused for inordinate inspiration. The measure and strain were something like the following:--

*"I roamed on Pendle's heather breast,
In Springtide's opening bloom;
And saw a maiden fair, being "All Saints' Day,"*

*Astride a witch's broom.
I have ridden," quoth she `from Hoarstones,
On this slender stick:, thou sees,
Where `Mother Demdikes' and her midnight hags
My blood have made to freeze,' " &c., &c.*

I don't see that I have got more to add concerning brother Thomas; he is amongst the living and I will therefore leave him to speak a little in addition for himself, which, I am proud to say, he is able to do, and in the meantime pass on to my humble self.

Not the least difficult and objectionable labour in writing or talking is when it has to be done in the first personal pronoun, for how truthful soever may be an individual's own story, or how delicately and modestly it be told, still there is present with the mind the idea that there lies at the root a selfish application, and if I had happened not to have been their grandeire's fifth surviving son, I will say to my nephews and nieces, they would here have known little about myself; but as I fortunately stand in that relationship, I will furnish as brief a notice as will be consistent with my design, and acceptable to them.

As it has many times been detailed and retailed to me by members of my own family, and by persons of

old and familiar acquaintance, I was in early life, a wayward child, one-half accounted for from natural bias and eccentric humours, the other half from indulgences showered upon me as a junior amongst my father's numerous children, both by my parents and extending to friends and strangers who might come within range of my individuality. I ran loose further into those years when children of my age were usually told off to some ancient "dame" to learn their letters, the use of the stocking-needle, or to be confined within doors of prescribed number and limits. The reasonable consequence was, that being allowed thus to wander far into my unite without being either *bitted* or *bridled*, like young colts so favoured, I often became a trifle mischisvous and a pest to many around me. Far be it from my intention to imply here that the mischisf and waywardness exceeded a little harmless idiosyncrasy in constitution common to most boys of ordinary vivacity of temperament.

When I could be prevailed upon to attend school, I was entered on Mrs. Hetherington'e list, whose husband made fishing rods, and was a dealer in all kinds of material for the angler, in house now occupied by Henry Myers, rope-maker, near to the Town's well. I remained here a short time, but I am not aware I gained

any advantage beyond my small trousers being let loose now and then and the mistress taking a survey of my nether part, and occasionally whipping it up to a delicate crimson colour, for which I usually made my acknowledgments by staying away a week or two, or in other words, playing the truant. I was afterwards placed upon the muster roll of William Driver, of "dicky-bird" celebrity, where I passed some time off and on, practising reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, and grammar, but I have an idea that I did not make any considerable progress in any one branch, and I was taken away without my educational knowledge being more developed and written in my memory than might be obtained from observing the training of a thrush or a bulfinch, or the hunting of a rat and the blazing of a school. I will humbly confess that I was a truant-pupil, and in the beg of my time had a hatred to school, frequently spending a week together with playmates, when my father and mother had reason to suppose I was learning my lessons. I was also sent to one Teirney, an Irish teacher in the Catholic school-room, Clitheroe I did here as at "Dicky-bird's." I put in an appearance as it might chime in with my "dainty whim," which means, I attended on special occasions, or when I was not disposed to "play the truant."

My father tried many schemes to induce me to a more even, studious, and regular duty: "sugar butties," sweetmeats, and kind words were brought into use in abundance, but all of no avail, so, rude and demonstrative action was resorted to "Tommy Smooth Tongue" was consulted, and he tendered it as his opinion " the surest remedy would be to crucify him, crucify him," so I remember him bringing a rope for the purpose, which was duly secured round my ankles, and I was hoisted up to an iron hook in the kitchen ceiling, from which at other times might be seen some part of a crucified pig. Tommy would then put the question, "Would I go to school ?" Sometimes I might say, yes, but quite as often I should answer no. Following one of these Judge Jeffery's sort of executions, on the principle of "Hang them first and try them after," that is, when only a negative could be extracted, and fearing more fatal consequences, my head having been pointed downwards rather long, I was let down, and the moment my feet touched the flagged floor, I took one of my clogs off, and sent it whizzing through a white willow cage, in which was a live squirrel, intending my aim for Tommy's head; it passed through the window, and I passed quickly out by the back door, into Arkwright's Timber Yard, round

to the front, in at the shop door, upstairs, into a large London toy chest, crossing the stairs railing of the attic, and placed about two yards above the attic floor. Tommy made the circuit behind me—that is, out at the kitchen door, into the yard, into the shop door, and up stairs, which, with a good deal of *puffing*, being burdened with flesh, he mounted, and stood at the top, casting his eyes round the attic, as I could see him through a crevice or hole in the chest, but he could not see me. So he walked about, there being many corners, then bent down to examine beneath the beds, halted at the top of the stairs again, and called out to some one below, in the house part, "He is not here;" a voice replied, "They were sure I went up." Tommy retraced his steps, muttering as he descended, "Well, this a capper, however."

I regret, and am ashamed to acknowledge that the toy chest was half packed or half filled with unpacked German wares, which met with less mercy than a box of oranges might have done, as crash they went, sounding similar to a crate of eggs subjected to undue pressure; hobby-horses, penny whistles, penny carts, sixpenny drums, and Dutch dolls all meeting the same fate.

The injury and loss were considerable. What could be repaired, cured, or restored were put into "hospital" or the "mending room," being a small division of the attic devoted to the purpose, and I have a clear memory about the glue kettle encumbering the fire for many days succeeding, being prepared for application as salve or healing balm to bind up the wounds, and piece broken heads, arms, and legs.

Of course, a second trial took place, but the punishment was not so severe. My father threatened what he would do, but then, as I have elsewhere hinted, he always promised more than he performed in this respect, and I was let off with my ears being simply pulled into the complexion of ripe cherries; but a new experiment must henceforth be tried.

At Primrose Print-works, about this time, there was in operation a style of work called "rainbow printing," which signifies that the colours were so blended, arranged, and put on the piece as in some degree to represent that heavenly symbol, the process required two tear boys or girls instead of one, for ordinary printing--one to put on the colours by a wooden frame, filled with hooked wires, fixed in line to correspond with the number of copper boxes holding the colours; the other to roll, or break it with a cylindrical-shaped

piece of timber, also fixed in a frame, covered with a material which went under the name of "*hatting*," in use by block cutters for forming the more solid parts in a copper constructed pattern. I was colour putter-on, and a girl of the name of Slater was the breaker, who frequently drew my "*monkey out*" by whispering, as she thought my father could not hear, "*Little pot lion*," "*Penny whistle*," &c. This used to so confuse me with rage, that in lifting the colour frame, I should occasionally let it slip over the body of the paste tub, and thus scatter the colours one into the other, and as my father turned to dip his block, on perceiving the mischisf, his hand would take the dimensions of one or the other of my ears, and sometimes ring changes on both, the lady being treated to what was commonly termed a little "*lugging*," which is produced by seizing the hair with the two hands, and working the head to and fro.

I applied myself to this engagement for some months, until I became pretty steady in harness. I never played truant but then I could'nt, because I was usually attended upon by my father, who always acted as a breaker, looked to me being at my work during day, aud duly stabled at night. If I were in full employ, I earned 3s.6d. per week, which, I suppose, about kept

the porridge pan agoing. At the end of sundry months, I felt my temper modified so, I promised I would go to school. I attended at the Salford establishment, conducted by James Bold, where I think I was a student of average quality and good behaviour, until the time arrived when it was necessary I should be shewn the way to earn bread and position in after life. Many methods and plans were suggested and laid down towards this end, but procrastinations were made, until I got rather into an elderly plant, if germination were to be expected. Like most boys, I had a choice or a fancy in the matter. I desired to be sent to Primrose, to be taught as an engraver, but this came more, I am inclined to say, from a wish to be there because William was, than any clear conception of what might be adapted to my taste and ability. It was contemplated to apprentice me to Elliott, a surgical instrument maker, in Clitheroe. William gave a decided opposition to engraving; James suggested part of his own business, namely, a joiner, but thought I was not physically strong enough. At last, they hit upon a piece of ingenuity: I must be made into a watch-maker, and as William expressed, be a kind of "little ornament in the family." So I was placed under the wisdom of one in the craft, named John Rawsthorne, Castle-street,

Clitheroe, and I must say, a boy could not have been placed to a business less in unison with his faith and ambition; and I will here emphatically describe myself as entertaining from the beginning to the end, both for the teacher and his calling unmitigated contempt. I had only completed a portion of the term when I asked for my indentures, and got them.

About 1845, I quitted my native town to seek my fortune in Bolton. I remained in my late brother James's household a few months, awaiting for a turn up, and was not idle in my endeavours to drop into something more congenial to my belief and understanding. At last, James came out to my assistance, by entering into an engagement on my behalf with the ostensible editor and proprietor of the *Bolton Free Press*, that I should go into the office and pick up anything I could of advantage to myself, in the matter of reporting or any other practical knowledge connected with a weekly journal or newspaper, with the express stipulation that I was not to pick up any material in the matter of remuneration. I fulfilled the conditions--that is, I stayed there six months reporting a trifle, and alternately constructing paragraphs-- concerning the weather, and other minor subjects, *free gratis* to the said ostensible editor and proprietor, when I picked up

myself and took it into James's office, *at his request*, again, having entered upon larger premises in Acresfield, where he put down in exceedingly plausible terms, how he would instruct me in the profession of an architect. I fell in with his plan, and I thought it possible, by study and determination, I might become a second Sir Christopher Wren, or some other body of equal fame and fortune, but mark, I might pick up what I could of knowledge and practical information, as at the *Free Press* Office; but again I was not to pick up anything in the form of pecuniary accommodation, any more than might be represented by meat, washing, and lodgings, and an odd smooth shilling slipped into my hand now and then. I served James as long as my temper and patience under difficulties would permit, until the year 1846.

I was then driven with my bark into strange waters, and after a little tacking and beating about, I was compelled by stress of weather and other adverse circumstances to drop anchor in a port of dangerous reputation, and became a traveller to a Bolton spirit dealer, at a salary of 16s. per week. This engagement was more uncongenial to my aspirations even than finniking with a watch pivot or main-spring, and gave some uneasiness to my family and friends, lest I might

be carried away down its destructive and treacherous torrents like multitudes besides, but I had confidence in myself, and as I never was much of a copyist of either vice or virtue, I heeded not the fears and prognostications of anybody, but steered my course mindfully and steadily. After two years' trial, I was lifted up to one pound per week, which put a little more blood into me, and caused me to pull my oars more vigorously. About the same period succeeding this, I got another forward push by 4s. more being added for my services. At the expiration of another similar term, 2s. was added thereto, making it 26s. every seven days for my ability as a representative for the sale of Cognac, &c. I lived and served the same firm until 1854, when I solicited another rise, as I thought I was multiplying in years, and that at the same time I was increasing somebody else's substance. This time I was favoured with an advance of 5s. per week, and to graduate £5 per annum until I came in receipt of £100, which dropped due in 1858. In 1859 I felt again rather fidgety about my position in the world, and I asked for more assistance. I wanted £150. This was not acceded to, but I got £125. In 1860, I found I did not get younger, nor into much improved circumstances, so I went in for either a winning or a losing game. I

signified my anxieties and expectations by letter. I waited from January until March for a reply, and when it did come, it came like a south-west wind in rudeness, foul words, and ill names. Disgusted with the treatment, I treated him to 48 hours' notice, then turned my back upon the man and his business, and quitted him for ever, not expecting to gather "*grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.*" During a service dating from December, 1846, to March 19th, 1860, when I left, I received in the gross, £914, being upon the average about 27s. per week through the entire period.

The illustration of the old saying "It is better to be born lucky than wise," often comes under our observation, and I could furnish examples without number where I have seen it strikingly exemplified. Individuals so born are oft times supercilious and destitute of the finer qualities which we love to honour and appreciate in our nature, as though they are not indebted and dependent upon the ordinary customs and sources of human prosperity.

If I did not carry much lucre away with me as the result of long and faithful servitude, I bore that which I prize more and will endure longer,--a clear conscience and an unimpeachable character, and left mine enemy

in better feather than I found him, for which I place a large credit to myself.

"All things are for the best," is also commonly said, which means, what appears dark and unpromising in the passages of human existence, that it is devised, arranged, and under the guidance of an all-wise, merciful, and far-seeing providence. As such I solemnly accept and regard my seemingly--untoward chances of March, 1860.

For some months prior to that date, I had endeavoured to extricate myself from connection with a calling as I have aforesaid of dangerous reputation, but my hopes, plans, and anticipations were not rewarded in the direction I sketched out, so I was forced back into a kindred path I had been pursuing over 18 years, with the difference of a new chart and compass I provided, resolving to be pilot and master of my own ship, as formed and launched from original designs by myself, which designs also had been drawn out sometime preceding March 19th, 1860; for I desire it here to be noted that I had been counting consequences, and had taken a stand point in my mind long anterior to that date, to which I had firmly decided to abide, if propositions and conditions were

not as favourable as I had concluded I was deserving of and entitled to.

My plan consisted of purchasing and selling goods in *bond alone*, and thus constitute myself a wine and spirit merchant, more in deed and not in name. To call local and provincial tradesmen by such names is a misnomer, as the fact of measuring out the commodity in small quantities places them in the rank of *dealers*, whereas, I don't deal out. The system I proposed myself was, and is, to effect sales in original and compact casks or packages, and transfer them to the buyer by deed, document, or otherwise.

I put my plan into operation over nine years ago, with a floating capital of £9 10s., but which I am proud to state here was supplemented by one of the leading houses in the trade, viz., in the character of credit, and mark, with credit alone; and for which I most agreeably, to my own feelings, express gratitude with a true sense of the obligation to Messrs. Edward Young and Co., distillers, shippers, and general merchants, Seel Street, Liverpool, whose gentlemanly, considerate, and upright bearing, particularly indicates an era which I esteem as the ebb and flow of my life.

I have prosecuted my little scheme hitherto with success, if not to gigantic proportions-- at least to that extent corresponding to my position, desires and necessities, with no assistance from any living being, save and except those I have named, and one above.

At the death of my brother James, 1858, a responsibility devolved upon me, which I readily undertook with pride and affection.

My father and mother, as previously intimated, broke up the "Old house at home" in Clitheroe about the year 1848, in accordance with the united wishes of all their sons and daughters.

I was a member of James's household at his demise, upon which solemn event my father and mother, in bitterness of heart, wailed and wept aloud. Naturally, a question arose who should wear the mantle of James's protecting arm, when I stood forth somewhat in the spirit of Jacob's son, who said--

"Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him: Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me Lord of Egypt; come down unto me; tarry not.

"And they told him all the words of Joseph which he had said unto them: and when he saw the waggons

which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob, their father revived.

I took house 183, Lansdowne Place, Bolton, into which my father and mother removed, along with myself, in April, 1858, but I desire in justice to my own sense and love of truth and fairness, to state that my parents were not in that position which placed them in a condition of dependency upon me, and I have pleasure also in making it known that I was not the only one of their offspring who would have been delighted to have had them near, to have watched and succoured the embers of departing life from the eldest to the youngest, both sons and daughters; but being the only one unmarried, they elected to reside with me. Brother William wrote:-- .

"With respect to thinking about you, I am always thinking about you when I arise in the morning--in the intermediate hours and minutes of the day--and when I prepare at the close of the day for a night's repose, I think of you, and in that quiet and silent hour we talk of you. Never make yourselves uneasy on that score. Your son will never forget you--never, whilst breath remains. I have one proposition to make: will you come and live with me ? This is not a wild proposition; the voyage is short, and I firmly believe it would be the

means of prolonging both your lives, and end your days in peace, surrounded by affectionate grandchildren, who would attend to all your little wants and humours. This can be done; it is quite practicable. Think of it coolly; let it have a deliberative consideration. I am in earnest about it. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than going to receive you at Boston, and bringing you to my present comfortable home, where every little comfort should be provided for you without any care on your part."

I ministered to their material comforts and requirements, where I was able, but in their then ripened years, the bodily necessities were small, more attention being needed to those costless *minutiæ* pertaining to and affecting the soothing and partial deliverance of the mind, from that languid state and weight consequent upon accumulaied years. Here I did what I could, or according to the best of my power and opportunity; and whenever I might err, and be wanting in this account, the absence and error came not from a desire or leaning towards the transgression, but more from the implanted sin and weakness of nature to which, as a being of flesh and blood, I am heir. Where and when I may have been an instrument of pain and sorrow, I pray I may be forgiven by that Master who

sits in eternal judgment upon all this frail creation amongst which I am but a unit; and if I could be permitted to address my contrition and appeal to the shades of my departed parents, I would also confidently hope in forgiveness.

Sept. 14th, 1859, I arranged to spend a week or ten days from home, in company with a friend, viz., Mr. Robert Lord, at that period, com merchant, at this present time, cotton spinner, under the style of Lord Brothers, Bolton. A few hours previous to starting, my father complained of being a little unwell, which gave me some uneasiness, as during his extended life I never remembered him to lose a day from business through sickness. The circumstance prevented me leaving at the appointed hour. I caused him to drink a small quantity of brandy, after which he felt relieved, and desired me to proceed on my journey, and not allow any thoughts about himself to mar or interfere with my pleasures whilst away. Notwithstanding his assurance that he was better, the fact of his being thus seized preyed upon my spirits, and I regarded it as a little ominous and unfortunate under the peculiar circumstances. When at the train, I expressed a wish to a friend that he would call in and ask the condition of my father, the

day following our departure, and address to the post-office, Bristol, for Friday.

We took tickets for Hereford, where we arrived the same evening, intending to go down the River Wye on the succeeding day (Thursday). I will not dwell upon the varied beauties of that stream, nor the incidents occurring, for I may say that I had no heart in anything I saw or shared in, and my heaviness of spirit was a subject of frequent remark by my accompanying friend, who was gifted by mother nature with a much larger flow and preponderance of animal temperament than marked my natal day, and moved about with a gusto in strange contrast to myself,--in fact he rowed about like a little jolly-boat in full sail, his jib-boom getting so far a-head that at times I had to interfere, and reef his canvas.

On the Friday evening I got letter as promised, with intelligence about my father, to the effect that the gentleman had met him in the street the day he wrote, and that he "was all right." My little fellow traveller then tapped me on the shoulder, and hoped I should say, "begone dull care." It certainly was a relief to my mind, but still there was an oppression about me I could not overcome, so I settled with my friend that I should leave him next day (Saturday), at Cheltenham,

and return direct home, whilst he remained to transact business at the Worcester hop market, on the approaching Monday.

I passed through Birmingham, and arrived at my residence about 12 o'clock p.m. I found the door fast, and the inmates retired to rest. I could not make them hear at the front, so I climbed the yard wall at the back; then I had some difficulty, and not until I had sent pieces of coal for some minutes at the bedroom window, could I make them hear. Eventually the door was opened by a nephew, Alfred Robinson, who said his grandfather thought the knocking meant mischief, as he was not expecting me for a week; and there being no one but themselves in the house, my mother having gone to Manchester, his grandfather had said he felt as if he could not have got up if the place had been on fire.

Next morning, the Sabbath, my father knocked at my bedroom door, and enquired if I were rising. I did not at once do so, when in a few minutes he put the same question, and stated my breakfast was waiting. I then robed myself and descended at once, making the enquiry why my mother had gone from home whilst I was away. My father apologised for her, and took the blame upon himself, as my sister Lydia had been in

Bolton, and he advised her to take her mother back with her, as it might be profitable to her health.

He seemed highly delighted I had returned so unexpectedly, and wished to know the reason. I replied I had not enjoyed myself, and that I had parted company with my friend, thinking I should be better at home. I then presented him with half-a-pound of tobacco--"Bristol Bird's Eye;"--an article thus presented he generally prized like gold; he took it into the kitchen, where he had been sitting along with his grandson reading the bible; with great pleasure he directed the attention of the latter to the parcel and its contents, placed it upon the bible, and said to him, viz., "*he would go to the back, and they would try it when he returned.*" I went into the drawing-room; and was referring. to the Life of Chatterton, having been at St. Mary, Redcliffe Church, Bristol, the day preceding, in which the poet related he had found the ancient manuscript, when the boy Alfred ran into my presence, screaming that his grandfather was dead in the outhouse. I was a short time, as it were, before comprehended the full extent of the awful words. *Dead-dead!* repeated I; must not, cannot be. The rest I will leave to the imagination of my reader. A few minutes preceding he stood in full life before me, and soon was

cold in death. Our medical adviser, Dr. Garstang, pronounced the cause to be ossification of the heart, accelerated by the excitement of my return; but that was only man's opinion. The crisis had arrived; it was the fiat of the Almighty, and I regarded myself as an instrument to his purpose in appearing at home so unlooked for. If the solemn circumstance occurred at a moment when himself and my mother had been alone, it might have been more to be deplored.

I need not add anything to what I have already written to secure the sympathiss of my nephews and nieces for the sterling qualities of their grandsire, who died, "being old and full of days, and came to his grave like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season," on the 18th September, 1859, in the 77th year of his age.

A petty interlude took place between the death and burial, which I will here reoord, as it was a source of needless grief to the family, performed in dumb show, the chisf part being sustained by the "Bolton Borough Coroner;" who, notwithstanding the assurance of the medical gentleman aforesaid, that the thread of life had been cut in twain by natural causes; symptoms of which had been manifest some week or ten days before he himself having attended professionally thereto, still persisted in holding a "crownner's quest," as though

public interest and ourselves were a waiting in mournful solicitude, until the doubtful wisdom of his office had been righteously vindicated and the death approved, in other words; as though my parent's spirit could not pass the boundary, until the "crown'r's" fees be paid. My mother and sisters pleaded the inutility and annoyance of the course, but without avail. No; like Shylock, "I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond; I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond."

My-father died from well-understood causes, and following a "judicial presence," the body was inurned and quietly committed to the dust; in marked contrast to the aping, affected pageantry attending the interment of a local individual of neither name nor fame, this day, January 26th, 1870, without he had obtained a trifle of local celebrity, such as may sometimes be won on the hunting field, a pastime in which he had been indulging at the age of '79, a short period previous to dissolution, and where he had been exposed to weather, deriving cold and other inconvenience, which terminated fatally. NO "crown'r's quest" was demanded over his remains, although there were more mystery and suspicion attaching to his death' than was ever entertained or

hinted at in the case of my father's; but then the former had always been accounted to be the very essence of a *tuft hunter* as well as a *fox hunter*, necessarily *tuft hunters*. must do homage at his shrine, and it was marvellous to see and hear of the numbers in his funeral train, from a host of gentlemen in white cambric and black mail, to his aged leaping horse, caparisoned in sable too, and bearing his sporting accoutrements, as forsooth its presence were to be regarded as a sure indicator that its master had entered and merried the kingdom of "just men made perfect."

It was quite charming also to see "counter men" shut out the light of day by wholly or partially closing their shop windows, like "*sucking, humming bees,*" not so much for love of the person, "*Oh, heavens, save the mark,*" or for past favours, but having a bright eye to the future "land of promise," or "land of Canaan," where a box of toilette soap, a pair of Balmoral boots, a saddle bag, or sundry yards of calico might be required. Good Lord deliver me in all periods of my distress, from such commiseration ! even though I should become a "*martyred spirit*" of Smithill's Hall. Amen.

It is a pity human beings have so little *true* respect for themselves. To my way of thinking, these small

scyophantic blandishments betray a lack of that moral dignity and courage which ought to be the birth-right of a man, and preserve him from turning to the right hand or to the left, either to fawn upon a patron or feed his own personal and selfish aggrandisement.

I have no reflections to offer upon the deceased gentleman's private worth; it might be beyond reproach, all men's ought to be, and numbers I hope are, especially of his means and station. But if he had been a Cæsar, like a Cæsar I would have "buried him, and not have praised him."

*"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."*

My father's departure left my mother more "weary and heavy-laden;" the world in its gayest and best attire, is but a burden in most cases, at three score years and ten, 54 of which she had lived alongside of the husband of her youthful choice, confidingly, through sunshine and storm, "shared each other's pleasures and wept each other's tears."

In these trying moments the affections and attentions of her children were not wanting; they performed all they could perform, to her especially, under the bitter bereavement, and I distinctly see her

on the evening of the day of burial, as she sat in her widowed cap, her watery eyes wandering from one to the other of us, as though her desolate spirit sought consolation and support, and was not able to realize its loss, but I am sure that with one heart we did repeat with Kirk White--

*"And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head.
Could from our duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought; where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree;
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home,
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age"*

My mother survived in tolerable health and strength, considering age, until intelligence arrived of brother William's death, which again so seriously prostrated her that her system seemed to quail beneath it and become finally shattered. A fortnight preceding,

she had been seized with a fainting attack whilst in chapel, was carried out during service, and for a period of 14 days I remained in the house by her side, aiding her where I was able. I remember when the fatal news was delivered, that it was a morning of "chill November's surly blasts," and as I landed down stairs from my bedroom, having heard the postman's knock, she was cooped or hatched in one corner of the sofa with the letter in her hand, but her eyes fixed on myself. Is it from America ? I enquired. She signified "Yes," by a feeble bending forwards of the head. What is the matter ? is William dead ? I asked again, as anticipating the worst. "Yes," she tremulously muttered. Well, bear up mother, I replied; it cannot be helped; God's will be done. "It's hard work," she rejoined.

April, 1868, I removed with her to house 52, Richmond Terrace, Haulgh, Bolton. Here the weight of years told fast. I lightened her burden where I could, by reading for her and conversing upon by-gone times and events, where her memory would serve her, and remained in the house as much as I could without seriously affecting my business interest. I generally saw her to her bedroom, and left a little weak spirit and water each evening to sooth and induce sleep. At

times, in the mid-night, when my fancy might hear through the partition wall and fear that something was ailing her, I have stealthily entered her sleeping apartment, and found her sitting upright in bed, bible in hand,

*"Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hushed in slumber sweet;
No rude noise my ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet.*

*Universal nature slumbers.
And my soul partakes the calm;
Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
Plaintive song or lofty psalm."*

It was my custom also, as I left my own room in the morning and passed hers, to turn the handle of the door to see whether she were in bed or down stairs. On the 22nd August, 1863, I was writing in the sitting room, and she sat opposite to me, and when I might raise my eyes from the paper, I saw bar's fixed on myself. What are.you looking at, mother ? I asked. She smiled, and said, "*I am looking at thse, Joseph*" followed my usual practice that night, read unto her from the bible, and assisted her to bed. She remarked that she was going to my sister Sarah's "*on to-marrow,*"

it being either the natal or christening day of her (Sarah's) last born babe, an only daughter. I bid *her-adieu*, but,

*"An adieu ahowld in utterance die,
Or if written, but faintly appear;
Only heard through the burst of a sigh,
Only seen through the blot of a tear."*

I rose in the morning a little later than I was wont to do, and as usual opened her bedroom door, although from the lateness of the hour, I concluded she would be below. The blind, I at once observed, was not drawn up, and turning my sight towards where she slept, I approached her; placed my fingers upon her pallied cheek, which was marble cold, and learned her "*tomorrow*" had not come; alas I she slept the sleep of death. She was interred in the Bolton Cemetery on the 26th, in the same grave as her husband and eldest son.

Thus passed away in the 75th year of her age, one who had performed the part of a good and affectionate wife, a loving mother, and an exemplary woman. Not every mother that does her work so long, so constantly; and so well. All *mother* should be good, but all *mothers* are not *discreet*, and the mother's example and influence upon her offspring is so imprssed and

important that in some cases we see her loss more, mourned, felt, and remembred of the two.

For myself, my mother's end revolutionised all things by which I had been surrounded and familiar; the world seemed to have assumed a new garb and to have changed its colours, a blank where there had been fullness; listlessness in the place of interest; silence for sound, death for life. I had lived the longest with her. As a seedling I had entwined myself around her; my youth had grown under her watchfulness and indulgences; my manhood was not absent to her, and in my approaoing mid-life she fell into my arms, when I nursed her in sickness and interred her in death. No, mother, in the words of your late son "William, shall never forget you. "Remember thee ! Ay, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe;" And although years have rolled on since last I saw you, still--

*"Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams, their channels deeper wear."*

When opportunity sometimes places her portrait before me I think of the language of Cowper, in which he uttered his pleasure on the receipt of his mother's picture-- .

*"My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch, even then life's journey just begun,
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss --
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss;
Ah, that maternal smile, it answers yes.*

*My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions arise
The son of parents passed into the skies;
And now farewell, time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seemed to have lived my childhood o'er again-
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of 'violating thine.*

*And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee;
Time has but half succeeded in his theft--
Thyself remov'd, thy power to sooth me left."*

I have striven to find substitutes for my absent mother by various business and other avocations, and have to some extent succeeded in making my loss and solitude more bearable; still she left a void, nothing earthly can occupy and redeem. September, 1867, I had erected a

house for myself, not of large dimensions, at a cost to myself of over £500, in which I try to while away my time, when disengaged from business, as well and as contentedly as I can, satisfied with my little wordly success, and envy not either riches or power.

I choose for my bachelor's dwelling the name of "Gladstone Cottage," from admiration for a distinguished statesman, and as pure a man and patriot as ever ruled the destinies of a great nation. As I have signified, it is small, nothing contained therein describing massive proportions, but adapted to my means and requirements, and not designed or built to please the eye of the critic or the promiscuous, busy, and fault-seeking world; drawing-room, sitting or dining-room, kitchen, scullery, large cellar kitchen, three bed-rooms, water-closet, and bath-room, the latter of which I make good use, by plunging over head every morning, wet, cold, frost, or sunshine. I have a small garden adjoining, in which I cultivate in the season, flowers, shrubs, cucumbers, and other minor kitchen necessaries. My live stock consists of myself, housekeeper, half-score laying hens and their master, two Dalmatian or spotted dogs (mother and son), and Canary bird. I may say I am rich, because my wants are few, and thank God for what I have.

I will now in proper course write down so many particulars of my father and mother's children of the female line who lived into mature years, as I deem necessary and adequate to my design, commencing with Ann, the eldest, married to John Williamson, a native of Clitheroe or its suburbs, his father being in the Excise, and dying when he was an infant. Ann, with her husband and six children, emigrated to Australia in the year 1849, and settled for a time at Geelong, where he carried on his business of a joiner and builder and general contractor. Some ten years ago, he purchased a small farm, called "Bloomfield," about ten miles distant from Geelong. Four years ago, he had allotted to him 600 acres of land for sheep farming, &c., upon which he has retired, and like Cincinnatas, finding the world too turbulent, he has chosen to follow the plough, and feed his flocks and herds as "upon the Grampian Hills." The names of the children are Susannah the eldest, Thereza, Edith, Charles, Jeremiah, the other one I don't remember.

Martha, married to John Robinson, surgeon, eldest son of the late Richard Robinson, surgeon, of Bolton. She resides with her husband at Egerton, about three miles north of Bolton, where he has a large and profitable practice, extending over a district of many

miles. He has the appointment of I medical inspector of factories, and union surgeon for his district. Martha has given birth to six children-four sons and two daughters. The eldest son is in practice as a veterinary surgeon at Cawood, near York; the second son, Richard, died about three years ago, aged 17 years. The living are respectively named--Alfred Edmonson Greenhalgh, James, Marshall, Alice, and Edith Emma

Maria Denison, a twin, daughter of my father and mother, married one James Fox, and in memory to Maria, I will just explain that to my straight method of looking at things of this nature, she was not well treated by some members of the family, whose names shall be here nameless, resulting from fixing her affections upon an individual as her husband who happened not to meet their affectionate approbation, because he was neither from the loins nor in affinity with like people of the Brandlesome order, nor orthodox enough in his religious faith, and *they of course* being both of one and the other, besides having each of them hitherto intermarried with "gentle blood," whilst on the other hand he was but a plebeian and a Papist. I will not now harrow up their feelings by any relation of poor Maria's sufferings through this

possibly ill-judged marriage, but I will say, as Sterne said of his Maria--

"How she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell. But God tempers the wind, said Maria to the *shorn lamb*.

"Shorn, indeed; and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup. In all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back.

" Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms; affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly; still she was feminine; and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes or the eye looks for in a woman, that could the traces be even worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter."

My sister Maria's husband had been gone to America sometime in 1849, leaving her and one child, a son, behind, until such time as he might obtain the wherewithal to maintain them. When he did, he sent

for them, she and the son sailing from Liverpool in 1850. Before she arrived, she was seized with a fever, and on landing was put into hospital, where she died, May, 1850. I find the following:-

"Deer Island Hospital,
"Boston, May 28rd, 1850.

"Dear Sir,--It is with much regret I inform you of the decease of Mrs. Fox. She died on Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock.

"If it is your wish to have her body removed from here, it will be necessary for you to obtain a permit from Mr. Simonds, city registrar, at City Hall.

"Respectfully yours,
"Jno. Moriarty.

"To Mr. James Fox,
"Newbury Port, Maas.

Poor Maria, thou had and hast my full sorrow. Thou wert my father and mother's child, therefore thy sufferings I fain, if possible, would have averted; but 'tis past, and trust thy chafed spirit is breathing in the peace and freedom of eternity

My late brother William writing to my father and mother, June 18th, 1859, says:--

"Fox lived with my Uncle Daniel Dodson for three months, when first he came here. He had no employment during that time. Maria's son, they say, is a fine boy. Fox, I suppose, is doing pretty well, and his boy is with him. Maria left one child, a son, named Joseph.

Lydia married John Shelmerdine, of Manchester, who is in some lucrative appointment in the establishment of Messrs. Kershaw, Lees, and Sidebottom, general merchants, Manchester. Eight children have been born to them, the eldest dying in childhood. The names of the surviving ones are-- John Walter, Lydia Emma, Henry, William Parker, Alfred, and Charles.

Sarah Jane, twin sister of Lydia, married William Henry Payne, a native of the city of Exeter, educated and studied as a surgeon, but not having a fancy for the routine life of a certified practitioner, is established as a chemist and druggist, in Bradshawgate, Bolton, one of the principal thoroughfares in the town, where I should think he doing a leading trade, and no doubt, "baking his breakfast." They have two children, a son and daughter, named Henry and Emma

Emma Sophia, married George Gunn, only son of Angus Gunn, formerly High Constable of the county of Ayr, Scotland. He is a native of the town of Ayr, and for several years was secretary and general manager of the Blackburn and West Yorkshire Railway Company, now engaged in some important department connected with the Great- Eastern Railway Company, of which the Marquis of Salisbury is Chairman, and with his

family resides in London. Eight children have been the result of the marriage: named Janet, Ann Dodson, Jane, Angus Roy Macdonald, George Roy, Emma, Sarah, Christina

I will add this much about my sisters: they are all, or used to be, pronounced fine and well favoured. As females, they were tall, and of commanding appearance, and I should think, judging from their mother's teachings and example, and external evidence, that they have turned out into capital wives, and mothers to their children; any further testimony in this regard I must refer to their several husbands.

I will now bring my self-imposed labour to a close, and in doing so, I may say that it has been a "labour of love," and during its execution has relieved many a tedious hour and contributed many pleasant and cheerful moments. I have far exceeded the limits at first contemplated, but as it progressed I got more wedded to my theme and found more matter which I have adapted to the subject. I am not aware I have "done anything which I ought not to have done, or left undone that which I ought to have done." I did not promise, expect, or attempt to produce and put on my paper examples of a family unexampled. I have not strained any point to link it to any root, branch, or stem

above itself, nor endeavoured to raise its members from their obscurity by and false, incredible, or unworthy statement, or put a gloss where there was a blur, but have as strictly adhered to trifles belonging to each as is consistent with evidence derived in the main, from the faithfulness and tenacity of memory.

I introduced my parents on the stage as actors at an extraordinary period of life to take their parts therein, without any marked or especial training befitting them for the duty, not even a change of wardrobe necessary to the shifting scenery in the dramas they afterwards enacted. My father made his *debut* as a plain, unvarnished man, possessing little "to grace his cause," but as a sound and upright one, he made his exit. He became the head of a numerous progeny, for which he anxiously and dutifully cared when they most needed his fostering hand, and observed them with a true parental interest to his end. He lived to be grandsire to 40 grandchildren, divided between two hemispheres of the earth, and it has not occurred as part of my task to disfigure my pages with any divergence from the lines of virtue and integrity direct from his body; on the other hand it has not been my pleasure to set down one unbroken chain of success and perfection; but as in the entire human family there are errors, stains, and blots,

so for mine I have not claimed an exception, and I hope, wherever my nephews and nieces may discover from expressed language or inference, anything repulsive to their own better thoughts, knowledge, and ambition, that it may be rejected both from mind and practice; but that, where they may see matter for imitation tending to their advantage, morally or materially, they will make the application, and as each of them marches towards that goal the lot and limit of all mankind, where death's *requiem* shall be sung and the solemn words be pronounced, "Ashes to ashes," "Dust to dust," may be found "a banner with the strange device-- Excelsior !' "

F I N I S